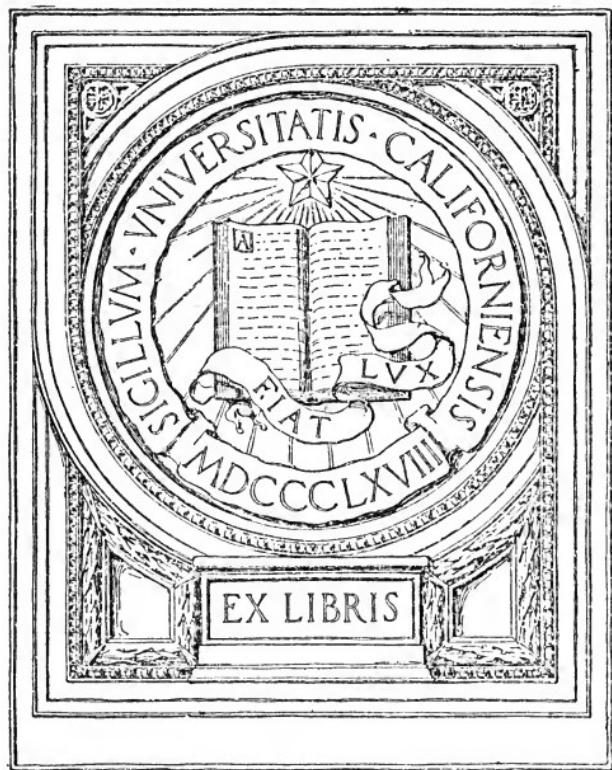
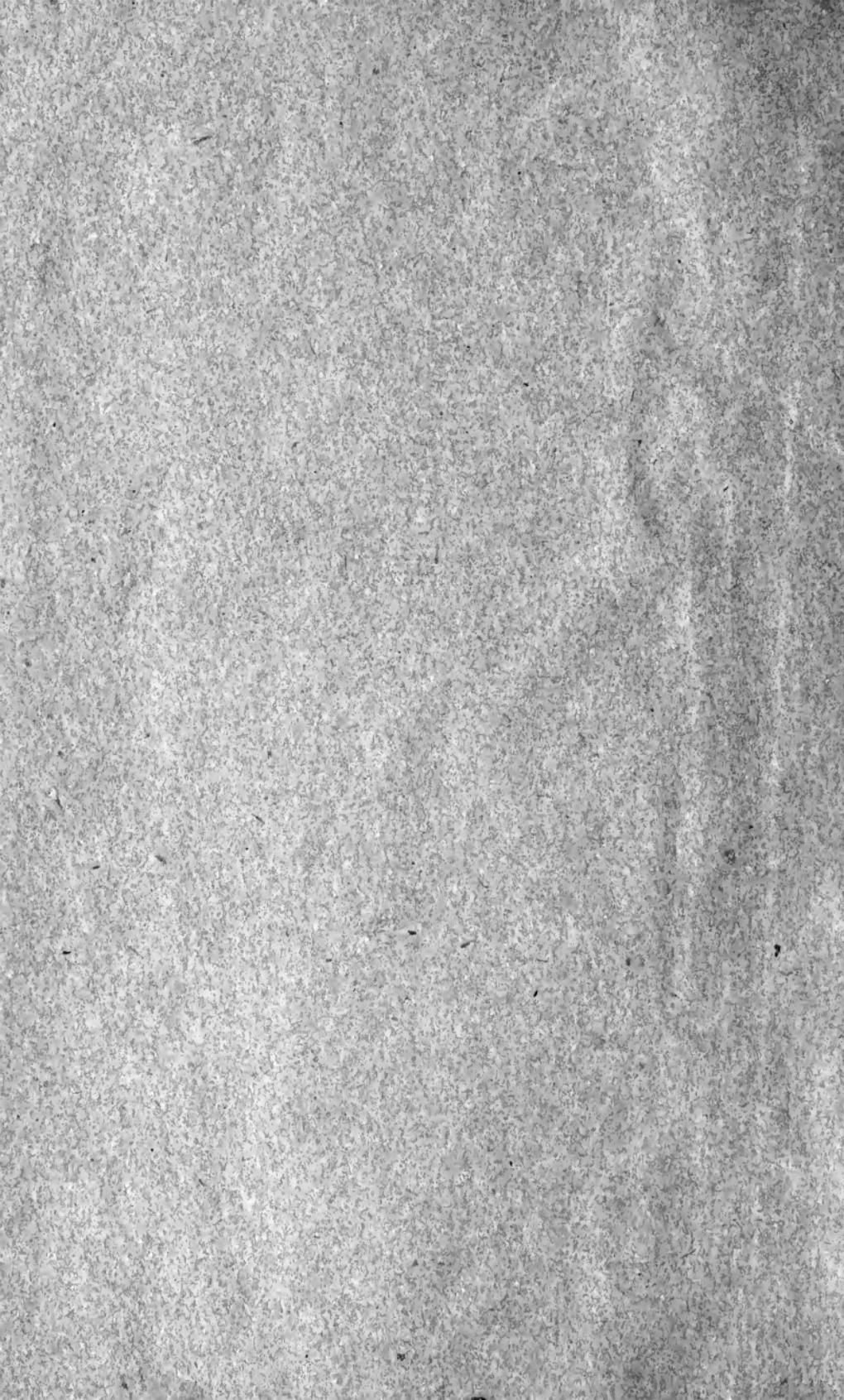


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**ORAL ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY
SCHOOLS**



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TORONTO

ORAL ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

By

WILLIAM PALMER SMITH, B. S.

STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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DEDICATED
TO
THE BOYS OF STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL
WHOSE NEED OF PRACTICAL HELPS IN ATTAINING
BETTER SPOKEN ENGLISH HAS
BEEN EVER IN MY MIND
WHILE PREPARING
THIS BOOK

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PREFACE

The importance of good training in oral English receives more ready recognition by educators to-day than ever it did before. With the revolt against mechanical and stilted elocution has come the realization that without skilful instruction and well directed practice, pupils cannot develop that "correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue" which is one of the most apparent marks of an educated man.

The effectiveness of instruction in oral English, as in most other subjects, is greatly increased by the use of a practical text-book. It is the purpose of this volume to emphasize the value of training in oral English, that pupils may know from the outset for what they are working; to outline graded lessons in enunciation and pronunciation with illustrations enough for definite assignments without resorting to other sources; to indicate how the speaking voice may be improved by appropriate exercises and proper use; to explain and illustrate the most important principles of expression in a manner likely to impress High School pupils; to point out the relation of oral reading to conversation and public speaking; and to furnish appropriate selections which are unhackneyed, interesting and of literary merit.

The arrangement and scope of the lessons in enunciation and pronunciation will be of great assistance to teachers in helping pupils to overcome foreign accents, for the diagrams indicate the position of the vocal organs in producing each

consonant sound, the sentences for drill give every consonant sound with all (or approximately all) its possible combinations with other consonants, the vowel sounds are described, copiously illustrated, and reviewed by lists of words to test the pupils' ability to recognize them, and words commonly mispronounced are classified according to the errors usually made in speaking them.

A special effort has been made to include good selections from the works of modern authors, and to secure variety by culling extracts from history, biography, science, essays, fiction, verse and the drama. The purpose has not been to compile a collection of "pieces to speak," but, as many of the selections are well adapted to that purpose, the book will be useful to those desiring something new for public recitation. As short stories have a prominent place, the book will prove of service in literature classes when the short story and its treatment are discussed.

In preparing this volume I have been conscious of the great debt of gratitude I owe to my former instructors, and to specialists whose works have been helpful. It is impossible to give credit to whom credit is due in all cases, but I wish to acknowledge my especial indebtedness to Dr. Charles W. Emerson and Professor Charles W. Kidder of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., to Professor S. H. Clark of Chicago University, to Dr. Guy Carleton Lee of Johns Hopkins University, to Dr. Naomi Norsworthy and Professor Herbert Vaughn Abbott of Columbia University, to Emily M. Bishop, Arthur Edward Phillips and Samuel Arthur King.

Having chosen selections for this book from many sources, I desire to express my deep sense of obligation to the authors (or their representatives) and publishers for their generous and courteous permission to reprint selections protected by

their copyrights. Acknowledgement of permission is made in connection with every such selection.

My sincere thanks are extended to Frederick H. Law, chairman of the department of English at Stuyvesant High School, for his kindness in criticising the manuscript.

WILLIAM PALMER SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

June, 1913

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PART I



ORAL ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

THE VALUE OF ORAL ENGLISH

Good Oral English an Element of Success.—Every high school pupil should take as much interest in improving his oral English as he does in developing his body, for both are closely related to success in life. The man with little physical endurance, sees his stronger neighbors outdo him in efficient work and length of service. In a similar way, the man with a poor command of oral English, is compelled to see his rivals of better address win friends, secure positions, and gain promotions that he cannot attain. Skill in the use of the mother tongue is, therefore, a valuable asset to a man as well as a mark of his education. This being true, boys and girls cannot afford to persist in habits of speech that continually place them at a disadvantage.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD ORAL USE OF ENGLISH

Advantages at School.—The advantages that result from a good command of oral English begin to manifest themselves very early. At school there is frequently recurring evidence that it pays to cultivate good habits of speech. In the mathematics class a boy may be able to work out a certain problem; but if his slovenly speech hinders him from making a satisfactory explanation, he cannot be credited with understanding it. A declension in German may be spoiled by faulty articulation, an answer to a question in English, by mispronunciation, and a statement of how to

care for a plane in joinery may be made incomprehensible by awkward sentences. Other things being equal, the student with a fair command of spoken English will always outrank his classmate who has careless habits of speech.

Advantages in Social Relations.—Then, too, in meeting people in a social way a boy or girl finds it a great advantage to be able to talk well. Wherever one goes, he will make some kind of impression upon the people he meets. Whether this impression be favorable or not, will depend upon his general appearance, manners and conversation. Through his conversation he will reveal himself most, as it is easy to tell by the way he talks whether a boy is gentlemanly or ungentlemanly, modest or conceited, painstaking or careless, intelligent or ignorant.

The boy who carefully brushes his coat and combs his hair, but never tries to polish his speech, uses poor judgment; so does the girl who is fastidious regarding the colors of her dress, but makes no effort to soften the strident tones of her voice. Among people of real refinement slovenly speech and harsh voices are as unwelcome as slovenliness or lack of harmony in dress.

Advantages in Business.—Desirable as it is to be able to use oral English well in social relations, it is many times more so in business. Correct written English for business purposes has been much emphasized by textbooks and teachers; and its importance has not been exaggerated. But it is time that oral English, anticipating business needs, should receive more attention.

As soon as a candidate applies in person for a position, he is judged by his spoken English. No matter how excellent a letter of application he may have written, if he makes a poor impression in a personal interview with his prospective employer, his chances of securing the position are small.

No employer wishes a secretary with a high pitched, irritating voice; a mumbling clerk whose spoken words are seldom understood; a hesitating, stammering assistant who cannot answer inquiries promptly and briefly; a diffident salesman who cannot explain the superiority of goods and persuade a deliberating customer to buy; or a superintendent, discourteous in speech, who offends patrons and drives them away.

We are obliged to admit that business people are more often judged by their spoken words than they are by their written ones; and that awkward conversation, slovenly utterance, incorrect pronunciation and disagreeable voices all count against them. Knowing this, all farseeing boys and girls will use much care in forming their habits of speech, in order that their spoken English may always be a help and never a hindrance to them in business.

Essential for Public Speaking.—Besides these every day advantages that come from a good command of oral English—advantages that should be more often pointed out to the youth of our country than they are—there also results a better equipment for public speaking. To speak in public one must have confidence in himself, and confidence comes from the realization that one has something to say and can say it well. In a country such as ours, where democratic institutions impose many responsibilities upon the individual citizen, men are expected to participate in many public gatherings by voicing their convictions. We have political assemblies, business organizations, religious meetings, social clubs, athletic associations, leagues, circles and societies without number. In all of these, mutual interests must be discussed, and plans for new activities advocated; so there is always a demand for the person who can think upon his feet and state his ideas definitely and clearly. Such

a man, if he is upright and sincere, will become influential among his associates—a leader among men.

Permanency of Attainments in Spoken English.—The ability to use oral English effectively, cannot be attained suddenly, neither can it be assumed and cast aside like a garment. It must be developed gradually in the individual. A boy never becomes a good baseball player unless he is faithful in practice and heeds the advice of his coach; similarly without repeated efforts to read and speak well, and attention to the criticisms of his instructor, no pupil can hope to improve his vocal expression. There must be rightly directed and persistent effort if one wishes to improve his spoken English; but whatever proficiency is attained in this direction becomes a part of a man's stock in trade for life. The retention of the art of speaking, unlike vocal and instrumental music, does not depend upon practice. It is always at command—a permanent accomplishment.

THE DIVISIONS OF ORAL ENGLISH

How the Divisions are Related. Oral English includes (1) *conversation*, (2) *reading aloud* and (3) *public speaking*. In all of these the same organs of speech, the same words, and similar varieties of tone and physical response, are employed. Conversation and public address are most alike. Indeed, no distinct line of demarcation can be drawn between them, because formal conversation with a score or more of listeners has the semblance of public address, and a public address delivered in an intimate manner to a small audience has the semblance of conversation. Generally speaking, however, conversation is intimate and informal, as contrasted with the dignity of public address. Ability to converse well results partly from one's individual attain-

ments, and partly from the stimulus of the occasion or of those who listen. We all know that we talk better with certain people than with others, for some seem to call forth our best. We may be sure, then, that ease and skill in conversation come not only from a well rounded development, but also from the cultivation of worthy associates. Reading aloud is distinctly interpretive. The reader tries to impress his audience with what the author's sentences mean to him. Sometimes conversationalists and public speakers really do a very similar thing, for they quote, paraphrase, or summarize what they have read or heard. There are plenty of people who would like to become skillful in conversation or public speaking, but they scorn reading aloud. They do not appreciate that reading aloud is the very best kind of training for the other forms of oral English.

Poor Spoken English Results from Little Reading Aloud.—We are called a harsh voiced, slovenly-spoken generation, that depreciates the proud oral traditions of the past. The reason often assigned for this decay in our manner of speech, is that we so generally neglect reading aloud. Reading aloud does not have the place it once had in the curriculum of our schools; and the family is no longer a reading circle, as in the days of our grandfathers. We snatch books and magazines and devour them in solitude, as a dog grabs a bone and retires to a corner for a solitary feast. We pay a dear price for our silent reading, because we miss much of the beauty and form of literature and language.

The Cause Suggests a Remedy.—By considering the cause of our deficiency in spoken English, we have found a remedy for it. Some one has said, "Set almost any one to reading a book aloud, and mark the degraded wretchedness of his utterance. Keep him at it, and mark the inevitable improvement in his speech."

The Complexity of Oral Reading.—Audible reading is one of the most complex subjects we study. In the reading of a single sentence, various physical and mental states may be manifested, while enunciation, pronunciation, accuracy, time, pitch, force, quality and other elements are wonderfully combined. To improve in oral reading, then, we must know what elements contribute to good reading aloud, and find out in which of these elements we are weak. The weak points being known, efforts should be directed to strengthen them.

The following table indicates the most important elements of good reading aloud, and compares these items with the most important elements of good spoken English. It is readily seen that both call forth the same physical control, the same vocal powers, the same attention to expression, the same effort to hold the audience and similar mental activities. For this reason, cultivating one's power in oral reading will at the same time cultivate his English in conversation or in public speaking.

ELEMENTS OF GOOD ORAL READING

(Interpreting the thought of another)

ELEMENTS OF GOOD SPOKEN ENGLISH

(Expressing one's own thought)

I. THE FORMAL ELEMENTS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. A good position | 1. A good position |
| 2. Proper control of breath | 2. Proper control of breath |
| 3. Distinct enunciation | 3. Distinct enunciation |
| 4. Approved pronunciation of words | 4. Approved pronunciation of words |

II. INTELLECTUAL ELEMENTS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Accuracy — not omitting or changing words | 1. Facility in oral composition |
| 2. Appreciation of grammatical relations | 2. Application of grammatical rules |

- 3. A vivid imagination to picture scenes described
- 4. Mental grasp of the author's thought
- 5. Familiarity with many words
- 3. Vivid mental pictures with ability to describe them
- 4. Vital, original thought directed to serve the audience, the occasion and the speaker's purpose
- 5. Ability to use many words correctly

III. EMOTIONAL ELEMENTS

- 1. Emotional response to the author's thought
- 2. Emotional sensitiveness which feels the pulse of the audience
- 3. Ability to impress the hearers with the author's thought and hold their attention
- 4. An acute ear — keen perception (natural or acquired) of vocal effects
- 1. Emotional response to the speaker's thought
- 2. Emotional sensitiveness which feels the pulse of the audience
- 3. Ability to impress the hearers with the speaker's own thought and hold their attention
- 4. An acute ear — keen perception (natural or acquired) of vocal effects

IV. TECHNICAL ELEMENTS

- 1. Vocal expression — a management of the voice by time, pitch, force and quality which will make the vocal effects harmonize with the author's thought
- 2. Physical response to the author's thought in facial expression, bearing and gesture
- 1. Vocal expression — a management of the voice by time, pitch, force and quality which will make the vocal effects harmonize with the speaker's thought
- 2. Physical response to the speaker's thought in facial expression, bearing and gesture.

FORMAL ELEMENTS IN ORAL ENGLISH

Having analyzed good oral reading into its component elements, and compared them with the elements of good speech, the next step is to consider each of the elements in turn, that we may find out how it contributes to excellence in reading aloud and efficiency in speech, and how one may improve his reading and speech by strengthening that particular element.

POSITION

Effect of Position upon Voice.—The position assumed in reading or speaking should always be considered, because it affects the voice, the speaker himself and his audience. The voice is a quick reporter of physical conditions: for a lifeless tone of voice results from taking a lazy position, a squeezed tone from cramping the chest and throat, and an animated tone from standing alert. By the poise of the head the tone is given general direction. Bow the head, and you aim the tone at the floor; raise the chin, and you send it toward the ceiling. A marksman aims his rifle in the direction he wishes the charge to travel. We should aim the voice where we wish it to go.

Effect of Position upon the Reader or Speaker.—In a good position a reader (or speaker) is less likely to be self-conscious and ill at ease. He forgets that he has hands and feet, and feels stronger and more confident. With broadened chest, he gives his lungs an opportunity to breathe freely and easily, so that he can swing through a long sentence

with no nervous gaspings for fresh supplies of air. From such a position, the speaker can easily make a transition to another position, or enforce his thought by gesture. If then reading or speaking is prolonged, he will be less fatigued at the close, than he would have been had he persisted in bad positions throughout his reading or discourse.

Effect of Speaker's Position upon the Audience.—As soon as a speaker steps upon a platform, the auditors anticipate the character of his address from his walk, and his position in sitting or standing. If he slouches across the stage and slumps into a seat, they are likely to be more or less prejudiced against him from the first. A bad, early impression of this kind may be overcome, but only with great difficulty. If a speaker persists all through his lecture in certain mannerisms, such as leaning over a table or running his fingers through his hair, the audience cannot help thinking more about his actions, than they do about what he says. Self control on the part of the speaker in manner and bearing tends to concentrate the minds of the audience upon what is being read or discussed; and any eccentricities that detract from this poise are always reflected in the character of the attention given by the listeners.

Directions for a Good Standing Position in Reading or Speaking.—Exercises given in gymnasia for securing a correct standing position are familiar to all teachers and most pupils, and can be introduced in the oral English class at the discretion of the teacher. The following directions suggest the most important points to be observed.

1. Stand in a wide awake manner.
2. Place the weight of the body upon one foot.
3. Rest the other foot lightly upon the floor.
4. See that the weight of the body is directly over the ball of the supporting foot.

5. Hold the head erect, but avoid making the muscles of the neck rigid.
6. Keep the shoulders even, and move them upward and backward enough to broaden the chest, but not far enough to narrow the back.
7. Raise the chest, as when taking a deep breath.
8. Hold the book in the left hand, if reading.
9. Let the right hand and arm hang passively at the side, except when needed to turn the pages.
10. When without a book, allow both arms to remain passively at the sides that they may be ready any instant to reinforce the thought by gesture.

Can you give a good reason for complying with each of the above directions?

BREATHING

Methods of Breathing.—The control of the breath has an important effect upon reading or speaking. Breathing properly makes the voice stronger and more agreeable in quality, diminishes the amount of effort on the part of the reader (or speaker), and promotes the health of the throat and vocal organs.

There are three methods of breathing:

1. *Thoracic or chest breathing* when the air is drawn into and forced from the lungs by the raising and lowering of the chest, accompanied usually by a similar movement of the shoulders.

2. *Costal or rib breathing* when breathing is accomplished by the movement of the lower ribs, and the action of the muscles between them.

3. *Abdominal breathing* when the muscles of the abdomen perform the work of emptying and filling the lungs.

Correct Breathing.—To breathe correctly, one should combine the costal and abdominal methods: inhaling and

exhaling the air through the nose and not through the mouth. By combining the costal and abdominal methods of breathing, a large volume of air can be stored in the lung cavity, and as a result a full, round tone can be produced.

Control of Breath.—To control the breath well is the next consideration. Only sufficient breath to produce the words should be allowed to pass the lips. If too much breath is allowed to escape while speaking, the tones become breathy, the vocalization seems labored, the sentences are chopped by too frequent breathing and in extreme cases there may be audible gasping for breath.

EXERCISES FOR DEEP BREATHING

In all breathing exercises inhale and exhale through the nostrils, and not through the mouth.

1. Take a good standing position with the weight on both feet. Rise on the toes an instant to see that the weight is directly over the balls of the feet. While inhaling, raise the arms slowly to a horizontal position; then move them upward till you can lock the thumbs above the head. Exhaling slowly, lower the arms reversing the movement, till they are in position at the sides.

2. Place the base of the hands upon the lower ribs with the fingers pointing directly forward and the palms parallel. Inhaling slowly, force the hands as far apart as possible, by the outward movement of the lower ribs and the muscular wall of the chest. Keeping the hands in the same position, push against the lower ribs during expiration, until the hands are as near to each other as extreme contraction of the chest wall will bring them. Repeat the exercise.

3. Without the aid of the hands on the floating ribs, breathe deeply and deliberately, and endeavor to secure as free a movement of the lower ribs as was attained in exercise number two.

4. Inhaling deliberately, at the same time lower the head directly backward. Exhaling in a like manner, raise the head to its usual position. Repeat the exercise.

5. Take a full, deep breath. Holding the air in the lungs, percuss the chest lightly with clenched fists. This will force the air into all the cells of the lungs to the very apexes.

EXERCISES FOR CONTROL OF BREATH

1. Fill the lungs well with air; then hum with the lips closed, using only enough breath to produce the tone. Stop when obliged to breathe again.

2. After a full inflation of the lungs, give the sound of *s*, economizing the breath in order to continue the sound as long as convenient with one breath.

3. Having filled the lungs to their capacity, see how far you can count without taking another breath.

4. Vary the previous exercise by endeavoring to repeat the alphabet several times, without taking more air into the lungs.

5. Pack the lungs with air, then purse the lips as in whistling. Exhale very gradually, producing a faint whistling tone, until the supply of air is exhausted. Repeat, timing yourself with a watch, to see for how many seconds you can give the whistling tone.

6. Practice reading the following paragraph, striving to use as few breaths as possible.

But when eloquence is something more than a trick of art, or a juggle with words; when it has a higher aim than to tickle the ear, or to charm the imagination as the sparkling eye and dazzling scales of the serpent enchant the hovering bird; when it has a higher inspiration than that which produces "the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of merely fascinating speech; when it is armed with a thunderbolt of powerful thought, and winged with lofty feeling; when the electric current of sympathy is established, and the orator sends upon it thrill after thrill of sentiment and emotion, vibrating and pulsating to the sensibilities of his hearers, as if their very heart strings were held in the grasp of his trembling finger; when it strips those to whom it is addressed of their independence, invests them with its own life, and makes them obedient to a strange nature, as the mighty ocean tides follow the path of the moon; when it divests men of their peculiar qualities and affections, and turns a vast multitude into one man, giving to them but one heart, one pulse, and one voice, and that an echo of the speaker's,—then,

indeed, it becomes not only a delight, but a power, and a power greater than kings or military chieftains can command.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS.¹

ENUNCIATION

It is impossible to deal with the topics of enunciation and pronunciation without first considering the vocal apparatus and the elements of our English speech.

THE VOCAL APPARATUS

The Human Voice like a Musical Instrument.—The human voice is like a wind instrument. The lungs correspond to the bellows, the vocal cords to the strings, and the resonant chambers (the nares, pharynx, mouth, and trachea) to a sounding board or box. The column of air rising from the lungs during expiration causes the vocal cords to vibrate. Their vibrations produce a tone, high or low, according to their taut or lax condition, and the tone is enlarged or reechoed by the resonant chambers. If the vocal apparatus included nothing else, we could give only humming tones on the various pitches of the scale. But the tone can be molded by the organs of articulation; namely, the lips, teeth, tongue, and palate. This enables us to produce a great variety of sounds simply by changing the adjustment of these organs, and making the mold through which the tone passes into different shapes.

The Number of Vowel and Consonant Elements in English.—In speaking English, we adjust the organs of articulation into enough different positions to produce twenty-five distinct vowel sounds (including diphthongs, but omitting obscure sounds) and twenty-six distinct consonant sounds. Other languages have some sounds that do not

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occur in ours, so the human vocal instrument is capable of making more sounds than are found in our language.

ELEMENTS OF LANGUAGE

The most common division of the elements of English speech is into vowels and consonants. Vowels are produced by the tone passing freely through the open mouth. Consonants are formed by the tone passing through the mouth when it is obstructed by some adjustment of the lips, teeth, tongue or palate. Compare the formation of *A* with that of *B*, *D* and hard *G*.

The elements of language according to *sound*, are divided into tonics, subtonics and atonics. The *tonics* are clear, open, unobstructed tones. All vowels and diphthongs belong to this class. The *subtonics* are undertones, or modified tones in which the voice is modified by the organs of articulation, instead of passing freely through the open mouth. The *atonics* are sounds without tone or voice. They are breathings modified by the organs of articulation.

Consonant sounds, when considered according to *formation*, are divided into labials, linguals and palatals. *Labials* are the consonant sounds formed chiefly with the lips. *Linguals* are the consonant sounds formed chiefly by the action of the tongue. *Palatals* are the consonant sounds formed chiefly by the aid of the palate. *Cognates* are two consonant sounds formed by similar positions of the organs of articulation, one of which is a subtonic and the other an atonic. *B* and *P* are cognates.

The following table of English elements will assist the pupil in learning to distinguish English vowel and consonant sounds according to sound, and the consonants according to formation.

	TONICS	SUBTONICS	ATONICS
VOWELS	A	LABIALS	B bib
	E		M mum
	I		V vivid
	O	LINGUALS	W wild
	U		R rice
	W (some-times)		L likely
	Y (some-times)		D did
DIPHTHONGS	OU	LINGUALS	N nun
	OW		J judge
	OI		Z zone
	OY		TH then
		PALATALS	ZH azure
			G gag
			NG ring
			Y yet
		PALATALS	P pipe
			F fife
			WH when
		LINGUALS	R press
			L flame
			T tight
		PALATALS	CH child
			S son
			TH thin
			SH shun
		PALATALS	K kick
			Y tune
			H how

A third sound of *R* known as Glide *R* is the sound of *R* as it occurs immediately after a vowel, as in *dare*, *garnet*, *fear*, *hurl*, etc.

Y itself never is an atonic sound, but as the initial sound of long *U* is *Y*, we get the effect of atonic *Y* in the word *tune* just as we have atonic *R* in *press* and atonic *L* in *flame*.

Notice that *H* has no cognate.

Good Enunciation Essential to Good Oral English.—One of the prime essentials of good oral English is distinct enunciation. The entire purpose of conversation, reading or public speaking is defeated, if the speaker does not make himself clearly heard. Such a speaker or reader might better remain silent; for people cannot feel otherwise than impatient, insulted and bored when compelled to strain their

ears trying to understand a speaker's half articulated sentences.

Good Enunciation Defined.—Good enunciation is the utterance of elementary sounds by precise and accurate movements of the organs of articulation, so that the sounds are clear cut in form and distinctly audible.

AIDS TO GOOD ENUNCIATION

As aids to good enunciation, one should aim to

1. control the breath well, that breathy utterance may be avoided
2. secure a free movement of the lower jaw, that the tone may escape through a well opened mouth
3. gain mobility of the lips
4. retain the tongue in the mouth, that lisping may not mar speech
5. focus the tone in front of the face, not in the mouth or throat
6. develop resonance of voice, that there may be no nasality
7. utter words with such a degree of promptness, that there may be no suggestion of drawling them
8. shun the habit of rapid utterance, and the running of words together
9. pronounce beginning and final consonants with especial care
10. give subtonic consonants their full value, that they may not become atonics
11. train the organs of articulation to take an accurate position for each consonant element.

Enunciation Allied with the Utterance of Consonants.—

It is evident that enunciation depends largely upon the





Place the Fingers Upon the Throat

manner in which consonant sounds are uttered; while pronunciation is more intimately related to the production of vowel sounds. For this reason, some knowledge of the formation of the various consonant sounds, with drill upon those sounds taken alone and in various combinations, proves helpful in gaining better habits of enunciation.

GRADED LESSONS IN ENUNCIATION

LESSON I

B and *P*

Recall the difference in formation between vowels and consonants.

Give an illustration of each.

How are consonants divided according to formation?

Illustrate each class.

To which class do *B* and *P* belong?

With the fingers upon the throat near the voice box (see illustration), pronounce the words *book* and *pound*, and compare the production of *B* and *P*.

Watch one of your classmates while he pronounces the same two words, and note the action of his lips for *B* and *P*.

In what way are *B* and *P* alike?

In what respect are they different?

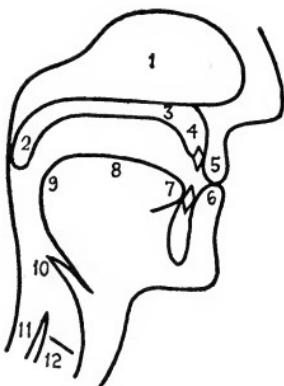
Practice reading the following sentences, taking care to enunciate the consonants *B* and *P* accurately.

Whisper the sentences with exaggerated lip action, and then speak them in the clearest possible conversational tone.

B "The brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest."

B Bettie Botta bought a bit of butter. "But," she said, "this butter's bitter; if I put it in my batter, it will make

my batter bitter; but a bit of better butter will make
my bitter batter better."



Position for *B*

1. Nares
2. Palate
3. Roof of Mouth
4. Upper Gum
5. Upper Lip
6. Lower Lip
7. Point of Tongue
8. Top of Tongue
9. Back of Tongue
10. Epiglottis
11. Esophagus
12. Vocal chords vibrating

- BD** The robed scribe scrubbed and rubbed the ribbed board.
- BL** Cable blamed the bleak blast for his blighted blooms.
- BR** Brayton brought his bride brown brocades and bright, brazen brackets.
- BZ** Gibbs broke two ribs when caught between the hubs of the cabs.
- BLD** He was so humbled, because he had gambled and lost, that he trembled and stumbled on the pebbled walk and was disabled.
- BLZ** Mr. Bumble's footman stumbles about the stables, quibbles and squabbles over baubles, and doubles his troubles.
- P** Pittsburgh's portly pitcher practiced putting parabolas past the plate, and promptly paralyzed Painesville's opposing players.
- PL** O good planter! Please pluck a platter of plump plums from the plentiful plot on the plateau.
- PN** Sharpen your ax, deepen the groove in the misshapen aspen branch, and then tie it with a hempen rope.

- PR The prosaic priest's pronounced reproof of imprudent pranks, provoked the profligate and profane to protest.
- PS He strips the shops, ships over the deeps heaps of grapes, scollops, caps, tops, and whips and hopes while he sleeps to escape the cops.
- PT Accepting the adept's advice, I leapt from the ground, crept to the knoll, whipt my field glass from its case and swept with rapt gaze the cloud-capped mountains.
- PTH Who knows the depth of the sea?
- PLD As the current rippled along, the men grappled and toppled into the tide.
- PLZ Mr. Popple's apples are worth many opals.
- PND When the new market opened, the rivalry sharpened and prices cheapened.
- PNZ If nothing happens, the pod opens when it ripens.
- PST Much time has elapsed, but still thou dipp'st thy spoon daintily and sipp'st thy tea leisurely.

Position for *P*

LESSON II

M

Pronounce the word *aim*, observing how the sound of *M* is made.

According to formation, what kind of a consonant is *M*?

With the fingers on the throat, pronounce the word again. To which division according to sound, does it belong?

Compare the way *M* is made with the way you make the sounds of *B* and *P*.

Pronounce *cab*, *cap* and *am*, noticing how you finish the three consonant sounds ending those words. You will ob-

serve that the lips are separated in finishing the sounds of *B* and *P*, but remain together for *M*.



Try to prolong these three sounds. How does *M* differ from the two other sounds in this exercise?

Prolong the sound of *M* again, observing its peculiar resonance. Where does the resonance seem to come from? *M* is sometimes called a nasal element. Can you tell why it is so called?

Use the following sentences for practice, until you can make *M* in any combination, with accurate lip action, good resonance and distinctness.

M Milwaukee's museum manager mustered mammoth mammals, mischievous monkeys, embalmed mummies, mounted mink, minute mollusks, a mysterious mermaid and many more amazing marvels.

MD The plumed knight, famed for unnamed deeds, was ashamed that he had roamed about unarmed.

MF Doctor Humphrey's experiment on the lymph was a great triumph.

MP From the camp, we saw the humpbacked tramp limp toward the swamp and slump down in the hemp near a stump.

MZ In his dreams, he seems to leave his rooms and roams among the tombs.

MPS Under the crimson lamps, the imp thumps the table, and trumps the chump's card.

MPT The unkempt man, when promptly told by the judge that he was not exempt from the law, jumped forward and stamped.

MTH No warmth could warm him.

LESSON III

V and F

Pronounce the word *van*. Describe the position of the lips while producing the sound of *V*.

Pronounce the word *fame*. Compare the position of the lips in making *F* with the position required for *V*.

What are *V* and *F* according to formation?

Position for *V*Position for *F*

With the fingers on the throat, give the sound of *V* and then the sound of *F*. What are *V* and *F* according to sound?

Can these two sounds be prolonged? What other consonant sound have we considered that can be prolonged?

V and *F* occur in a variety of combinations. Master them all by a correct position of the lower lip against the upper teeth, and by plenty of practice.

V A vagrant and voluble ventriloquist visited five velvet-vested vergers, and vouchsafing imitative ventures on the veranda, he raved like a violent votary vilifying vicious vixens, vulgar vagabonds and vile vandals.

VD When the depraved and unnerved man revived, he heaved a sigh and said he believed he had been deceived.

- VL The friv~~olous~~ group of cavalry reveled as they traveled along the level, graveled road, and were uncivil to the naval cadet at the hovel.
- VN Stephen had driven eleven miles to New Haven with seven witnesses, but even then the sloven was proven a craven.
- VZ We, ourselves, read how the elves from the caves having seized the loaves from the shelves, made dives into the waves; while the wives following them with gyves lost their lives.
- VW It was near the reservoir that the knight did his devoir.
- VLD We marveled at the patient sister deviled by the dishevelled idiot, who only droveled and sniveled as he unraveled her knitting.
- VST Believ'st thou that if thou leav'st home and liv'st among strangers, thou reliev'st thyself of responsibility?
- F The French frigates facing the foreign foe and fearing to fight the famous fleet, fired frequent, futile fusilades and fled over the flood.
- FL The flag floats and flutters on the staff, the tent flap flops flauntingly, and a flock of flickers fleck and flit in their flight, as Floyd muffles his flute and flatters flaxen haired Florence.
- FN Stiffen your fingers, and place a hyphen in the word between roughen and orphan.
You will deafen me, if you do not soften your voice more often.
- FR French's freak friend frequented the fraternity on Fridays, until Fred freezingly frowned at his freshness and frankly called him a fraud.
- FS From the roofs of the town, we saw the bailiff's skiff laden with heavy stuffs flounder on the reefs near the cliffs.
- FT Bereft of the gift and cut adrift to shift alone, the daft and crafty fellow oft committed deft thefts and forged drafts.
- FLD Our guide shuffled through the corridor, and led us to a close room where men scuffled and we nearly stifled; but we remained until the rifled loot was raffled off.
- FLZ The hag muffles herself in a dress of ruffles that baffles description, shuffles along the street, and snuffles at trifles.

FST He that snuff'st, scoff'st and laugh'st at the unfortunate. is worse than he that rebuff'st a friend.

FTH The fifth of the month was Richard's twelfth birthday.

FTS He commits no thefts and accepts no gifts; but sleeps in lofts where the snow often sifts in forming drifts, and the wind when it shifts chills him with drafts.

LESSON IV

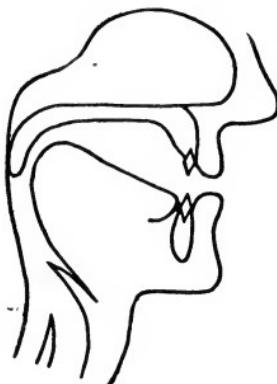
W and *WH*

Name the labials studied in the last three lessons.

Pronouncing the word *war*, observe the movement necessary to produce the sound of *W*. To what class does *W* belong according to formation? Apply the usual test (placing the fingers on the throat) and tell what *W* is according to sound.



Position for *W*



Position for *WH*

Pronounce *what*, noting how *WH* is formed. Here we have two consonants standing for the sound that we make and hear.

Pronounce *whey*, *whelp* and *whinyard*. With what sound does *WH* begin? Notice that the combination is really *HW* instead of *WH* in all such words.

To what class does *WH* belong according to form? To what class according to sound?

Can *W* and *WH* be prolonged?

Do *W* and *WH* illustrate cognates? Name all the cognates that are labials.

NOTE. *W* is never immediately followed by any consonant sound; because *WH* is really pronounced *HW*, and words like *wrong*, *wrought* and *wrestle* have the *W* silent.

W Will Willie win Wilmington's wingmanship wallet? Willie will. Worn and wan with worry, wayward Walter wakened, washed wearily, welcomed the waiter with warm waffles, went wandering widely wishing for work; but while walking, wended his way to widow William's waxworks, where wags and witless women waste their wages.

NOTE. People familiar with certain foreign languages, have difficulty with the English *W*, substituting for it the sound of *V*. In such cases, the following paragraph with both *W* and *V* occurring frequently, gives good practice for differentiating the two sounds.

W and V On Wednesday we took a vender's wagon, and ventured on our way west from Vanwert. We voted to wire ahead for warm viands at Waverley. When we arrived at Waverley, we viewed a vacant looking hotel with a wide veranda. There a vulgar woman wondered why we vexed her with extra work; and later a vivacious wench, as a waitress, served us with warm veal, wilted vegetables, vanilla wafers, very vile wine and vermicious walnuts.

NOTE. Frequently we hear *WH* pronounced exactly like *W*, as wither for whither, warf for wharf, etc. Practice on the following sentences, till you are positive you do not make this error.

WH (HW) What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle and whimper near the wharf where the floundering whale did wheel and whirl?

While wheeling wheat to the wharf, Whipple Whitmore whetted with whiffs of whiskey, whipped and whacked his white mare until she wheezed and whinnied.

He did not say *bad wig, care whether, long weal and proud whale; but mad whig, fair weather, strong wheel and loud wail.*

LESSON V

L

Observe the action of the vocal organs in producing *L*, as in the word *land*. Notice the position of the point of the tongue, and how the voice passes at the sides. Compare *L* in *land* with *L* in *fled*.

What other consonants are made with the point of the tongue in a similar position?

Position for *L*Position for *L* as in
Flour

Classify *L* in the word *land* according to formation and sound.

Classify *L* in the word *fled* according to formation and sound.

Can the sound of *L* be prolonged?

Drilling on the sound of *L* in its various combinations, will aid in securing muscular control of the tongue.

L A lively, little linnet lives in our leafy locust, and lilted love lyrics at my lattice.

LB The priest wearing an alb, used a simile about a bulb.

- LD When the bold child spoiled the gold and jeweled shield and was scolded, he wailed and howled wildly and sprawled about the field.
- LF The elf, sylph and wolf met at the gulf to divide their pelf.
- LK Skulk near the pen, and touch the young elk's silk-like fur.
- LM If the elm tree fall, it will overwhelm the settler's shanty.
- LN Helen had stolen to the pier and fallen into the sullen and swollen tide.
- LP Before help came, the Indian whelp took the scalp and rushed away over the kelp.
- LS Do nothing to convulse the patient, or else the report of his pulse will be false.
- LT It was not my fault that the dolt of a colt made a halt when I dealt him a blow that he felt.
- LV Even if the problem involve twelve hours of work, he will delve away and solve it.
- LZ The donkey toils over the hills carrying the mails for miles, then fools with his driver and soils his coat as he rolls in the sandy holes.
- LCH See the water belch forth into the gulch.
- LDZ He builds air castles, folds his arms and holds that all the world's hopes are his.
- LFT The city of Delft has never been in danger of being engulfed.
- LKS The bulks of the hulks were above water.
- LKT Has the cow been milked?
- LMD His grief overwhelmed him.
- LMZ Where did the helmsman lose his films?
- LPS In the Alps we heard the yelps of Colp's dog.
- LPT He gulped down a big drink, and then sculpied his initials in the limestone.
- LST "Then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."
- LTH It was inexcusable for a man of wealth to live in such filth and lose his health.

- LTS Most adults see the results of petty faults.
- LVD James evolved a new method by which the problem could be solved.
- LVZ The wolves knocked down the ax helvæ from the shelves.

LESSON VI

R

R really has three sounds. First, the regular consonant *R*, a subtonic characterized by a burring or rolling sound in the throat, as in *rowdy*, *brown* and *reel*. Second, the atonic *R*,



Position for *R* as in
Rowdy



Position for *R* as in
Pride

much softer than the first *R*, occurring when *R* follows an atonic consonant and precedes a vowel, as in *pride*, *trip* and *free*. Third, glide *R*, following a vowel in the same syllable, as in *arm*, *affirm* and *answer*.

NOTE. When the consonant *R* is followed by *H*, as in *rhetoric*, *rhubarb* and *rhyme*, the *H* is silent. Consonant *R* is never immediately followed by any other consonant.

Classify *R* according to formation. Drill on the following sentences as exercises for attaining perfect command of *R*.

in its various forms and combinations. Trilling *R* is a good exercise for securing control of the tongue.

R (subtonic) Reviewing the rippling river and rough rocks, the rambling ruin rises, redolent of romance, with ranging recesses now a retreat for rabbits, and ramparts a roost for ravens and rooks.

R (atomic) Throughout the spring, the shrewd French trapper frequently proved his prowess to the treacherous tribes by thrilling the crafty creatures with his crack shooting.

R (glide) Wiring at the pier for a touring car, the chauffeur whirled us northward until, near the Singer tower, a sharp report made us aware of a punctured tire.

RB While walking and conjugating a verb, Clara tore her dress on a barb.

RD On the third day, we crossed a ford to the laird's yard, where we sat on a hard board and heard a long-haired bard.

RF The dwarf with the bright scarf left the turf for the wharf to watch the surf.

RG Then we saw our first iceberg.

RK Lurk in the dark and mark if the clerk shirk his work.

RM Before the alarm of the storm on that warm day at the farm, the swarm was out of harm.

RN Mr. Horn from the tavern scorned the corn at the northern side of the barn.

RP The birds of the thorp usurp the shade trees, and chirp with sharp notes.

RS DeMars gathers numbers of barbers, grocers, traders, loungers and idlers; and tells them his fears about laborer's hours.

RT On the alert, Robert darted after the runaway horse and cart with a smart spurt, but tripped and was hurt.

RV You deserve to starve, if you lose your nerve and swerve from your ideal.

RBD The horse was not disturbed when tightly curbed.

RBS With her orbs dilated, she absorbs the beauty of the suburbs.

- RDS Edward's story of the birds and leopards accords with that of the guards.
- RKD He marked the way the dog barked, jerked his head back and smirked.
- RKS Old Dierks works in the parks, and smirks when he harks to a lark's song.
- RMD Julian termed himself a poet, charmed a few society people and wormed himself into favor.
- RND Although Henry was warned that he had not earned his wages and would be turned away, yet he was unconcerned.
- RNS Orphan Mary churns the butter, turns the griddle-cakes, adorns the room with ferns, darns socks, draws patterns, learns to sew and earns her board and keep.
- RTH It was worth the earth to see the mirth of our friend from the North on the Fourth.
- RVD The inscription was preserved where it was carved on the curved surface.
- RVS The chief deserves credit as long as he preserves order on the wharves.

LESSON VII

D and *T*

Observing yourself in a mirror, pronounce the word *did* slowly, noting how the organs of articulation produce the sound of *D*.

To what class of consonants according to formation, does *D* belong? Apply the usual test, and then tell what it is according to sound.

Pronounce the word *tight*. Compare the production of the consonant *T* with the way you produced *D*. Classify *T* according to formation and according to sound.

Can the sounds of *D* and *T* be prolonged? How do you end the sounds of *D* and *T*?

What are cognates? What is the cognate of *D*?

The consonants *D* and *T* are often slighted; and, sometimes, even omitted in speech. Practice on the following



Position for *D*



Position for *T*

sentences, until you give *D* and *T* their full value in the various combinations, especially at the end of syllables or words.

- D** The determined Doctor, doubting the duke's daring defense, demanded that Dean Dorchester discuss the deed in debate; but the Dean declined, deciding that the discharge of his duties admitted no digression.
- DL** You addle-brained, idle baby just out of the cradle, don't twiddle your thumbs; but tighten that girdle, and hold this horse by the bridle while I straddle the saddle.
- DN** When the warden laden with a wooden box and emboldened by the leaden sky, widened the garden gate, the maiden hidden by a tree suddenly screamed, causing him to drop his burden.
- DR** The droll druggist, dead drunk and drenched by the driving drizzle, dropped into a drawing room chair to drowse and dreamed of dreadful dragons.
- DZ** Tell the maids that the brown stain made on the goods by strange liquids, needs only suds to remove it.
- DW** Dwight, the dwindling dwarf, dwells in Dwightville.

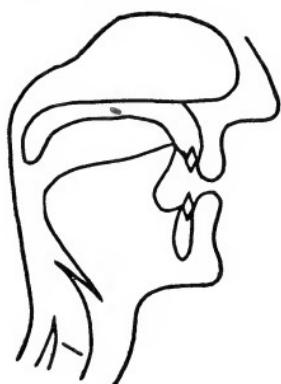
- DLD He has been so dandled and coddled since he first toddled,
 that he has dawdled his time away, and dwindled and
 spindled into naught.
- DLZ Carrying his toy fiddles in two bundles, he fondles his pet
 poodles, carelessly paddles through puddles, and peddles
 candles, handles, needles and medals.
- DST When thou said'st amidst the officers that thou feared'st
 no enemy, thou did'st lie.
- DTH For the hundredth time he told her the width of a breadth
 of carpet.
- DTHS The widths of the breadths varied from one and seven
 eighths to one and eleven hundredths yards.
- T A tutor who tooted the flute,
 Tried to teach two young tooters to toot:
 Said the two to the tutor,
 "Is it harder to toot, or
 To tutor two tooters to toot?"
 To-day the tactless and taciturn lecturer tabulated tedious
 technical terms about tadpoles; till ten tantalized at-
 tendants lost their tempers and left the tent.
- TL The only sounds in the kitchen were the prattle of the chil-
 dren on the settle, the hum of the kettle, the drone of a
 beetle, the subtle song of the gentle, little woman at the
 loom, and the rattle of the shuttle.
- TN The instructor remarked, "I do not wish to dishearten you;
 but if you will shorten your theme, brighten it by figures,
 lighten it by omitting heavy words, and sweeten it with
 an optimistic point of view, you will improve what you
 have written on The Observance of the Lenten Season."
- TR True to traditional traits, the tribe treated the trapper with
 tributes of truce, and tramped triumphantly through a
 treeless tract, tooting trumpets.
- TS He writes of his mates' treats, the cool nights, his feats on
 different dates, aeroplane flights and seats at the theatre.
- TW Tell the twaddling twins that the tweezers will twitch the
 twisted twine in twain in a twinkling.
- TLD Nettled at the intrusion, the officer battled with the stranger
 and throttled him.

- TLZ He startles nobody, when he prattles of titles and battles.
 TST If thou fight'st thy brother and put'st him to shame, thou surely hat'st him.

LESSON VIII

N

Pronounce the word *sun*, giving attention to the action of the organs of articulation in producing the sound of *N*.



Position for *N*

To what class of consonants according to formation, does *N* belong? To what class according to sound?

Compare the production of the sound of *N* with that of *D*. In what particulars are they alike?

Compare *N* with *T*. In what respect are they similar? In what are they different?

Compare *N* with *M*. What is the similarity between the two?

- N Nobody knew my noble neighbor's name till November ninth, when Nicholas North, a native of Natchez, nominated him for naval inspector.
- ND In a second, my friend kindly attended the blind man round the winding path to the grand stand, where he could hear the blending notes of the band.
- NJ Without a cringe, the conjurer lunged and caught the orange, singed it in a flame, and plunged it in water.
- NS In the presence of the audience, the singer's diffidence changed to assurance; and his entrancing cadences won intense silence.
- NT The president is pleasant and gallant with acquaintances, patient and lenient with servants, blunt and pointed with verdant agents, and dauntless and valiant as a hunter.

- NZ Along the lanes, through tangled vines and over stones and dunes, they hurried with prunes, buns, beans, and wines for the men in the mines.
- NCH The Frenchman flinching not an inch, clenched his fists and punched the blenching leader of the bunch, then munched his lunch undisturbed on a bench.
- NDZ The doctor bends over the man on the sands, pounds his chest, sounds his lungs and winds thin bands around the wounds on his hands.
- NST He never winced while the arm was lanced and the wound rinsed, but afterward he bounced from his chair against the surgeon and denounced him.
- NTH At Corinth, the jacinth blooms in the seventh month.
- NTS The jaunty count sent us quaint prints of giants, saints, merchants, tenants, agents, infants, knight errants and servants.

LESSON IX

J and *CH*

Pronounce very slowly the words *joy*, *gem* and *cage*. Pronounce slowly the sound of *J* alone.

To what class of consonants according to formation, does *J* belong? Can you describe the action of the tongue in producing it?

J is the most difficult consonant sound yet considered, because it is really the combination of *D* and *ZH*, the tongue taking the position for *D* and quickly changing to the position for *ZH* to complete the sound.

Applying the usual test, state to what class of consonants according to sound, *J* belongs.

CH, the cognate of *J*, is, of course, a combination of two consonant elements with the same tongue positions as those used to produce *J*; but as the vocal cords do not vibrate in

forming *CH*, we conclude that the component sounds must be *T* and *SH*.

NOTE. *J* is never followed by a consonant sound, so it does not present difficulties of combinations with other consonant sounds. *CH* followed by *L*, as in the word *chlorine*, or *CH* followed by *R*, as in the word *chronic*, is pronounced like *K*, so difficulties of combining *CH* with other consonant sounds are, also, eliminated.

Practice the following exercises for clean-cut enunciation.

J The jocund judge and jolly jurists joined in the general jubilee, jeering and joking like jesters.

G like J The General's son studied geography, geometry and German at Geneva, and proved to be a genuine genius.

CH When the Chancellor with his chariot and charger appeared, the crowd cheered, the church chimes played and the children in the chapel chanted.

LESSON X

Z and S

As a review, name three labial sounds. Tell what each is according to sound. Mention the cognate of each.

Give a list of the lingual sounds already studied, and classify them.

Pronounce the word *say*. Classify the sound of *S* according to formation and sound. Describe the position of the tongue in forming the sound. Can the sound be prolonged?

Pronounce the word *zone*. In what two ways is the sound of *Z* like the sound of *S*? Contrast the sound of *Z* with the sound of *S*.

NOTE. Control the breath well in producing these two elements to avoid a strong hissing sound which is very objectionable. Be sure to take the correct position of the tongue to avoid lisping.



Position for Z



Position for S

- S Stephen Sharp, the Sergeant, sought the six sailors, and saluting said: "Stop spending seconds senselessly, secure sufficient supplies, swing the stern from shore and speedily straighten sails; for this ship sails soon."
- SF While traveling to see the sphinx on the other side of the sphere, he fell and injured his sphenoid bone.
- SK Scorning the risk, Scott skated past the obelisk on the scaling ice, then screamed to scare his comrades.
- SL The slaves hustling from the castle, slipped and slid on the slightly sloping slippery slabs.
- SM The smoldering fire smoked, till everything in the room was smeared with smudge and smelled smutty.
- SN When the dog sniffing the air, snarled and snapped, the snob snatched his hat and sneaked away.
- SP Spaulding's spouse speaks splendid Spanish, and spends many specimens of specie for sparkling spangles.
- ST The organist from the western coast and the chemist dressed in his best vest, joined the guests at whist.
- SW The swarthy swain, sweating and swearing, swiftly switched the swine for swallowing swiped swill.
- SKS Their tasks were to clean up the husks, and move the flasks and casks.

- SKT The boys basked in the sun till the farmer asked them to load the husked corn, then they whisked off their hats and frisked about.
- SKW In the squalor of the square, the squinting squaws squealed and squabbled, but were squelched by the squad.
- SLD At first the strange dog bristled with importance, but after he had tussled and wrestled with Prince, he hustled away.
- SND The nurse hastened to the prostrate man, unfastened his coat, loosened his collar and listened to his heart.
- SNZ The masons saw the bison feeding in the basins, where the dew moistens the air and glistens in the sunlight.
- SPL It was splendid fun to see the splenetic splint-maker splash and splurge and splutter in the waves, when the spliced rope broke.
- SPR In spring, every sprinkle helps the spruce to spread its sprightly sprays and sprawling sprouts.
- SPS Cleopatra lisps a prayer, as she grasps the asps and clasps them to her breast.
- STS At their annual feasts, the dentists and their guests enjoy the roasts, quench their thirsts, and laugh at jests and toasts.
- Z With noisy zithers, the zealous zouaves easily teased the zebra in the zoo.
- ZD The old soldier raised his head and gazed in a pleased, dazed way, as the bullets whizzed by, then closed his eyes and reposed.
- ZL The drizzle made Hazel Teazle's party a fizzle.
- ZM In a spasm of sarcasm, the coach of the debating team stated that the leader's definitions of Americanism, despotism and imperialism were open to criticism.
- ZN Minus his reason, the sailor climbed the mizzen-mast, shouting "treason, treason."
- ZLD He bamboozled his friends, embezzled their money, puzzled the police, dazzled the loafers and guzzled the funds away.

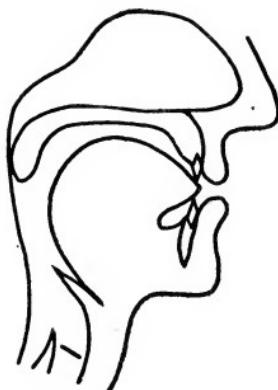
- ZLZ Without his muzzle's restraint, the puppy tousles the coat and tears it to frazzles.
- ZNZ At all seasons, poisons are kept from the denizens of prisons.

LESSON XI

TH and *TH*

TH varies in sound according to the vowel and consonant elements with which it is combined.

Compare the sound of *TH* in the word *thin* with the sound of *TH* in the word *then*. How does the first *TH* differ from the second *TH*?



Position for **TH**
Subtonic



Position for *TH*
Atonic

Classify *TH* in *then* according to formation and sound. Classify *TH* in *thin* according to formation and sound. Can these sounds be prolonged?

NOTE. In producing these two sounds the tip of the tongue should touch both the upper and lower teeth, but it should not protrude between them.

Compare the position of the tongue for *TH* with the position necessary to produce the sounds of *S* and *Z*.

TH (subtonic) Hither and thither in the heather, the lithe brothers bothered their father and mother.

THM With the rhythm of the music in his ears, he could not work the logarithm problem.

TH (atonic) The author's thoughtful thesis on the theory of theosophy, thrilled the thousands that thronged the theatre.

THR The thrifty three threaded through the throng threatening to throttle the thrilling thrusters.

THS Whatever you grasp of earth's mirths and wealths, death's hand snatches away.

THW Thwart him, before he thwacks you.

LESSON XII

ZH and *SH*

What is the cognate of *B?* of *V?* of *W?* of *D?* of *CH?* of *S?* of *TH* in then?



Position for *ZH*



Position for *SH*

Observe your own articulation, as you pronounce slowly the word *shell*. What is *SH* according to formation? Com-

pare the way you make the sound of *SH* in *shell* with the way you make the sound of *S* in *sail*. Can you describe the difference in the position of the tongue for the two elements? (Compare the diagrams of the tongue positions for the two sounds.)

Classify *SH* according to formation. Can the sound be prolonged?

What is the cognate of *SH*? Give the sound of the cognate. The words *azure* and *treasure* are examples of words containing this sound. Can you give other illustrations?

ZH The detective said, "Now I am at leisure, it gives me pleasure to inform you that the disclosure of the embrasure was what led to the seizure of the usurer's treasure."

SH The shepherd washed his sheep in the shallows, and sheared them in the shadows of the shanty.

SHR Dressed in shreds, she shrugged her shoulders and shrank back by the shrine, as the blast shrilled and shrieked.

SHT Edward gnashed his teeth, lashed his horse and dashed up the street; because he wished to be first.

LESSON XIII

G and *K*

The deaf and dumb learn to understand what other people are saying, by watching the muscular action accompanying speech. What class of consonant elements do you think would be easiest for them to distinguish in this way? What class do you think would be most difficult for them to distinguish?

Pronounce the word *gay* deliberately. Classify hard *G* according to formation and sound.

Describe the action of the tongue and soft palate in producing the sound. Can you prolong the sound?

Pronounce the word *key* slowly. Classify *K* according to formation and sound. Compare it with hard *G* regarding prolongation. What other consonants end with an explosion of breath like *K*?

What other consonant sometimes has the same sound as *K*?



Position for Hard *G*



Position for *K*

G (hard) From the gallery, the guests gazed at the garden, gaudy and fragrant with green grass, gay geraniums, great morning glories, glaring foxgloves, gleaming grapes and all the gorgeousness of a gardener's art.

GD During the forenoon, we lugged boards, rigged a raft, nagged the gardener, begged mother for cookies and jigged on the piazza.

GL Gliding to the window, the Globe reporter glossed the glazed glass with his glove, and glared out at the giggling glutton.

GR The grandee gradually grew greedy and gruff, grudging the grant of his green grove to grouse hunters, and greeting all groups with graceless grumbles.

GZ Coggswell hates prigs, brags that he wears rags, and tramps his legs off in bogs to lug home slugs, frogs and bugs.

NOTE. *X* has no sound of its own, but is either a combination of *GZ* or *KS*.

X (like *GZ*) Reexamining the example, David grasped its exact meaning, and was exasperated to think he had exhausted so much time in useless exertion.

GW That Guelph spoke his native language most languidly.

GLD The traveller haggled with the officer over the smuggled goods, till he boggled the whole affair and struggled in vain.

GLZ O'er the tangles of the dingles the eagles soar,
And bugles' notes in melody pour.

K "Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid."

KL The clown clad in a clumsy cloak and clinging to a club,
clutched the clamoring clerk and clapped him into a clothes closet.

KN If you darken the room and beckon the children away, I reckon he will not waken.

KR Crippled by crowding creditors and crazed by the crisis, the critic crept across Crystal creek to the crag and cried.

KS Without tricks or jokes, I tell you these tracks lead past the stacks and over the rocks to the home of Mike's folks.

X (like *KS*) Roxanna, the little vixen, coaxed the tutor to excuse her from the exercise; because she had unwittingly exchanged her lexicon for a treatise on expansion.

KT The gang knocked at the door, attacked the watchman, sacked the house, packed up the booty and streaked away; but were tracked, checked and locked up for their rash act.

KLZ My uncle's pleasure over the new buckles, was evidenced by chuckles, the wrinkles about his mouth and the way he struck his knuckles together.

KND He reckoned if he quickened his pace, he could reach the hotel before the clouds thickened.

KNZ The fever victim weakens and sickens every time he wakens.

KST When the manager coaxed her to remain another week, she mixed the candies and boxed them.

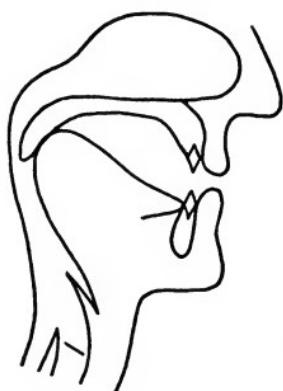
NOTE. *Q* is always followed by *U*, and is sounded like *K* or *KW*.

- Q** (like K) The critique and coquette by oblique methods, piqued the unique clique on their ability to play the antique games of croquet and piquet.
- QU** (like KW) Quoting a quaint quotation, the queer quaker quickly quelled the quarrel, and requested the quibblers to quit that quarter quietly.

LESSON XIV

NG

Pronounce deliberately the word *ring*. What two consonants in the word seem to unite in one sound?



Classify *NG* according to formation and sound. In what two respects is *NG* like hard *G*? How does it differ from *K*? How does it differ from both hard *G* and *K*?

What other consonant elements have marked nasal resonance like *NG*? Give the sound of each with careful attention to accurate position of the vocal organs in producing it.

N sometimes is sounded like *NG*, as in *anxious*, *ink*, *anchor* and *conquer*.

- NG** The livelong day, the strong young hireling, feeling no pang swung along with the throng and sang the king's song.
- NGD** The wronged prisoner sentenced to be hanged, banged the door of his cell and longed to be in the thronged street.
- NGK** The cranky monk did not think to thank the banker for his drink and bunk.
- NGST** O skylark! thou spring'st from the earth, but wing'st and sing'st in the air as if thou belong'st amongst the clouds.
- NGTH** The length of their time of service will be according to their strength.

LESSON XV

Y and H

Give a complete list of the labial subtonics mentioning the cognate of each.

Give a complete list of the lingual atonics naming the cognate of each.

Mention a pair of cognates that are palatals.

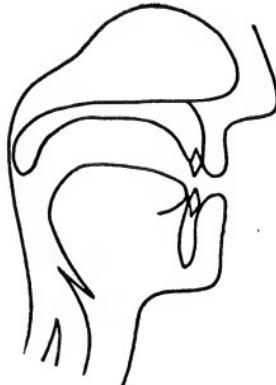
Pronounce the word *yet*. Look at the diagram, and describe the position of the vocal organs in producing the sound of *Y*.

Classify the consonant *Y* according to formation and sound.

NOTE. *Y* is classed as a palatal, because the top of the tongue articulates with the hard palate. *Y* is a consonant only at the beginning of a word or syllable.



Position for *Y*



Position for *H*

Give an example of *Y* as a vowel.

Pronounce the word *how*. Notice that *H* seems to be only an expulsion of breath with the throat open.

Compare the diagram of the position of the vocal organs for *H* with that for *Y*.

When *Y* is followed by a consonant as in *ypsiliform*, it becomes a vowel; so we have no consonant combinations with *Y*. *H* is never followed by a consonant, therefore no drills in consonant combinations can be given for that element.

Y Yesterday, under the yew in yonder yard, your Yankee youngsters yelled that they yearned for a yacht.

H The hermit's hut had a hearth heaped with hewn hickory, a hammock hitched to high hooks, a hinged hutch holding ham, hash, haddock and wild hare, a huge hamper heavy with hammers, helmets, harpoons, horns and a harp, hides hanging by holes, and two heaving hounds on heaps of hay.

PRONUNCIATION

GRADED LESSONS IN ENGLISH VOWEL SOUNDS OR TONICS

LESSON I

Diacritical Marks are the symbols used to designate the various sounds of vowels and consonants. The following is a list of the diacritical marks with the name of each.

— macron	^ caret
˘ breve	˜ tilde or wave
˙ dieresis	⊥ suspended bar
· semi-dieresis	, cedilla

NOTE. In this book the diacritical markings of Webster's New International Dictionary are employed; because they are more generally used than those of other dictionaries for indicating the pronunciation of words, they are pertinent in most cases without rewriting the word, they are somewhat less confusing, and, therefore, more easily learned.

LONG VOWEL SOUNDS

The vowels in English are *A*, *E*, *I*, *O*, *U*, and sometimes *W* and *Y*. The long sound of vowels is indicated by a dash above the vowel, called a macron.

Rule for Pronunciation.—Long vowel sounds in English are pronounced exactly as they are spoken in the alphabet, except *Y* which is pronounced like long *I*.

LONG A	LONG E	LONG I
fātʃ	schēmʃ	lifʃ
māker	fiēld	slīmy
dātive	prēʃch	umpīreʃ
blāməless	drēʃm	subscribəʃ
snākʃ	chēʃk	likewisʃ
sāint	sēizʃ	advīsʃ
LONG O	LONG U	LONG Y
cōɔt	dispūte	stȳlʃ
fōur	mūsic	tȳpʃ
grōss	tūnʃ	defȳ
ōver	dūty	hȳphen
uphōld	stūdent	pȳthon
fōrʃmost	excūse	spȳ

NOTE. *W* never has a long or short vowel sound.

Some of the long vowel sounds in the following words are often mispronounced. Can you pronounce each of them as indicated by the diacritical marks?

grā' tis	il lüme'	bron chī' tis	al lȳ'	Tūʃs' day
yēər' ling	yōlk	Dān' ish	pā' tron	chō' rus
grīm' y	ap pa rā' tus	car' bīne	a wrȳ'	ā' pri cot

LESSON II

SHORT VOWEL SOUNDS

No rule can be given for pronouncing short vowel sounds in English. They are learned most easily by taking a key

word for each vowel. The following are suggested as key words: for short *A*, *catch*; short *E*, *ten*; short *I*, *kids*; short *O*, *from*; short *U* and short *Y*, *gully*. The five words make a nonsense phrase, *Catch ten kids from gully*, that may help in remembering them. The short sound of vowels is indicated by a curved line above the vowel called a breve.

SHORT A

cămp
făbric
căndy
rădish
băck
măgnet

SHORT E

těnt
vělvet
wrětch
boldněss
děad
cěnt

SHORT I

rěich
cívil
Latín
víslit
ermíne
mínt

SHORT O

döllar
hōnest
fōssil
bōnnet
cōmbat
cōttage

SHORT U

hǔmble
sūggest
mütton
řuncle
trůnk
pǔblic

SHORT Y

mýth
gaudý
city
gýpsý
hýmn
gýmnast

Pronounce the short vowel sounds correctly in the following words:

rep' tǐl̥f	păs' sage	hōv' el	grăn' a ry	băde
süp' ple	po' ěm	bi' cý cle	kět' tle	Göd
sýr' up	en' gǐng̥f	păl' mis try	sem' ū-cir cle	oint' měnt

Review the long and short sounds of vowels, by telling how the following words should be pronounced, and how every vowel should be marked to indicate its sound. What vowels are silent?

smoke	uproar	duchess	postpone
unroll	pavement	insult	cactus
beauty	gadfly	colleague	octave
raiment	ambuscade	rally	campaign
disease	lollipop	erase	anecdote
complain	franchise	comply	mutiny
misdeed	dentist	dairy	peevish
cyclone	captive	sport	apply
satisfy	banjo	quail	cascade
hump-back	condole	dynasty	rabbi

LESSON III

ITALIAN AND BROAD A

The sound of Italian *A* is *ah*, and it is indicated by two dots above the vowel called a dieresis.

The sound of broad *A* is *aw*. It is indicated by a dieresis below the vowel.

ITALIAN A

tärgét
hälf
cälm
härvést
gärgle
härbör

BROAD A

håll
sålt
wår
påuper
taught
åwning

NOTE. In certain localities, people erroneously substitute Italian *A* for broad *A* in such words as taught, water, caught, daughter, etc.

Avoid common errors, and less preferred pronunciations by giving to the vowels in the following words the sounds indicated.

häärth	cåł' dron	läügh' ter	ål' der	fi nä' le
fåyl' cet	läüln' dry	pål' frey	gäunt' let	be kåylse
älm' ond	såyl' cer	jäüln' dice	pål' try	ääylnt

The following words illustrate long and short vowel sounds, Italian *A*, and broad *A*. As a review, mark each vowel with the proper diacritical mark, and cancel silent vowels and silent consonants.

artist	psalm	appear	always
invest	daylight	hawk	dyestuff
pupil	walnut	expel	embalm
sentry	ivy	parchment	jolly
scrawny	harness	pansy	costume
consult	sneak	comic	inspire
charcoal	tunic	sadness	pause
stealing	although	census	sarcasm
grain	climax	cheese	grindstone
multiply	embargo	chart	supreme

LESSON IV

SHORT ITALIAN AND SHORT BROAD *A*

As the name indicates, short Italian *A* is similar to the full Italian *A*, except that it is less prolonged. It occurs when the vowel *A* constitutes or ends an unaccented syllable; and is preferred in syllables ending in *sk*, *ff*, *ft*, *th*, *ss*, *sp*, *st*, *nce*, *nt*, and *nd*. It is marked with a semi-dieresis above the vowel.

Short broad *A* has the same sound as short *O*. It is marked with a semi-dieresis below the vowel.

SHORT ITALIAN *A*

i de' à
vag' à bond
À mer' i cà
fàst
bàth
dànce

SHORT BROAD *A*

whàt
wàtch
squàsh
wàn der
quàn ti ty
squàd ron

Practice pronouncing the words in the following list as they are marked, to accustom yourself to these preferred pronunciations:

um brel lá	squål' or	låst ing	waf fle	ad vánce
quäd rat ic	al ge brå	wäl rus	gläss y	swämp
sär sá på ryl' lá	wås (not wuz)	más ter	yacht	cräft y

Review the sounds taken in this and the previous lessons, by marking the vowel sounds in the list of words given below. Cancel all silent letters.

bombard	confuse	fulcrum	fastest
squander	exit	cabinet	asleep
laurel	cartridge	autumn	grandsire
cadet	panic	invade	caustic
admire	logic	wasp	sparkling
carnation	eddy	canteen	channel
swan	niece	auction	lurid
augment	briny	larceny	unseen
basket	garlic	landscape	ignite
priest	yuletide	wallet	tulip

LESSON V

CIRCUMFLEX A AND E

Circumflex *A* always precedes the consonant *R*, and passes to that element with what is known as a glide. The sound of circumflex *A*, as nearly as it can be pronounced by itself, is *air*. It is marked with a caret above the vowel.

Circumflex *E* is identical with circumflex *A* in sound, and is marked in the same way.

CIRCUMFLEX A

squâr \acute{e}

scârcely

dâr \acute{e}

swâr

stâir

glâr \acute{e}

CIRCUMFLEX E

whêr \acute{e} thêr \acute{e}

thêîr

hêîr

port-cochêr \acute{e} thêr \acute{e} for \acute{e}

NOTE. There are very few words containing the sound of circumflex *E*.

Practice the pronunciation of the words given below.

pâr' ent	mo' hâir	sol i tâire'	deb o nâîr'	ap pâr' ent
gâr' ish	hêîr' ess	fâîr' y	lâîrd	scâre crow

Mark the vowel sounds in the review list below, canceling all silent letters.

compare	wand	applause	nickname
gazette	impair	mastiff	garnet
data	maudlin	squalid	gaudy
milkmaid	discard	warden	comma
thyself	promise	whalebone	welfare
garnish	bugbear	thaws	wallow
hardware	ignore	insnare	cautious
escape	adult	nowhere	patella
naughty	tarnish	larboard	collapse
sycamore	incline	justify	disgrace

LESSON VI

E LIKE LONG *A* AND *I* LIKE LONG *E*

When *E* has the sound of long *A*, it is marked with a macron below the vowel.

When *I* has the sound of long *E*, it is marked with a dieresis above the vowel.

E LIKE LONG *A*

they
freight
eight
deign
mattice
sleigh

I LIKE LONG *E*

intrigue
police
sardine
caprice
benzine
physique

Apply these two sounds in the pronunciation of the words in the next list.

(zha')					
cliq'üf	blå se'	vís a víš'	něg lí geſf	bás tilf'	
pí' bröeʃf	mé lef'	gab er díne'	cá fe'	söm bre' ro	
tetf à tetf'	dë briš'	é clârf'	hei' nöüs	päs se'	

Mark the vowel sounds in this review list, and cancel silent letters.

transparent	unload	vein	install
weigh	audit	antique	holy
rhyme	concave	insnare	reindeer
obscure	daunt	fuel	convex
machine	reign	bauble	valise
alas	sublime	farce	ajar
centaur	victim	wigwam	campus
heart	neigh	skein	silent
caucus	marine	malt	convey
cashier	calf	earache	justice

LESSON VII

E, *I* AND *Y* MARKED WITH A TILDE

E, *I* and *Y* marked with a tilde or wave, are identical in sound. This is another vowel sound gliding to *R*, and is best pronounced by the syllable *er*.

TILDE E	TILDE I	TILDE Y
gērm	fīrm	martȳr
clērk	flīrt	mȳrrh
prefēr	whīrl	zephȳr
dēf̄rth	vīrgin	mȳrtle
fērtilf̄	cīrcus	satȳr
hēf̄rsf̄	dīrgf̄	mȳrmidon

NOTE. There are but few words containing *Y* with this sound. Apply this sound in pronouncing the following words.

kēr' nel	stēr' ling	squīr' rel	thīrd	cīr'cu late
sub mērgf̄'	bīrd	sēr' pent	fīrst	gīrl
Hȳr' can	skīr' mish	shēr' bet	hēr' mit	con vērsf̄'

NOTE. Sometimes *A* and *O* have this particular sound as in the words *liar* and *factor*. In such cases the *A* or *O* is marked with a tilde.

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

tumult	disarm	numerate	gunner
swarm	gaberdine	lumber	wadding
advertise	artery	hyena	archer
ravine	washboard	safety	cocoa
pigmy	elite	sacrifice	carpenter
impulse	appall	adore	slaughter
cypher	eighteen	magnify	mystic
hygiene	judgment	cucumber	circus
aghast	czarina	alter	intrigue
water-fall	birthplace	dynamic	greasy

LESSON VIII

LONG AND SHORT OO

The sound of long *OO* is like the *O* in the word *who*, and it is marked with a macron above the double vowel.

The sound of short *OO* is like the *O* in the word *wolf*, and it is marked with a breve above the double vowel.

LONG *OO*

mōon
sōon
rōof
hōof
harpōon
Waterlōo

SHORT *OO*

wood
foot
hook
look
book
woolen

NOTE. A common error is to substitute short *OO* for long *OO*, as in the word *roof*.

Apply these sounds in the following words:

cōop' er	buf fōon'	på pōose'	schōon' er	lam pōon'
car tōon'	ty phōon'	schōol' bōok	dra gōon'	ōoze
foōt' stōol	ōo' long	sham pōo'	lä gōon'	co cōon'

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

stair	haughty	foresight	scallop
toadstool	bureau	chair	air-tight
prey	farthing	submerge	forestall
ulster	quassia	inveigh	Argentine
salute	wardrobe	dwarf	cultivate
cruller	quarantine	arctic	birch
saliva	smuggler	woodbine	ugly
rookery	squirm	neuter	feint
verdigris	syntax	opera	quadrangle
express	faculty	indict	portrait

LESSON IX

DIPHTHONGS

The diphthongs in English are *OI*, *OY*, *OU* and *OW*.

The diphthongs *OI* and *OY* are combinations of the sounds of broad *A* and short *I*.

The diphthongs *OU* and *OW* are combinations of the sounds of Italian *A* and long *OO*.

<i>OI</i>	<i>OY</i>	<i>OU</i>	<i>OW</i>
coil	oyster	cloud	clown
rejoice	employ	devour	dowry
loiter	coyly	abound	shower

NOTE. *W* is a vowel only when it is a part of a diphthong. *Y* is a vowel when it is a part of a diphthong, and when it has a sound of *I*.

All the vowels in English except *E* are really diphthongs, for they start with one sound and end with another. By saying *A* very slowly, you will notice that it begins with the sound of *A* and ends with the sound of *E*.

Pronounce the diphthongs accurately in the following words.

r(ou)t	g <i>ī</i> ^ū (ou)r	p(oi)g <i>n'</i> ant	se' p(oy)	s(ou)r
ch(ow)	ch(ow)	al l(oy)'	vice <i>ē</i> r(oy)	gr(oi)n
h(oi)st	l(ow)'	er y	ty' ph(oi)d	v(ou)ch saf <i>ē</i> '
			sur' l(oi)n	b(oi)s' ter ous

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

lair	annoy	insnare	gawky
clover	coin	antique	convoy
magazine	soda	import	food
counter	iceberg	lobster	harness
trousers	wander	gargoyle	bounty
garnet	footnote	prayer	mistook
naught	invoice	drought	adroit
boycott	channel	fete	cleanly
carcass	greyhound	cargo	numerous
raccoon	jurist	suite	warehouse

LESSON X

CIRCUMFLEX *O* AND *U*

Circumflex *O* is like broad *A* in sound. It is marked with a caret above the vowel.

Circumflex *U* is similar in sound to *E*, *I* and *Y* when marked with a wave. The circumflex *U* is marked with a caret.

CIRCUMFLEX O

stôrmy	blûr
perfôrm	hûrdle
fôrtress	cûrse
tôrnado	pûrse
hôrse	sûrf
endôrse	tûrmoil

O LIKE SHORT U

When *O* is sounded like short *U*, it is marked with a semi-dieresis above the vowel.

móther	blóod
hóver	spongé
mónth	weapon

Apply these three sounds in the pronunciation of the following words.

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

welcome	chenille	hartshorn	pardon
hawthorn	distort	cauliflower	casino
hornet	melon	auburn	concord
visit	fraud	torpedo	ransom
turquois	hyacinth	victim	augment
transparent	wanton	purlion	dynamo
critique	catarrh	forbear	wabble
spicy	croquet	tontine	cavalier
furlough	smother	indict	aware
artery	deign	surprise	exploit

LESSON XI

O AND U LIKE OO

When *O* or *U* is sounded like long *OO*, it is indicated by a dieresis below the vowel.

When *O* or *U* is sounded like short *OO*, it is indicated by a semi-dieresis below the vowel.

LIKE LONG *OO*

mɔv̄f
tɔmb
shɔf
rūin
fr̄uit
intrud̄f

LIKE SHORT *OO*

wɔlf
wɔman
bɔsom
pʊsh
bullet
butcher

Apply these sounds in the pronunciation of the following words.

rɔ̄l tɪnf'	crup' per	ca nɔf'	ruth' less	mirth' ful
bɔ̄l quet'	wɔf̄st' ed	Jūne	r̄u by	cɔf̄uld
cɔ̄l' ri er	sil hɔ̄l etʃf'	dr̄u' id	br̄u netʃf'	gʌf̄ul

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

coupé	canary	thralldom	litre
pear tree	pulpit	bijou	mirthful
Pisa	carouse	turnpike	scornful
bloodhound	embroil	satire	soup
garlic	postmark	survey	martingale
cowslip	urchin	crucify	vanilla
soubrette	mastoid	haymow	disjoint
improve	incline	ransom	doughnut
barter	ratify	adroit	geyser
abhor	glare	troupe	squaw

LESSON XII

LONG VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES

Any long vowel sound occurring in an unaccented syllable, is less prominent in pronunciation than a long vowel sound in an accented syllable. To indicate this distinction, long vowel sounds in unaccented syllables are marked with a suspended bar above the vowel.

Contrast the long vowel sounds in unaccented syllables below, with the long vowel sounds in accented syllables.

LONG VOWEL SOUNDS

UNACCENTED
SYLLABLES

Mon' dây	ô bey'
vil' lâgë	bil' lôws
dê mand'	û nite'
ê vent'	grad' û ate
dî am' e ter	hŷ e' na
i de' a	tŷ phoon'

LONG VOWEL SOUNDS

ACCENTED
SYLLABLES

pro fânç'	en clôsç'
in sânç'	con dôlç'
up hêçvç'	fû' ry
be liêçvç'	re fûç'
sub lîçvç'	de fý'
a lîçvç'	Ju ly'

Pronounce long vowel sounds in unaccented syllables accurately in the following words:

mor'f' gâg \emptyset	voy' âg \emptyset	ig nô ra' mus	rê mors \emptyset '	rê cur'
Fri' dây	û surp'	â ē' ri al	brô cade \emptyset '	lit' er a tûr \emptyset
dê plor \emptyset '	ma' gî	his' tô ry	gar' bâg \emptyset	na' tûr \emptyset

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

aldermen	beware	adieu	salute
would	ravage	cistern	review
coinage	martyr	gondolier	risky
hortative	skeleton	garner	turpentine
gangrene	resume	mushroom	harum-scarum
irksome	heirloom	destroy	ounce
macaroon	ruse	oily	hardihood
coyote	neighbor	mustache	prima donna
quadrant	accomplice	austere	dagger
catamount	audience	enormous	deltoid
answer	random	stirrup	tintype
gurgle	silo	encounter	wan
tambourine	castle	crude	effigy
awful	churn	dowry	biceps
affront	cinnamon	stupid	bulrush
lament	forsook	cleaver	savage
society	myrrh	devise	traffic
commerce	precise	cobbler	cartilage
potentate	naïve	protege	decoy
prowess	declare	elsewhere	hoodlum

GRADED LESSONS IN ENGLISH CONSONANT SOUNDS

NOTE. Only consonants that have more than one sound are considered in this series of lessons.

LESSON I

HARD AND SOFT C

There are but two sounds of *C*:¹ namely; the hard sound like *K*, and the soft sound like *S*. The former is marked with a macron across the consonant, and the latter with a cedilla below the consonant.

HARD C

eold
are
ethies
picture
aeeord
aetion

SOFT C

çivil
çypress
glançe
forçe
açid
çertain

HARD AND SOFT G

G has two sounds. Palatal *G*, as in the word *gig*, is called the hard sound; and lingual *G*, as in the word *rage*, is known as the soft sound. The first is marked with a macron over the consonant, and the second with a semi-dieresis above the consonant.

HARD G

ǵay
ǵlad
arǵue
muǵǵy
iceberg
eǵǵ

SOFT G

ǵem
stingy
larǵe
ginger
judǵe
midǵet

¹ In a few words *C* has the sound of *Z* or *SH*, as in *discern* and *ocean*.

Mark the two sounds of *C*, and the two sounds of *G* correctly in the following words:

frigate	guild	catalog	oblige
cook	coil	cinders	gorgeous
margin	gauntlet	barge	entrance
grudge	cayenne	dungeon	coupon
discard	once	George	gymnast
ground	city	comrade	cigar
conceal	cleanly	silence	gaunt
frigid	geyser	colleague	saucer
clog	success	delicate	cellar
critical	receive	centre	cork

LESSON II

SOUNDS OF *CH*

CH has three sounds: like *K*, *SH* and *TCH*. When it sounds like *K*, it is indicated with a macron across the *C*. The other two sounds have no diacritical markings.

CH LIKE *K*

chorus
epoch
echo
character
chlorine
chaos

CH LIKE *SH*

chaise
chagrin
machine
mustache
chivalry
chaperon

CH LIKE *TCH*

chin
church
much
arch
choice
birch

SOUNDS OF *N*

N has two sounds: its common sound as in *nine*, and like *NG* as in *ink*. The common sound is never marked. *N* like

NG is indicated by a macron below the consonant, or by prolonging the final stroke of the *n*, thus, η .

COMMON *N*

tent
annul
change
night
pronounce
penny

N LIKE *NG*

anchor
dingle
uncle
thank
congress
anger

Review the consonant sounds already studied by means of the following list of words :

cravat	fireplace	beseech	accept
wages	chronic	pilgrim	magic
stern	tragic	number	sanguine
croup	advice	chirp	cipher
glove	dangle	lodging	vender
chemist	monster	cholera	cheroot
cordial	monk	cheap	conduct
deceit	Charlotte	charges	charlatan
charade	gore	gigantic	anxious
rogue	chiropodist	chassé	achieve

LESSON III

SUBTONIC, ATONIC AND GLIDE *R*

There are three different sounds of *R*, none of which is indicated by diacritical marking. Regular consonant *R* occurs at the beginning of a word or syllable, or after a sub-tonic. Aspirate *R* occurs immediately after an atonic. Glide *R* occurs immediately after a vowel or diphthong.

SUBTONIC R

room
race
borrow
brain
derail
groan

ATONIC R

frame
crag
trust
prove
cream
froze

GLIDE R

fern
heart
bird
hurt
roar
war

SOUNDS OF S

S has four sounds; like *S*, like *Z*, like *SH*, and like *ZH*. When *S* sounds like *Z* it is marked with a suspended bar below the consonant. The other sounds have no markings.

S NATURAL

smile
swim
curse
best
message
silent

S LIKE *Z*

ribs
haſ
accuſe
diſmal
reſolve
huſband

S LIKE *SH*

sure
sugar
censure
sensual
passion
issue

S LIKE *ZH*

vision
confusion
usury
visual
leisure
pleasure

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF CONSONANT SOUNDS

physic
array
think
impress
please
geese
fraud
ink
translate
invasion

release
convulsion
immerse
sausage
crease
grieve
chyme
derision
entreat
written

govern
orchard
perch
occasion
cheese
broker
mission
sink
tease
noise

concern
grease
ease
mansion
courage
reproof
delusion
barouche
credit
stranger

LESSON IV

SUBTONIC AND ATONIC TH

TH has two sounds, one vocal and the other aspirate. Vocal *TH* is marked with a macron across the consonants.

VOCAL TH

wreathe
bathe
then
father
those
thy

ASPIRATE TH

thin
thing
thrive
breath
length
birth

VOCAL AND ASPIRATE X

Vocal *X* sounds like *GZ*, and aspirate *X* like *KS*. Vocal *X* is marked with a suspended bar below the consonant.

VOCAL X

exist
exalt
exhort
example
exult
exhaust

ASPIRATE X

wax
execute
exit
exclaim
excel
exhaust

WORDS FOR REVIEW OF CONSONANT SOUNDS

carouse	fathom	insurance	pierce
exempt	wrench	throne	cloud
dearth	examine	cube	execute
musing	reverse	exactly	pause
weather	picnic	merchant	purge
presume	worth	illusion	ready
witch	cynic	vex	cambric
hoax	pink	corrupt	reflex
choose	pressure	mink	smuggle
phrase	relax	treasure	grudge

ACCENT

What is Accent?—It is necessary to consider accent in connection with pronunciation. In accenting a syllable of a word, one gives greater force and a different pitch to that syllable, than he does to the other syllables of the word. For all practical purposes, however, it is merely a matter of speaking the syllable on a higher pitch. If a pupil has difficulty in placing an accent, and is told to strike a higher note with the syllable, he will generally get it correct at the first trial. The melody of certain sentences may lower accented syllables in pitch, but in single words the accented syllables are always raised in pitch.

Primary and Secondary Accents.—In words of three or more syllables, two accents are employed, the stronger being called the primary accent, and the weaker the secondary accent. The secondary accent is distinguished from the primary by a lighter mark of accent; *e. g.*, *as' pi ra' tion*: or, as in some dictionaries, by two lighter lines; *e. g.*, *con'' tra dict'*. Certain dictionaries mention tertiary accent, but it is very difficult to estimate the degree of accent beyond the secondary.

There are many pairs of words in English spelled the same, but accented differently to distinguish the noun from the verb; as *an' nex*, *an nex'*; the noun from the adjective; as *com' pact*, *com pact'*; or the adjective from the verb; as *per' fect*, *per fect'*.

Can you accent each of the following words as indicated, tell what part of speech it is, and use it correctly in a sentence?

ab' sent, ab sent'
ab' stract, ab stract'
ac' cent, ac cent'
af' fix, af fix'

di' gest, di gest'
dis' count, dis count'
ex' tract, ex tract'
fer' ment, fer ment'

al' ter nate, al ter' nate	fre' quent, fre quent'
at' tri bute, at trib' ute	in' cense, in cense'
aug' ment, aug ment'	in' crease, in crease'
Au' gust, au gust'	in' sult, in sult'
cem' ent, ce ment'	ob' ject, ob ject'
col' lect, col lect'	per' fume, per fume'
com' pound, com pound'	per' mit, per mit'
con' crete, con crete'	prec' e dent, pre ced' ent
con' fine, con fine'	pre' fix, pre fix'
con' flict, con flict'	prem' ise, pre mise'
con' sort, con sort'	pres' ent, pre sent'
con' test, con test'	prod' uce, pro duce'
con' tract, con tract'	prog' ress, pro gress'
con' trast, con trast'	proj' ect, pro ject'
con' verse, con verse'	pro' test, pro test'
con' vert, con vert'	quar' an tine, quar an tine'
con' vict, con vict'	rec' ord, re cord'
con' voy, con voy'	ref' use, re fuse'
des' cant, des cant'	re' gress, re gress'
de' tail, de tail'	rep' ri mand, rep ri mand'
re' tail, re tail'	sur' vey, sur vey'
so' journ, so journ'	tor' ment, tor ment'
sub' ject, sub ject'	trans' fer, trans fer'
su' pine, su pine'	trans' port, trans port'

MISPRONUNCIATION

What Good Pronunciation Includes.—Good pronunciation includes dividing a word into its proper syllables, placing the accent on the right syllable, and giving to vowels and consonants their correct sounds.

Dictionaries are Records of Language Development.—The dictionaries are our standards for pronunciation. Yearly editions are necessary, because our language undergoes certain changes from year to year. New words come into current use, and some words with the growth of the language,

develop a different meaning, spelling or pronunciation. In a word, the dictionaries are records of the usage of well educated people—the best use of English. English is *our* language and is intimately associated with *our* country. Let us respect both of them.

Results from the Study of Phonetics.—The graded lessons in vowel and consonant sounds, if well mastered, will acquaint the pupil with many of his own errors in pronunciation, cultivate his ear to distinguish shades of vowel and consonant sounds, and train his organs of speech to greater accuracy in articulation.

The purpose of the following lists of words is to call attention to the correct pronunciation of some words that are frequently mispronounced. At the same time the various kinds of mispronunciation to which we are liable, may be noted.

I. Words that are mispronounced by a wrong division of the syllables. Pronounce each one carefully.

an tip' o des	eq' ui ta ble
ar tif' i cer	gla di' o lus
be nef' i cent	ho me op' a thy
bo' na fi' de	hy per' bo le
cam pa ni' le	ir rep' a ra ble
clem' a tis	joc' und
com' pro mise	lam' en ta ble
dec' ade	mu nic' i pal
de co' rous	mol' e cule
de mon' stra tive	pho tog' ra phy
dep' ri va tion	prel' ate
des' pi ca ble	qui e' tus
def' i cit	rev' o ca ble
di as' to le	si' ne cure
di shev' el	te leg' ra phy
ep i zo öt' ic	

II. Words that are mispronounced by inserting extra syllables or letters, such as *elum* for *elm*, and *sawr* for *saw*. Drill on the list.

alpaca	down	law	soda
athlete	draw	method	straw
attacked	drowned	now	umbrella
brethren	elm	overalls	woman
blind	hydrangea	helm	gulp
chimney	innocent	saw	film
comma	jaw	Gibraltar	prairie
realm			

III. Words that are mispronounced by omitting syllables or letters. This is a very common error; for we often hear *gometry* for *geometry*, *intrest* for *interest* and many careless omissions of the same kind. Are you sure you can pronounce each of the following words correctly?

accept	eleven	machinery
artistically	every	magnolia
battery	favorite	memory
boisterous	general	miniature
botany	geography	miserable
bravery	geometry	mystery
calculate	govern	natural
cardinal	idea	neuralgia
cemetery	incendiary	original
certificate	incidentally	parenthesis
clarinet	insidious	participle
crept	interest	personal
delivery	ivory	poem
depths	judiciary	poetry
diamond	kept	pumpkin
different	laboratory	reasonable
discovery	lineament	recognize

regular	sentinel	temperance
restaurant	several	tedious
reverend	similar	tract
reverie	singing	usual
rheumatism	singular	veterinary
sarsaparilla	slept	

IV. Words frequently mispronounced by placing the accent on the wrong syllable. Pronounce each of the following taking pains to place the accent where it should be in each word.

ab do' men	con' tu me ly	ly ce' um
ab' ject	co te rie'	mau so le' um
ac cli' mate	dem o ni' a cal	mis' chie vous
a cu' men	dis course'	mu se' um
ad dress'	di van'	ob' li ga to ry
a dept'	ep' och	or' de al
ad' mir a ble	ex' qui site	or' tho e py
a dult'	fi nance'	py ram' i dal
al bu' men	gar' ru lous	re search'
a' li as	gon' do la	re source'
al lop' a thy	gri mace'	re fut' a ble
au to mo' bile	her cu' le an	ro bust'
bra va' do	ho ri' zon	su per' flu ous
brig' and	im' pi ous	ti rade'
bi fur' ca ted	im' po tent	trav' erse
car' i ca ture	in com' pa ra ble	trib' une
cer' e bral	in dis' pu ta ble	va ga' ry
chas' tise ment	in' dus try	ve' he ment
chauf feur'	in ex' pli ca ble	ve' hi cle
co ad ju' tor	in ter' po late	vi ra' go
com' bat ant	in qui' ry	ver bose'
com man dant'	jo cose'	

V. Words that are often pronounced with wrong or

unpreferred vowel sounds. Try to master the entire list.

ăc quĭ ēs̄f'	dĭs crĕ' tion (shŭn)	ōr' ò tünd
ā' ēr ò plāng'	dĭs' trĕct	păñ ò ră' mă
à mē' nă bl̄f'	dôth	păñ ē gŷr' ūe
ăp pĕnd ī cī' tîs	dōc' ūl̄f'	pâ' thös
à quăt' ūc	draught (drâft)	pâr' à söl
Ār' āb	dróm' ē dâ rŷ	pĕd' al (noun)
ăs' phălt	en core (än' kôr)	pē' dal (adj.)
ăt' tî tûdf'	ĕx tôl'	pē' ò nŷ
aŷ (yes)	fâl' efn	pret ty (prît' tŷ)
ăyf' (forever)	gĕt	pröc' ēss (noun)
bâdf'	gĕn' ū ūng'	prög' rëss (noun)
brōfch	gĕn ē ăl' ò gŷ	r(oi)l
brōom	hâ' rëm	rōof
bî ög' râ phŷ	hōm̄f' lŷ	rîe ò chêf'
ea dâ' vêr	hôs' tîlf'	săc rî lê' giþüs
caout choue (kōo' chōok)	hûr râf'	sî' mûl tâ' nê þüs
cliqf'	hŷ pôc' rî sŷ	slêck
côch' ī nêgl	im plâ' cå bl̄f'	sough ing (sûf' ūng)
côn' jûr ēr	jû' gû lâr	stâ' tûs
côn stî tû' tion (shûn)	jôüst	strŷeh' nîng'
crefik	lêš' sure (zhûr)	tâb' ēr nâ elf'
côr' ăl	lî' ehën	tâs' sël
cû' lî nâ rŷ	mâr' ī tîmf'	vaude ville (vôd' vîl)
cû' pô lâ	mê dî ū' erf'	yfres' flf'
dâ' ūs	nông'	
děff	óf' fîcf'	

VI. Words that are often pronounced with wrong or unpreferred consonant sounds. Accustom yourself to the consonant sounds indicated.

ăs sô' ci ate (shî āt)

är' ehî tect

ăn' chô vŷ

ăs çet' ī çîşm

äreh' ân gĕl

aux ūl' ia ry (ağ xîl' yâ rŷ)

black guard (bläg' ärd)	līe' ö rīçf
blän' kët	lön gëv' i tÿ
cel lo (chĕl' lo)	mëš' mér işm
ehăsm	mî rage (räzh'')
chaise (shâz)	lög' à ríthm
ehî më' rå	nîchf
cõn' quër	pän' tô mîmf
dës' îg nätf	plä' gîä rîsm
dës' ül tô rÿ	rë gime (zhém')
douche (döösh)	săc' rî fice (fîz)
fâ çädf'	scfylîsm
gîér' kîn	sphere (sfér)
gîlb' bër	spîn' agf
gîlb' bër išh	sub pøe' nà
gîlb' bët	suf fice (fîz')
gîy' râtç	trän' qüll
gîvþs	ü şûrp'
hôr' ö lögç	vic ar (vîk' ēr)
lëngth	vis or (vîz' ēr)

VII. Words of this list are sometimes mispronounced by sounding silent letters. Do you make errors of this kind in pronouncing the following words?

again	Edinburgh	nuisance
almond	extraordinary	often
been	falcon	quay
breeches	glisten	raspberry
business	height	salmon
chestnut	herb	soften
corps	hostler	subtle
debris	gunwale	sword
debut	Iroquois	viscount
Delhi	imbroglio	
eclat	kiln	

EXERCISES IN PRONUNCIATION

A sacrilegious son of Belial who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and a coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and a bowie knife, said that he would now forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner.

A VISIT TO THE DEERING HIGH SCHOOL

A member of the executive board started out in blithe spirits to visit the Deering High School. He heard the soughing of the wind through the trees. Glancing backward he saw a boy on the sidewalk vigorously working the pedals of his bicycle and evidently enjoying the pedal exercise. Stepping aside, he gave him the precedence, though thinking it might be establishing a bad precedent to allow cycling on the sidewalk. The boy touched the visor of his cap in polite salute and rode on. He soon met a doctor who informed him that he had patients ill with bronchitis, appendicitis, and a case of diphtheria with the parotid gland badly affected. He said his horse seemed very docile, but he was overworked as his other had an attack of epizoötic. He would buy another but the status of his finances was such that it would leave a deficit in his cash account.

A canine pet of huge size met him as he passed along. He soon observed in the distance an object approaching that resembled a calliope escorting the pageantry of a circus. It proved to be an automobile with a party in jocund spirits on their way to attend a vaudeville performance.

He reached the school before recess and met the principal in the recess of the building. In the library he saw one young lady reading the poems of Felicia Hemans; another was deeply absorbed in a romance. One was writing an essay on the Resources of Maine, and her companion was looking up Palestine on the map. A young

man of robust physique was preparing an address on orthoëpy and orthoëpical subjects. He had reached the finale of his writing. He was asked to read his address but he replied with a grimace that he was not ready to do that.

The chemical laboratory seemed well supplied with needed apparatus. One of the boys drew water from a faucet and colored it with cochineal. Another went to the pharmacist for benzine, strychnine, iodine, cocaine, iodide of potassium, calcined plaster, shellac, peroxide of hydrogen, carmine ink, fulminic powder, and arseniureted powder. The glittering facets of an amethyst gem, worn by one of the young ladies, caught the eye of the committee. In the Greek class the teacher was discoursing on the indirect discourse and on the errors often made in pronunciation. The class in algebra was comparing the similarity of algebra to arithmetic and also solving complex, simultaneous equations. The teacher of expression was discussing accent and drilling her class to accent the proper syllable. They were reading the following: "I contemplate often a plethoric, peremptory, sacrilegious, invalid inmate, who seems acclimated though enervated. He, according to the legend, is an aspirant for the fame of a conjurer. He holds in his hand a vase illustrated by a distich from a Latin satire."

The teacher of the physical geography class had made a collection of caoutchouc, cochineal, apricots, syrup strained through a colander ready for culinary use, spinach, and bananas. In the geometry class he heard the two sides alternate in demonstrating the equality of alternate angles. The class in civil government seemed much interested in municipal problems. They were planning to perfect an organization to conduct a town meeting in accordance with the usages of our modern civilization.

The students were courteous in their manners and observant of the etiquette of the school.

THE N. E. A. ALPHABET

Many educators and philologists have felt the need of more scientific symbols for the accurate denotation of the sounds heard in English speech. To meet this need a committee of experts worked for several years formulating such an alphabet, and reported the results of their labors to the National Education Association in 1911. The alphabet was adopted by the association, and is known as the N. E. A.

Alphabet. As yet it has not been much tested, is not well understood, and is waiting adoption by text-books and dictionaries. However, as this alphabet, or a modification of it, is likely to receive some recognition, the following comparative table is submitted for the use of those that are interested.

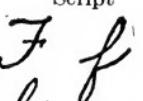
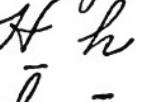
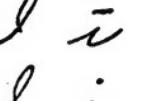
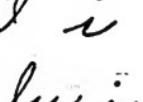
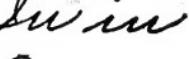
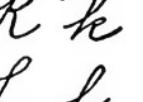
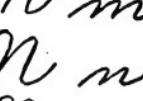
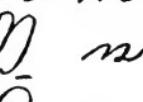
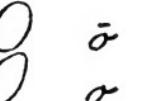
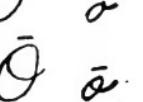
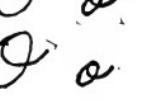
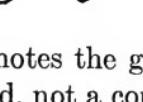
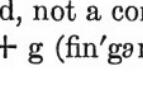
Roman	Script	Names	Key-words	Webster Markings
ā	ā	Ā ā	art	ä
ā	ā	Ā ā	artistic	ā in unaccented syllables
ai	ai	Āi āi	aisle, find	ī
au	au	Āu āu	out, thou	(ou) (ow)
Ā	ā	Ā ā	air	â
A	a	Ā ā	at	ă
B	b	Ā B b	bi	b
Ch	ch	Āh ch	chī	ch
D	d	Ā D d	dī	d
Ē	ē	Ē ē	prey	ē
E	e	Ē ē	men	ě

ā = a, as in *ask*.

ā

ī = ī, as in *habit, senate* (indicating a weakening toward i in *pity*).

ě = ě, as in *final, atom* (indicating a weakening toward u in *but*).

Roman	Script	Names	Key-words	Webster Markings
F f		ef	fee	f
G g		gī (not jī) go		ḡ
H h		hī	he	h
Ī ī			marine	ī
I i			tin	ī
Iu iu			mute	ū
J j		jī (or jē)	jaw	j or ḡ
K k		kī (or kē)	kin	k or e
L l		el	let	l
M m		em	met	m
N n		en	net	n
Ŋ ¹ ŋ		eŋ	sing	ŋ or n̄
ō ō			note	ō
ō ō			poetic	o
ō ō			nor	ō
ō ō			not	ō

¹ This denotes the guttural nasal heard in *sing*, *singer*. It is a simple sound, not a compound of n and g. The *ng* of *finger* is composed of ŋ + g (*fin'gər*), the *nk* of *bank* of ŋ + k (*baŋk*).

Roman	Script	Names	Key-words	Webster Markings
Oi ei	Oi oi		oil	(oi) (oy)
P p	P p	pī	pit	p
R r	R r	er (or ār) rāt		r
S s	S s	es	set	s or ç
Sh sh	Sh sh	esh	ship	sh
T t	Tt	tī	ten	t
Th th	Th th	eth	thin	th
Th th	Th th	eth	that	th
Ü a	Ü ü		mood	oo, o or u
U u	U u		push	oo, o or u
Ü o	Ü ë		urge	û, ë, ï, or ÿ
U u	U w		hut	ü
V v	V v	ev (or vi)	van	v
W w	W w	wī	win	w
Y y	Y y	yī	yes	y
Z z	Z z	ez (or zi)	zest	z or §
ʒ ʒ	ʒ ʒ	eʒ	azure	zh

INTELLECTUAL ELEMENTS IN ORAL ENGLISH

THE STUDY OF MODELS

Acquirements by Imitation Determine the Needed Training.—Facility in oral composition comes from imitation, training and practice. A child learns to talk by imitating the speech of those about him. Later when he attends school, what he has acquired by imitation determines what his training should be. If he has formed habits of speech by imitating good models, he can frame sentences with some degree of ease, and has comparatively nothing to unlearn. If on the other hand, as is often the case, he comes to school hampered with bad habits of speech acquired by imitating unworthy models, some of his first training should be aimed at eliminating his bad habits of speech and substituting better ones in their stead.

The Value of Ideals in Oral Composition.—The school, therefore, should furnish good models of oral composition for its pupils. School years are the years of ideals, for at school, boys and girls gain their standards of how things should be done. Their ideals of good oral composition may be influenced by the conversation of teachers, by debates at literary society meetings, or by a visitor's remarks to the assembled school. Their ideals of how things may be well said, are also affected by what they hear others read, or what they read themselves. A short story from a good author gives them a new conception of how effectively a story may be told; and paragraphs from authors like Irving or Lamb show them how interesting common things may be made by apt description.

Why are Many Pupils Weak in Oral Composition?—

Because reading good literature, and, especially reading it aloud, gives models for oral composition, we have one of the strongest pleas for more attention to expressive reading in our schools. English teachers generally admit that their pupils have comparatively little facility in oral composition. Many students can speak only a few sentences upon a topic, and some only a few halting words. This is not always because they have nothing to say, for Professor James has explained that it is possible to have some knowledge of things, and yet be unable to express it. The cause lies in the fact that they have given little attention to how ideas are clothed effectively in words.

Interpretive Reading of Good Literature Gives Ideals for Oral Composition.—Even a well advanced pupil, asked to describe some street character he has seen, will do it lamely enough. But after reading aloud Lamb's essay "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," and trying again, he shows great gain in command of his sentences. Do you wish to become more fluent in conversation? Read aloud from many authors, trying to discover their methods of marshalling sentences into pleasing narration, telling description, or forcible argument; and then try to emulate their excellences in your own oral composition. Do you wish to acquire more ease in wielding sentences for some form of public speaking? Study, and memorize passages from the speeches of Phillips, Webster, Hoar, Roosevelt and others. Grasp the spirit of the speech, get the swing of the sentences, deliver them as if they were your own, until you feel that you know what constitutes a well phrased address. Then put your energies upon your original speech, with the assurance that you will realize for yourself in proportion to your ideal, your effort and your practice.

Accuracy in Reading

Accurate reading, that is, reading exactly what is written or printed, bears a very definite and important relation to excellent delivery. To some this may seem a superfluous matter in a discussion of oral English. If inaccurate reading were characteristic of young pupils only, we might leave it out of consideration here. The fact is that inaccuracy mars the reading of some well advanced pupils and its evil effects are very noticeable in the efforts of many public speakers. Small words are misplaced, syllables are changed, and other words are substituted for those in the book. These errors play havoc with the author's thought and may become habitual. They are more serious than the occasional slips to which all are liable.

How to Remedy Inaccurate Reading.—There is but one way to deal with inaccurate reading. Every individual case should be diagnosed to ascertain the cause of the failing. It may result from nervousness, poor eyesight, weak grasp of the author's thought or from other conditions. If the cause be found and removed, wholly or in part, the reading will show a proportionate improvement.

Appreciation of Grammatical Relations

How Knowledge of Grammar Contributes to Oral Reading.—A certain understanding of grammatical relations is essential to the best reading aloud. Without such an appreciation of sentence structure, the reader's words will be monotonous and dull, and the thought obscured. With this appreciation the reader will seem to seize and make prominent the grammatical core of each sentence, and reduce to subsidiary places the less important modifying phrases and clauses.

Cultivation of Grammatical Appreciation in Reading Aloud.—A better appreciation of grammatical structure as related to oral reading, can be readily cultivated by the pupil. If he will ask himself such questions as: What are the verbs that go with that subject? What is the principal clause of that sentence? Which clauses are subordinate? What does this clause modify? and the like, he will probably change his reading, so that there will be a better discrimination of thought values, resulting in a more varied and pleasing delivery and a clearer expression of ideas. Similar questions are a resource of the teacher who finds a pupil needing that kind of spur.

Application of Grammatical Rules in Spoken English.—In spoken English the violation of grammatical rules always mars what is said. It is often argued that some brilliant talkers and even public speakers make mistakes in grammar. True; but their success in each case is not because they ignore grammatical laws, but in spite of this handicap—they have excellences that somehow make up for it.

Common Grammatical Errors.—The most common grammatical errors are made in case forms of nouns and pronouns, the tense forms of verbs, the agreement of subject and verb, and the agreement of pronouns with their antecedents. It is exceedingly important that early attention be given to the points of sentence structure, because acquiring correct grammatical habits will later secure unconscious conformity to these rules.

Supply correct verb forms in the following sentences, and give a reason in a well-worded statement for your choice in each case.

1. The row of spectators — very quiet.
2. He — the work yesterday that I told him to do.
3. This is one of the most important questions that — come up.

4. I should have — to the circus, if I had been well.
5. Four months' interest — due to-day.
6. Dickens is one of the best writers who — won fame as a novelist.
7. It — look like rain.
8. I am writing to him so that he — be ready in time.
9. He meant to — the letter last Monday.
10. General Adams with his whole family — invited to the platform.
11. The cows — under the trees in the meadow.
12. Please — the bowl upon the table.

Supply correct pronouns in the following sentences.

1. Either John or Harry will let you look on — book.
2. Girls like — are not good company.
3. Every one must be responsible for — own books.
4. They met Robert and (first person) in the corridor.
5. — are you going to vote for?
6. Nobody but a fool would have left — money in such a place.
7. I am positive it was (third person).
8. Do you remember (first person) speaking to you about your position?
9. Everyone except you and (first person) has gone to church.
10. I can run as fast as (third person, singular).

11. Many a sailor has lost — life at sea.

Imagination

What Imagination Contributes to Reading Aloud.—"It is pretty certain," says Clifford Harrison, "that ninety people out of every hundred who read a book to themselves do not see one half of what the author saw, when he wrote the pages." There is no doubt that this lack of imagination is the cause of much poor reading aloud, for one cannot express what he does not see himself. The author can give only his words in black and white, he cannot give his mental pictures. To appreciate the author, the reader must have the answering imagination to recreate in his own mind the scenes described.

If a reader can do this, he raises himself in some degree to the plane of the author, and by interpretive reading he may do the same service for his listeners.

Practical Value of a Developed Imagination.—An active imagination is indispensable in many professions. The landscape gardener, looking at a stony, ugly field, sees its possibilities in his imagination and transforms it into an attractive park; the architect, knowing his building site and materials, forms his plan in his mind, and then makes a draft of it on paper; the scientist, finding a bone in the earth, constructs a model of the extinct animal to which it belonged; the author, noting how the people of his mental vision behave under different conditions, puts them in a novel; and the inventor, understanding some of the phenomena of electricity, makes experiments suggested by the theories he has worked out in imagination, and gives us wireless telegraphy. So the speaker who can imagine scenes and conditions in clear details is more likely to speak of them well, to realize the interests of his auditors and thereby compel their attention.

Helps for Developing the Imagination.—If your imagination is prolific, rejoice that you have that upon which so much pleasure and success depend; but if your imagination does not illuminate literature for you, and flash picture upon picture before your mind, welcome illustrated books, the making of diagrams and free hand drawings, the dramatization of incidents, the representation of scenes in tableaux and dialogue or any other devices your teacher of reading may employ to help you develop this wonderful faculty. Then your imagination will have, as Ingersoll puts it, "a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where the players body forth the false and true, the joys

and griefs, the careless shallows, and the tragic depths of human life."

Mental Grasp of the Author's Thought

No Vital Reading Without Vital Thinking.—In order to have vital reading, it is absolutely necessary to have vital thinking first. Good oral reading is extracting thought from a written or a printed page, and vocalizing it in such a manner that the listener understands the same thought. If a reader gets little or no thought from a paragraph, his reading becomes a mechanical process of pronouncing words. This is unworthy of the name of reading. But if a reader thinks and understands deeply, subtle changes will creep into his voice expressing his thought, for the voice is a natural reporter of mental states.

Effect of Weak Thinking Upon Study.—Psychologists tell us that any mental action may be intensified by an effort of the will. It is this intensified mental action that is needed to improve the oral reading in our public schools; it is needed, too, for silent reading. During a study period one pupil lacks mental energy to concentrate on a piece of literature and dig out its treasures of thought; another listlessly reads a page of history half a dozen times, when two readings with the mind concentrated should be sufficient to prepare the lesson; and a third wrestles long with a problem in mathematics, until he suddenly comprehends a condition of the statement that has not dawned upon him before, and then solves it in five minutes.

Valuable Mental Training Results from Vital Oral Reading.—Grasping the author's thought, therefore, is the most important of all the elements of good reading aloud, and it should receive proportionate attention. Periods are well spent that are devoted to arousing the minds of pupils as a

means to better oral reading. If pupils are induced to quicken their insight into what an author has written, and to control the thought of others to some extent by expressing what they understand, reading will give as valuable training as any subject taught in school. More than that, whatever a pupil gains in mental alertness in the reading class, will be exactly the training he most needs to help him prepare his other subjects.

NOTE TO TEACHERS. Use all possible devices to stimulate your students to better thinking in the reading class. Take time, occasionally, to have a pupil tell the gist of a paragraph or stanza before he reads it aloud. Again, after a pupil has read, question him upon the part he has not made clear, and test what he has added to his original thought by a second reading. Another device is to have the class close their books during a pupil's reading, and when he has finished, question the pupils as to what ideas were not brought out by the reader; then request a second reading that the sense of the paragraph may be more fully given. It should be an inspiration to any pupil to know that if he really comprehends his reading selections, he can think and tell others the very same thoughts that once surged through the brains of Shakespeare or Dickens, of Webster or Lincoln.

SELECTION OF A TOPIC

Next in importance to the cultivation of ideals for oral composition, is the choice of subjects. Too difficult topics are discouraging, and may cause one to lose confidence in himself and deter him in later efforts. Care should be taken to select topics that are interesting and within one's experience. One of the simplest exercises in oral composition is to give verbal reports of interesting incidents from books, short stories or poems that you have read or have heard others read. Reports of every day experiences, such as: "what I saw on the way to school this morning," or "what we did in the manual training class yesterday," are topics that all pupils can talk about.

THE PURPOSES OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

If you already have acquired some facility in oral composition, you will be interested in making your efforts in oral composition conform to the various purposes in public speaking. By comparing various talks and addresses that you have heard, you can soon determine what the purposes of public speaking are.

The Purpose of Diversion.—When you heard Eli Perkins discuss "Why We Laugh," you were smiling and laughing at his illustrations throughout the hour and were highly amused. His purpose, we may conclude, was entertainment or Diversions.

The Purpose of Instruction.—Your Latin teacher's explanation of how Cæsar built his bridge, was an effort to make the various stages in the construction of the bridge clear to you. He wished you to comprehend it, so his purpose was Instruction.

The Purpose of Impression.—Homer Davenport's story of "Said Abdallah" roused your sympathy for the homesick little Bedouin boy, and your admiration for his faithfulness to his new master. Your emotions were stirred. Mr. Davenport's purpose, therefore, was to make an Impression.

The Purpose of Conviction.—Professor Brander Matthews's talk on "Simplified Spelling" made you realize how silent letters and strange spelling in English confuse a foreigner. He convinced you that a general adoption of simplified spelling would make English an easier language to learn and would increase its usage. His purpose was belief or Conviction.

The Purpose of Persuasion.—Your father's talk urging you to use care in choosing your associates, not only made you believe that his advice was good, but also made you resolve to cultivate worthy companions. Your father hoped to

influence your conduct, to get you to act differently; his purpose was Persuasion.

Subservient and Ultimate Purpose.—These make Five Purposes in Public Speaking. Under these all talks, speeches, sermons and orations, whether addressed to one or to thousands, may be classified. It is true that some speeches combine several of these purposes, but a thoughtful analysis will generally show that one is the ultimate purpose, while the others are so many steps that lead to it. A speaker may use Diversion to gain the attention of his audience, then gradually lead into arguments for belief or Conviction, and close with an appeal to individual interests which makes Persuasion his ultimate purpose.

NOTE. This classification of the purposes of public speaking is taken from "Effective Speaking" by Arthur Edward Phillips, and is used by special permission.

The Purposes in Public Speaking Illustrated.—The following brief selections illustrate the various purposes of public speaking and they will guide students who attempt to speak with any of these five purposes in mind.

PURPOSE OF DIVERSION

How To MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS. *From "Literary Lapses."* By STEPHEN LEACOCK¹

You know, many a man realizes late in life that if when a boy he had known what he knows now, instead of being what he is he might be what he won't; but how few boys stop to think that if they knew what they don't know instead of being what they will be, they wouldn't be? These are awful thoughts.

At any rate, I've been gathering hints on how it is they do it.

One thing I'm sure about. If a young man wants to make a million dollars he's got to be mighty careful about his diet and his living. This may seem hard. But success is only achieved with pains.

¹ Reprinted by permission of the author.

There is no use in a young man who hopes to make a million dollars thinking he's entitled to get up at 7.30, eat force and poached eggs, drink cold water for lunch, and go to bed at 10 p. m. You can't do it. I've seen too many millionaires for that. If you want to be a millionaire you mustn't get up till ten in the morning. They never do. They daren't. It would be as much as their business is worth if they were seen on the street at half-past nine.

PURPOSE OF INSTRUCTION

WHAT IS A BOSS? *From "The Honorable Peter Sterling."* BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD¹

Are there not friends whose advice or wish would influence you? Well, that is the condition which creates the so-called boss. In every community there are men who influence more or less the rest. It may be that one can only influence half a dozen other intimates. Another may exert power over fifty. A third may sway a thousand. One may do it by mere physical superiority. Another by a friendly manner. A third by being better informed. A fourth by deception or bribery. A fifth by honesty. Each has something that dominates the weaker men about him.

Take my ward. Burton is a prize-fighter, and physically a splendid man. So he has his little court. Driscoll is a humorist, and can talk, and he has his admirers. Sloftky is popular with the Jews, because he is of their race. Burrows is a policeman, who is liked by the whole ward, because of his kindness and good-nature. So I could go on telling you of men who are a little more marked than the rest, who have power to influence the opinions of the men about them, and therefore have power to influence votes. That is the first step in the ladder. Each of the men I have mentioned can usually affect an average of twenty-five votes.

But now we get another rung of the ladder. Here we have Dennis, and such men as Blunkers, Denton, Kennedy, Schlurger and others. They not merely have their own set of followers, but they have more or less power to dominate the little bosses of whom I have already spoken. Take Dennis for instance. He has fifty adherents who stick to him absolutely, two hundred and fifty who listen to him with interest, and a dozen of the smaller bosses, who pass his opinions to their followers. So he can thus have some effect on about five hundred votes.

¹ Reprinted by the courtesy of Henry Holt & Co.

PURPOSE OF IMPRESSION

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET. BY SAMUEL S. COX

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west with a whole horizon full of golden impenetrable lustre, which colored the foliage and brightened every object in its own rich dyes.

The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden lustre was transformed into a storm cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by.

As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire bells caught the excitement and rung out with hearty chorus. The south and east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere, reminding us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion":

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end."

*PURPOSE OF CONVICTION*THE REAL WORLD. *From "The Habit of Immortality."* BY LYMAN ABBOTT¹

We live in two worlds: a world that we can see and hear and touch and a world that is invisible, inaudible, intangible. The invisible world is the important world, the real world, the enduring world.

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The invisible makes the home. It is made not by stone or brick or wood, but by faith and hope and love binding together husband and wife, parents and children. The cynic sneers at love in a cottage, but love in a cottage makes a home, which hate in a palace can never make.

The invisible makes the school. Laboratories, libraries, dormitories, refectories, do not make a school. A millionaire can never make a school. One of the greatest schools the world has ever seen, one whose influence outlasts the centuries, had neither laboratory, library, nor dormitory. It was the school which Plato taught in the grove at Athens.

The invisible makes the nation. The nation is not made great, it is not made rich, it is not made at all, by mines and forests and prairies and water powers. These all existed in America four centuries ago, and America was not a great nation. Great men make a nation great; and the qualities that make men great are invisible. We see their effects but the qualities we do not see.

The invisible makes commercial prosperity possible. For commercial prosperity is built upon credit; and credit is faith in the honesty of our fellow-men; and honesty is invisible. It has neither form, nor color, nor odor, nor sound. We cannot see it, nor hear it, nor smell it, nor touch it. There are to-day men serving out their allotted terms in State's prison who a few months ago owned a railway or a bank or a factory, who had money invested, employees at their beck and call, and friends subservient to them, men of energy and enterprise and financial shrewdness, but who lacked honesty. And for lack of that invisible honesty, they are bankrupt alike in property, in reputation, and in character.

We are apt to think that the real is the material and the immaterial is the unreal. But that is not true. The reverse is true. The invisible is the real.

PURPOSE OF PERSUASION

THE VALUE OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE. BY WILLIAM GILBERT ANDERSON ¹

As a business venture, it will pay any man to exercise. The effort required to throw off the feeling of lassitude and dullness experienced by a busy, tired man is greater than that which is needed to make him rise from his desk and exercise for only a few minutes. The throbbing temples, aching head, irritable condition,

¹ Reprinted by permission of the author.

and flushed face are too well known; they are the unwelcome associates of the hard worker because he allows them to be.

It makes no difference what the calling of a man may be, he cannot make headway in this busy world without using the body and mind. Whatever his profession, he must use the brain in connection with the servants of the brain, the muscles. A well developed mind that has to do with healthy contractile tissues will accomplish more than the same mind that can call on only poor muscles. The evidence of the most learned and cautious men bears witness to this. We cannot get good work out of tired servants, nor can we build strongly and beautifully with poor material. The business man who wants to accomplish the greatest amount of good with the energy at his disposal can only go so far as his capabilities will permit; one step beyond this dead line and he collapses.

As an investment, a gilt-edged investment, every energetic worker should pay attention to the health of the body and mind.

No stock company will make a greater return for money invested than will exercise. No dividends will equal those that come to a man who cares for the human economy. That man will do better work, more thorough work, and make more money, who will keep the machinery of the body in good order; he will live longer, will enjoy life, and be a more agreeable companion to those about him.

Forms of Composition Employed for the Five Purposes in Public Speaking.—Pupils who are familiar with the terms narration, description, exposition and argumentation can decide readily which of these forms of composition is likely to be used in attaining each of the purposes of public speaking. Tabulated it would be something like this:

PURPOSE OF SPEECH	FORM OF COMPOSITION
Diversion usually attained by	Narration and description
Instruction attained by	Exposition
Impression usually attained by	Narration and description
Conviction attained by	Argumentation
Persuasion attained by	Argumentation with an appeal to personal interests

TOPICS FOR ORAL COMPOSITION

No arbitrary or complete list of topics for oral composition can be given; for each teacher must choose his subjects ac-

cording to the advancement, needs and experience of his pupils. Current events and changing interests at school constantly furnish fresh topics for oral composition. The following lists may be suggestive.

PURPOSE OF DIVERSION

1. How I earned my first dollar.
2. What I did on election night.
3. An incident in camp.
4. My narrow escape.
5. My visit to the zoo.
6. An automobile ride.
7. How I entertained my cousin.
8. My funny mistake.
9. A day on a farm.
10. My mascot.

PURPOSE OF INSTRUCTION

1. Directions for making a tennis court.
2. How our athletic association raises money.
3. Why I dislike "The Last of the Mohicans" (or some other book).
4. How the Titanic might have been saved.
5. How a public playground should be conducted.
6. Why I liked the play "The Dawn of a To-morrow" (substitute any play).
7. How our fire drill is conducted.
8. How to prepare a mathematics lesson.
9. How to prepare fish for cooking.
10. How to start fire without matches.

PURPOSE OF IMPRESSION

1. The park on a hot afternoon.
2. The park after a snow storm.
3. A fireman's bravery.
4. The bootblack's dilemma.
5. Hovenden's picture "Breaking Home Ties."
6. A fearful storm.
7. A cowardly act.
8. The menace of a dirty street.
9. When baffled, fight better.
10. An unknown hero.

PURPOSE OF CONVICTION

1. This school should have a longer recess.
2. Two half holidays per week would be better for our school than one whole holiday.
3. It is better for pupils to own their own school books than to have them furnished by the city.
4. The height of city buildings should be regulated by law.
5. Two years spent in traveling is a better preparation for life than four years at college.
6. People that litter the parks with papers and rubbish should be fined.
7. When the seats of a trolley car are filled, no more passengers should be allowed to enter the car.
8. Every pupil of this school should belong to the athletic association.
9. The discipline of this school should be in the hands of the pupils not the teachers.
10. A large class does better work in any subject than a small one.

PURPOSE OF PERSUASION

1. My need of a new overcoat (to my father).
2. Why I should have two weeks more of vacation (to my mother).
3. A lawyer's plea to the jury in behalf of the prisoner.
4. Why I wish to go to college (to my parents).
5. What you gain by joining a literary club.
6. A class president's plea to his class for regular attendance at school.
7. Why you should vote for James Prince as president of the athletic association.
8. A plea for new skates (to my father).
9. Value of an encyclopedia (agent to customer).
10. Why you should read the New York Times.

PRACTICE

Practice a Prime Essential to Attainments in Oral Composition.—Good models and suitable topics, requisite as they are, will avail little toward facility in oral composition unless supplemented by well directed and persistent prac-

tice. By individual criticisms, the teacher can help pupils to hear themselves as others hear them, and he can keep ever before them, the criteria of clearness, force and vividness; but the larger part of the work, must be done with the co-operation of the pupils. Even in schools where oral English is scheduled for five periods per week, only a fraction of that time can be devoted to oral composition; so, if a pupil wishes to realize what he is capable of attaining in this phase of the work, he must necessarily seize all possible opportunities for painstaking practice in oral composition.

Opportunities for Practice.—At school there are individual recitations and open discussions in nearly every class period, there are literary and debating societies desiring members, there are announcements to be made to classes or the whole student body, there are candidates to be nominated and advocated as officers of the Athletic Association or some other organization, there are minutes before school, during the lunch period or after school when you can talk with your fellow students or your teachers, there are sometimes visitors who wish to learn about the school, there are public debates and public speaking contests; at home your parents, your brothers and sisters and your guests will be interested in an account of what you are doing at school, of various school activities, of what you have read, of something you or some of your friends have done; at the homes of your friends stories and bits of news may be told and many topics brought into conversation; in your town or city there are literary clubs and social circles in which you can participate. These, and many more are opportunities for you to practice oral composition. If you ignore them and persist in hap-hazard oral composition whenever you speak, the fraction of time spent in an oral English class cannot avail you much; but if you improve them trying to say well whatever

you say, you can multiply many times the facility you gain in oral composition.

VOCABULARY

Familiarizing pupils with new words is essentially the work of primary grades; but inasmuch as pupils never cease to meet strange words, it is evident that some attention should be given to this phase of reading wherever the subject is taught.

Acquiring New Words Depends upon Individual Effort.—A competent teacher by his example, by precept and by encouragement, can often help a pupil to enlarge his vocabulary; but he cannot do the work alone. The pupil must be untiring in his use of a dictionary, looking up the pronunciation and meaning of words that are new to him. An excellent scheme is to place such words in a notebook, indicating their pronunciation and jotting down brief definitions. By reviewing these words occasionally, the pupil will find that many of them have become familiar to him and do not need more attention.

Our Two Vocabularies.—Every person has two vocabularies: one that he uses in conversation, writing, or perhaps in some form of public speaking; and a second and larger vocabulary that he comprehends when listening to a speaker or reader, or when reading himself. To become proficient in conversation or in public speaking, this vocabulary of *use* must be enlarged until it more nearly includes the vocabulary of *comprehension*. The pupil can do this for himself, by making it a point to use every day in conversation, certain words from his notebook.

Study of Synonyms, Antonyms.—Another source of great profit to a student desiring to become skillful in the use of words, is a careful study of synonyms, antonyms and Eng-

lish idioms. A knowledge of synonyms will give a finer perception of the exact significance of words, and greater discrimination in their use. For example; one should know that there is a distinction between the words *generation* and *age*. *Generation* means the mass of persons living at one period; while *age* refers to a period of time, is a broader term and may include many generations. The words are used properly in the following quotations.

"In the fourth generation they shall come hither again." Genesis.

"No age will come, in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is—one of the greatest events in human history." Webster.

Thoughtful consideration of antonyms will give a sense of fitness in selecting words for contrasting ideas, balanced sentences and sometimes for parallel constructions. For instance one should have sufficient sense of fitness in the use of words to realize that the word *commencement* is not as appropriate to use as the antonym of the word *ending*, as *beginning* is. How would *commencement* sound in the sentence, "I am the beginning and the ending, the first and the last"?

Study of Idioms.—Familiarity with English idioms gives a grasp of the content of many phrases in current use, which otherwise would be meaningless. To the foreigner especially, our idioms are most perplexing. Having learned and used a common word, he is astonished when he finds in some phrase the same word with no possibility of its ordinary significance. The following are illustrations of English idiomatic usage. One cannot be said to have a good command of spoken English, unless he can understand and use such phrases.

"Luck doesn't express it—you're *in clover*, knee-deep." Howells

"I will *speak daggers* to her; but will use none." Shakespeare.

"My brother will come by stage *next Wednesday week.*" Dickens.

"I dropped in to say '*How are you?*'" Cooper.

You *caught a cold* last night and it's worse to-night.

"He was still the most interesting of men and of clergymen—*playing first fiddle* in all societies." Craik.

"A *fig* for your bill of fare; show me your bill of company." Swift.

"I had finished my education. So I left Paris, and went home to *rest on my oars.*" Reade.

"The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy *through thick and thin*, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens." Hughes.

"If Mr. Dillon had said that such an outrage as this was nothing but the *turning of the tables* on the atrocities of the penal code, we should not have blamed him." Spectator.

"Nay, very likely Mrs. Bute Crawley thought her act was quite meritorious, and *plumed herself* upon her resolute manner of performing it." Thackeray.

A Small Vocabulary Limits Progress in Oral English.—If a pupil is lazy and will not consult a dictionary, give attention to the explanations of words by his classmates and teacher, or question his elders regarding the meaning of words, he cannot expect to read intelligently. He will betray his ignorance by hesitating over words and mispronouncing them. If he guesses at a pronunciation and happens to get it right, the empty tone with which he utters it, will tell the alert listener that he gets no thought from it. To become a good talker or a public speaker will be still more hopeless for such a pupil, because appropriate words are necessary for the clear expression of ideas. A good command of words must be worked for; it never comes by inspiration.

GRASP OF THE SUBJECT

Thought Processes in Reading Aloud Stimulate Thought in Spoken English.—It is almost superfluous to state what has already been suggested, that learning to find the deeper meaning in a paragraph or stanza of literature for the purpose of better oral reading, has a tendency to increase the vigor of one's thinking when he is speaking his own thoughts. This is one more argument in favor of oral reading as training for skill in conversation or public speaking.

Secret of Vigorous Thought Before an Audience.—In listening to various public speakers, we often wonder at the ease with which they think while standing before an audience; especially is this true, when we hear a man speak well who has been called upon unexpectedly. We should remember, however, that it is an impossibility for a man to talk eloquently upon a subject that he does not understand; and that the speaker whose flow of thought we admire, is really only thinking and telling the audience what he has previously said wholly or in part to some other audience, or, at least, has thought out more or less thoroughly at different times. It is true that some people have much more tact than others in weaving together an extemporaneous address, but tact cannot be relied upon to make successful speeches. It is ample preparation, alone, that gives a speaker perfect command of his thoughts before an audience, and no great speech was ever made without it. Alexander Hamilton once remarked, "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this; when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly." And Webster confessed that it was the experience of twenty years that enabled him to make his reply to Hayne.

EMOTIONAL ELEMENTS IN ORAL ENGLISH

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION

Emotional Expression Universally Understood.—It is always a high compliment to a reader or speaker when his auditors say of him, “That man feels what he says.” Genuine feeling or emotion on the part of a speaker brings an immediate response from his audience, for feeling is a subtle and universal language. There can be no substitute for it in delivery. Learning and affectation have scorned it, and tried to supplant it, but have always failed.

The Experience of Actors.—It is true that some actors who mimic the outward appearances of emotion, declare they feel no emotion at all. But Mr. William Archer, in his book entitled, “The Anatomy of Acting,” states that emotions master the actor whenever he plays well; and Forbes Robertson says, “I suffer from fatigue in proportion to the amount of emotion I have been called upon to go through, and not from physical exertion.” We are led to conclude, then, that a speaker with little feeling, or one who believes that he gains self-control and dignity by suppressing his feelings, cannot become truly effective with audiences.

The Relation of Feeling to Imagination.—Many people have taken it for granted that there can be no feeling without imagination. This is not necessarily true. For in the case of a child hearing or even repeating the words of a nursery rhyme, he may have little or no appreciation of the thought content and no mental pictures in his imagination, but the sound of the words, the rhythm and the rhyme arouse

in him emotions of pleasure. But the higher forms of emotion, with which we are concerned—a reader's ability to feel with his author, to understand various types of men, and to appreciate the point of view of his auditors—are all dependent upon imagination. However, a good imagination does not always insure depth of feeling, for the degree of emotional intensity stimulated by the imagination varies greatly in different people.

How the Emotions Affect Delivery.—The emotions affect the quality of the voice, so that with normal conditions, a change of emotion produces a change in the vocal quality. The speaker with little feeling or the one who restrains his emotions, is likely to be a monotonous and tiresome speaker, while the man of feeling will have a variety in tone color which "rings true" and holds attention. The emotions also have their expression in the face, gesture and bearing of the speaker. Thus by physical expression, the man of feeling again reinforces his message, and has an added power over his audience.

Cultivation of the Emotional Nature.—The idea that to stifle all emotion is an evidence of strength in character, and to cultivate feeling a confession of weakness, is rapidly passing. Most people now admit that a right development of the emotional nature increases our enjoyment of literature, art and music, broadens our sympathies and makes us responsive members of society. Our own lives are evidence that the repression of undesirable emotions and the expression of the better feelings, has a direct bearing upon character. How important, therefore, that the emotional life of the pupil should have some attention at school! Teacher and pupil may work together for this end in the oral English class. Some people are much more limited in emotional experience than others. A pupil of

this type will grasp the thought of a selection, and have some mental pictures, but his feelings will be little aroused. Intensifying the imagination and recalling emotional experiences may help to excite the emotions in such a case, but often physical stimuli are the only means of increasing the emotional response. If possible dramatizations, scenes, tableaux, responsive work, pantomimes, imitations and games should then be introduced. By these devices the non-emotional individual may quicken his emotional nature in such a way as to contribute to his success in reading aloud or speaking.

FEELING THE PULSE OF THE AUDIENCE

Knowing an Audience by Emotional Sensitiveness.—A reader or speaker should realize the effect of his words upon his audience. This he can know to some extent by watching and listening for signs of attention or inattention, approval or disapproval. But the sensitive speaker feels more of the atmosphere of an audience than his eye or ear can tell him. He can detect by emotional sensitiveness the sympathetic or critical attitude of an audience, and their responsiveness or unresponsiveness to his address.

Weakness of Speakers Lacking Emotional Sensitiveness.—Some speakers seem to have little or no emotional sensitiveness before an audience. They take no cue from their auditors, and never change their tactics. A speaker of this type, a well known banker, recently addressed a school of East Side boys. He talked in platitudes about the sin of dying rich. Unfortunate as he was in the choice of a topic, he might have redeemed himself, had he appreciated how restless his listeners were, and changed his theme to some phase of banking business or anything from his experience which the average boy would be interested to hear about.

But he talked on serenely for forty-five minutes, evidently, never realizing that the boys were disgusted and bored, and that they heaved sighs of relief when he finished. He faced an opportunity, but lost it because he had not enough sensitiveness to feel the status of his audience.

Feeling the Pulse of an Audience Helps a Speaker.—A speaker who studies his audience always has a peculiar power. If his hearers are cordial, he feels at ease and is stimulated to do his best; if they are cold and reserved, he knows that he has something to overcome and directs his efforts accordingly; if he drops a misstatement, he feels its effect in time to make a correction; and if his address has accomplished its purpose, he is aware of that and can bring his remarks to a close. Macaulay says of Horace Walpole, that he “influenced his age because he was influenced by his age.” Therefore, when a speaker’s sense of the temper of his audience helps to determine the character of his address, we may say of him, that he is able to influence his audience because he is influenced by his audience.

Learning to Feel the Pulse of an Audience.—It is evidently worth while for a reader or speaker to be susceptible to the atmosphere of his audience. How, then, can a person become so? There is but one way to cultivate this susceptibility. The person must have practice in speaking before audiences. He must expect to feel and respond to the temper of his audiences, even though they be small, until impressions received from his auditors are made to contribute to his success as a reader or speaker.

ABILITY TO HOLD AN AUDIENCE

Ability to Hold an Audience an Intangible Element.—The ability to impress one’s hearers and hold their attention, is one of the most subtle and intangible of all the ele-

ments contributing to excellence in conversation, oral reading or public speech. We quickly recognize when a speaker has it or lacks it, but to define it or analyze it is a difficult problem.

Establishing an Intimate Relation Between Speaker and Audience.—The speaker who has this ability comes frankly to his audience, he wins their confidence, he breaks down all barriers, he feels the atmosphere of his audience (as one feels the atmosphere of an individual), he reads their thoughts, he adapts his speech to their point of view and the occasion, he interests them, he rivets their attention, and, in short, he becomes master of the situation.

Noble Qualities of Manhood Contribute to the Speaker's Power.—An approach to this power may be attained by studying people and audiences, by carefully considering the purpose of every speech, by avoiding digressions, by preserving originality, by discriminating well in the use of illustrations, by shunning tediousness, by cultivating tact in adjusting one's self to new circumstances and by using common sense. But such efforts alone cannot compass the orator's spell. Many people mention personal magnetism, as the mysterious factor which supplements these things. Call it that, if you choose, but it is something more than that. It springs from the integrity of the speaker, from his sympathy with people and from the concentration of his powers for noble ends. "The greatest thing in oratory is the orator."

PERCEPTION OF VOCAL EFFECTS

Acute Hearing Results in Superior Vocal Control.— "The real and only power that rules in the art of singing is the perception of sound," says an authority on vocal music. Perception of sound rules, too, in the art of good speaking, for whatever conception of sound is held in the mind will

be manifested in the speaking voice. The deaf who learn to speak, have no conception of sound except what they associate with the mechanical processes of producing it, hence their monotonous and vapid utterance. In the voices of children it is easy to discern qualities similar to those which they hear at home or in the school room—obviously the effect of the children's conception of sound upon their own vocal efforts. The voices of the best actors are often revelations of delightful tone color, because all their training contributes to a high conception of expressive speaking.

The Ear can be Cultivated by Hearing Good Oral English.—There is always some conception of the sound of well-spoken English in the mind of the normal individual, but the conception varies according to the personal experience—according to what the individual has heard. For the person who has heard little refined English, there can be nothing more helpful than listening attentively to good reading, conversation and speaking. You should cultivate, then, a finer appreciation of vocal effects in spoken English by hearing as many good readers, conversationalists and public speakers as you can, for your own speech will be improved in proportion to your appreciation of the vocal command exemplified in others.

NOTE TO TEACHERS. Some teachers contend that an instructor in oral English should never read for his pupils, lest he lead them to lose their individual interpretations through imitation. It is well to remember in this connection, that many pupils hear little or no good reading, and have no conception of its sound and charm. Therefore, it is often wiser and more pedagogical to help the pupils by reading for them.

What is a “Good Ear”?—To have a “good ear” for music means that the person grasps musical compositions readily, and holds them in his mind so that he can reproduce them easily and accurately. To have a “good ear” for oral

English, is to be able to distinguish subtle vowel and consonant sounds and varieties of expressive elements in delivery, and to evince a command of them in speech. Some people naturally have a better ear than others, are very susceptible to auditory impressions, just as certain people are natural visualists, very susceptible to impressions received by the eye. But the ear can be cultivated, making it possible for nearly everyone to enlarge his conception of vocal effects and improve his oral English by so doing.

Focus Attention on Your Ideal in Vocal Effects.—In the process of working for better spoken English by cultivating the ear, the best results are accomplished by centering attention upon the sounds and effects, as such, and avoiding attempts at the exact physical and mechanical processes employed in the production. Does a child imitating the grunt of a pig or the whistle of a steam engine, stop to think how to do it? Or does the humorist mocking the mincing speech of a dude or the sonorous tone of a priest, plan how he controls his throat? Both the child and the humorist achieve the results they wish, and illustrate the truth of the principle that the end and not the means should be the object of thought in correlating ear training and voice culture.

The Oral English Class an Opportunity for Ear Training.—The cultivation of the ear is incidental to nearly every phase of the work in an oral English class. Vocal exercises, drill in phonetic sounds, practice in enunciation, criticism of pronunciation, reading or speaking before the class, following the teacher's suggestions for improved expression, listening to the work of classmates and giving attention to the speech or reading of the teacher, are all opportunities to train the ear.

An Untrained Ear a Great Handicap.—Many a pupil is hampered in all his work, because his ear is dull. One

schoolboy was pronounced weak-minded by most of his teachers, because he could not talk, spell, or write English as his classmates did. He could not sing the scale correctly. A painstaking teacher discovered that he did not hear sounds accurately. He was not deaf, but he did not discern final consonant sounds, and did not always hear articles, prepositions and conjunctions when people spoke or read. Consequently he reported only what he heard, omitting many final consonants, articles, prepositions and conjunctions both in conversation and in composition. The teacher gave attention to cultivating his ear, until he could sing the scale correctly, and detect sounds which before had been to him vague or unrecognized. Then all his schoolwork gradually became that of a normal pupil of his age. No doubt hundreds of pupils can improve the character of their work, not only in oral English but in other subjects as well, by cultivating their sense of hearing.

An Acute Ear Gives an Ideal and a Gauge for Oral English.—A fine perception of vocal effects is an advantage to a pupil in two ways. It gives him an ideal toward which he may work, and enables him to realize what he can already do. By thinking how he delivered a selection yesterday, how he makes it sound to-day, and how he wishes to make it sound, he can gauge his progress and compare what he has already accomplished with his ideal. The human voice yields largely what is demanded of it, just as a violin gives forth only wretched notes when in the hands of a novice, but responds with thrilling strains when an artist draws the bow. Form a high conception of how you would like your oral English to sound, by training your ear; then insist that your discriminating ear help you acquire more clearness, strength and beauty in the use of your voice in speech.

A FLEXIBLE AND RESPONSIVE VOICE

The American Voice.—Americans are much criticised for their harsh and strident voices. We have to admit that there is much ground for the criticism. Every day we hear squeezed, rasping, throaty, nasal or high pitched voices and are aware that they get “on our nerves.” We recognize, too, the potent influence of agreeable voices when we hear them. But, as a nation, we have not yet realized that it is worth while to cultivate our voices. Now that we are awake to the fact that bodily health should be cultivated, it is to be hoped that the culture of the voice will be considered next, for the correct use of the voice brings a healthier condition of the throat and vocal organs, and relieves nervous strain upon both the speaker and the listener. Some kind of training is as necessary for the development of a good voice, as pruning and fertilizing are for the production of better apples on an apple tree.

The Cultivated Voice is Expressive.—Without some training for the voice, there can be no approach to adequate expression. Untrained, the voice is generally monotonous. It tires the listener, and reveals few distinctions in thought or feeling. But if the human vocal instrument be tuned by appropriate exercises, it will become mellow and flexible, revealing the speaker's thought and emotion in the language of tone.

The Cultivated Voice is More Musical.—The untrained voice is less musical and agreeable to the ear, because it does not make the most of the subtonics or vocal consonants of our language. Many times even, we hear vocal consonants converted into aspirates, or into vocal consonants that cannot be prolonged, as for example; *wid* for *with*, *suptract* for *subtract*, *spinach* for *spinaj*. Most aspirate elements

cannot be prolonged, and are, therefore, unmusical sounds. All nasal consonants and many vocal consonants *can* be prolonged and consequently give musical qualities to the voice in the same way that the vowels and diphthongs do. A comparison of the vocal effects produced by reading the sentences of the following groups, will convince any one that the vocal and nasal consonants contribute much beauty of tone quality to spoken English.

SENTENCES CONTAINING ASPIRATE CONSONANTS

1. Fat Hugh caught eight white fish.
2. Pitt stopped to speak what he thought.
3. What steps at sea such fast ships take!

SENTENCES CONTAINING VOCAL CONSONANTS

1. The rider of the zebra was glad the gold was his.
2. The warrior beguiled the day with rare ballads.
3. The dray dragged the boy over the bridge.

SENTENCES CONTAINING NASAL CONSONANTS

1. Stern and stanch he stands with his gun on his arm.
2. Many men, cheered by the throng, are marching and singing along.
3. The unknown man, sunburned and brown, maintained fine command in the game.

Practice of Vocal Exercises.—To secure the best results in practicing vocal exercises, one needs the help of a competent teacher. But any one can make some progress by a judicious use of exercises. Care should be taken not to strain or overtax the voice.

VOCAL EXERCISES

- I. For giving the tone proper direction, and securing response from the resonant chambers, practice the following

exercises on the eight pitches of a scale best suited to the compass of the voice.

1. ring, ring, ring.
2. Sing, O King!
3. m, m, m, m.
4. n, n, n, n.
5. Produce a humming tone with the lips closed.
6. too, too, too.

II. For fronting the tone (bringing it out of the throat) try these exercises, first in an ordinary tone of voice, and then on the various pitches of the scale.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. men, men, men. | 5. redeem, redeem, redeem. |
| 2. Repeat number one rapidly. | 6. moonbeam, moonbeam. |
| 3. dean, dean, dean. | 7. hi nonny no, hi nonny no! |
| 4. bim, bim, bim. | 8. believe, believe, believe. |

III. For relieving tension and securing free muscular action of the lips, work on the following exercises using a conversational tone of voice. It will do no harm to exaggerate the action of the lips.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. ku, x; ku, ah; ku, x; ku, ah. | 5. boomerang, boomerang. |
| 2. edee, edo; edee, edo; edee, edo. | 6. anemone, anemone. |
| 3. raw beet, raw beet, raw beet. | 7. bool a bool ah! |
| 4. momentum, momentum, momen- tum. | 8. wä hoo, wä hoo! |

IV. For gaining free action of the tongue, practice this group of exercises.

1. la, la, la, la, la, la.
2. Repeat the above very rapidly.
3. lil, lol, lah; lil, lol, lah.
4. Trill r.
5. döttý, dötý; döttý, dötý; döttý, dötý.

V. For quality of tone and a careful moulding of the ele

ments, practice the following exercises on all the pitches of the scale.

1. nōm, nōm, nōm. (Make the O well rounded and full.)
2. nām, nēm, nīm, nōm, nūm. (Give distinct form to each vowel.)
3. ō, ah, ē; ū, ah, ē.
4. tōō, ū, ah; tōō, ū, ah.
5. lä, lā, lē, lī, lō, lū.
6. bā, bē, bī, bō, bū.
7. nū, nō, nā, nă, nē, nē, nī.

VI. For quality, flexibility of voice and projection of tone, use some of the following quotations as exercises. Practice them on as many different pitches of the scale as the voice can take without straining. Vary the exercises by practicing them in arpeggios.

1. While still young tune your tongue.
2. Thy longing brings him home.
3. The bowmen twang their strings.
4. Calm and peaceful is my sleep.
5. Now let us sing, "Long live the King."
6. "Green grow the rushes O!"
7. "Come," said the solemn sounding drum.
8. "He trod the ling like a buck in spring."
9. "They bound him strong with leathern thong."
10. "Alms, for the love of Allah!"
11. Oh, give me a home by the sounding sea!
12. There are two elms forming an arch of green.
13. I see a dancing star and a long moonbeam.
14. "There is a man sky-true, sword-strong and brave to look upon."
15. "If only I could borrow a rainbow from to-morrow!"
16. "The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

17. "Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The curfew bell is beginning to toll."
18. "For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."
19. "Sing as we float along;
Sing as the tide grows strong."
20. "Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king."
21. "My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay."
22. "Melancholy! Melancholy!
I've no use for you, by Golly!"
23. "Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."
24. "The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one."
25. "The one worth while,
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."
26. "My castles are the king's alone
From turret to foundation stone,
The hand of Douglas is his own."
27. "Is there nothing winging,
Nothing, nothing, flinging
Its warm, wild heart away?"
28. "Saddle! saddle! saddle!
Redden spur and thong,
Ride like the mad tornado,
The track is lonely and long."
29. "Time is very long
Without a song;
Year long is the day
With love away."

TECHNICAL ELEMENTS IN ORAL ENGLISH

VOCAL EXPRESSION

Vocal Expression Defined.—Vocal expression is the revelation of thought and feeling by modulations of the voice. Wonderful as the human voice is in the production of vowel and consonant sounds, it is still more wonderful in its range of expression resulting from various combinations of the elements of force, time, pitch and quality. The next step is to consider each of these four criteria.

FORCE

Force is easily recognized in speaking and reading, even by untrained ears. However, it should not be confused with mere loudness for a big empty voice is not a forceful one. Force manifests the "degree of mental energy," and forceful reading is that in which clear thought predominates and compels attention.

EMPHASIS

Emphasis Defined.—We emphasize thoughts when we use a different degree of force, a different pitch, a change of time (especially by pauses), or by a contrasting quality. Emphasis may be defined then, as the prominence given to a word, phrase or clause in reading or speaking to make the meaning clear. The following rules are not exhaustive, but may serve as aids to pupils in analyzing thought and relating it to utterance.

RULES FOR EMPHASIS

I. The subject and predicate of a sentence are generally emphatic.

1. Two *firemen appeared* and *ascended* the *ladder*.
2. Three hours later, the *Spanish fleet* was *completely destroyed*.

II. Words expressing new ideas are emphatic.

1. "I will *buy* with you, *sell* with you, *talk* with you, *walk* with you, and so following; but I will not *eat* with you, *drink* with you, nor *pray* with you."

III. Words expressing a contrast of ideas are emphatic.

1. "The *former* target was now removed and a *fresh* one of the same size placed in its room."
2. "I may neither *choose* whom I would, nor *refuse* whom I dislike."
3. "The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad and *secretly* bad."

IV. Words repeated to enforce a statement are emphatic.

"The matter with him? What, indeed, could invest human flesh with such terrors—what but this? He was—he is—let me shriek it in your ear—a bore—a Bore! of the most malignant type; an intolerable, terrible, unmitigated BORE!"

V. Any part of speech may sometimes be emphatic, but articles, conjunctions and prepositions are least likely to require emphasis.

1. I agree with the honorable gentleman.
2. Without praise, he is discouraged; *with* it, he becomes over confident.
3. This is *the* place for jolly campers.
4. "Not Liberty first, and Union afterward: but Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Carefully analyze the following sentences for their con-

tent, and try to express it by reading each sentence aloud.
What rule for emphasis does each sentence illustrate?

Every Woman: Now, Youth, behold!
Here's Poverty. Let's question her, and see
If Wealth or Poverty the kindlier be.
(To Truth disguised as a beggar)
Old woman, of thy wisdom, prithee, tell us
What is true happiness? Where can it be found?

Truth: A myth—a mocking mirage. A poet's dream.
The fleeting substance of a maniac's scheme.
A will-o'-the-wisp is happiness. When sought,
'Tis ever out of reach; 'tis never caught.
A timid, hunted hare—in its pursuit
Woman becomes a wanton, man a brute.
Yet happiness shall surely come apace
To those who take no pleasure in the chase.
I tell thee—warn thee, Everywoman, Youth,
If happiness thou seekest, follow Truth.

WALTER BROWNE: *Everywoman*.

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That is the doctrine you've inherited from our forefathers, and go on heedlessly proclaiming far and wide—the doctrine that the multitude, the vulgar herd, the masses, are the pith of the people—that they *are* the people—that the common man, the ignorant, undeveloped member of society has the same right to condemn and to sanction, to counsel and to govern, as the intellectually distinguished few.

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*.
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"These are bitter words, sir Knight," said Prince Edward with an angry frown.

"And they come from a bitter heart," answered the unknown knight. "A true Frenchman's words may well be bitter, for bitter is his lot and bitter his thoughts as he rides through his thrice unhappy country."

A. CONAN DOYLE: *The White Company*.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine and preach to the man in the shadow.

Burr, at first, was agreeably attracted to Hamilton, whose radiant disposition warmed his colder nature; but when he was forced to accept the astounding fact that Hamilton had prepared himself for the bar in four months, digesting and remembering a mountain of knowledge that cost other men the labor of years, and had prepared a manual besides, he experienced the first convulsion of that jealousy which was to become his controlling passion in later years.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON: *The Conqueror.*

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Compensation.*

You think if you lived in the olden days you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander. But you wouldn't. You'd be a Nero—a Nero! Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family! Never! I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States Senator. I'll go to the White House; I'll tell the president what you are! Marry your son? No, thank you! No! thank you!

CHARLES KLEIN: *The Lion and the Mouse.*

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In conquering races the men, they say, are superior to the women,
In conquered races the women to the men.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
 Beach-peas blossom late.
 By copse and cliff the swallows rove
 Each calling to his mate.
 Seaward the sea-gulls go,
 And the land-birds all are here;
 That green-gold flash was a vireo,
 And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
 Was a scarlet tanager.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: *Gloucester Moors.*

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The young man took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. It was a good handkerchief, a good brow, and the young man was good to look at.

O. HENRY: *His Courier.*

When Prue and I are most cheerful, and the world looks fair—we talk of our cousin the curate. When the world seems a little cloudy, and we remember that though we have lived and loved together we may not die together—we talk of our cousin the curate. When we plan little plans for the boys and dream dreams for the girls—we talk of our cousin the curate. When I tell Prue of Aurelia, whose character is every day lovelier—we talk of our cousin the curate. There is no subject which does not seem to lead naturally to our cousin the curate.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS: *Prue and I.*

The noise and dust of the conflict may hide the real question at issue. Europe may think, some of us may, that we are fighting for forms and parchments, for sovereignty and a flag. But really the war is one of opinions; it is Civilization against Barbarism; it is Freedom against Slavery. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter was the yell of pirates against the Declaration of Independence; the war-cry of the North is the echo of that sublime pledge. The result is as sure as the throne of God. I believe in the possibility of justice, in the certainty of union. Years hence, when the smoke of this conflict clears away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races,—one brotherhood,—and on the bank of the Potomac, the genius of Liberty, robed in light, broken chains under feet, and an olive branch in her hand.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: *The War of Liberty.*

It was through the Declaration of Independence that we Americans acknowledged the *eternal inequality* of man. For by it we abolished

a cut-and-dried aristocracy. We had seen little men artificially held up in high places, and great men artificially held down in low places, and our own justice-loving hearts abhorred this violence to human nature. Therefore, we decree that every man should thenceforth have equal liberty to find his own level.

OWEN WISTER: *The Virginian.*

To learn to speak off-hand in public, speak in your own room, privately, ten minutes every day, on some subject, to yourself. Don't experiment in public. It is an awful infliction.

NEWMAN HALL.

Suffice it to say, he stayed—*he stayed*—he STAYED!—five mortal weeks; refusing to take hints when they almost became kicks; driving our friends from us, and ourselves almost to distraction.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE: *Fred Trower's Little Iron-Clad.*

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TIME

Significance of Time in Oral Reading or in Speech.—A reader or speaker indicates his mental estimate of words, phrases and clauses by the time he gives them in utterance. An instructor, explaining a difficult lesson, does it deliberately, indicating by his manner of speech that he considers the lesson important; but in talking with an acquaintance about the weather, he uses a much more rapid rate of utterance, indicating that he considers it relatively unimportant.

Time in Reading or Speech Similar to Time in Music.—Time in reading or speech is similar in significance to time in music, and may be designated in the same way as fast, moderate or slow.

Fast time is an appropriate expression of lively, joyous and excited moods, or sometimes of unimportant ideas.

Slow time is an appropriate expression of sentiments that are characterized by calmness, sympathy, pathos, reverence, awe and admiration, or of ideas that are important.

Moderate time is an appropriate expression of our more common thoughts and feelings.

Read the following quotations aloud, noticing what kinds of time give the best expression of the thought.

The two teams came together in a mass and for an instant there seemed to be no movement either way. Then the mass began turning and revolving about itself, and in another moment it went down. There were players on both sides of the goal line; the referee, blowing his whistle, began pulling fellows off the pile, and both sides were already claiming that it was or that it was not a touch-down, when as a matter of fact no one knew. But when the bottom was reached, Skilton was found lying there with the ball six inches across the line.

Ward and Banks hauled him to his feet, while Brewster and McNeal turned somersaults, and the others of the team pranced round shaking hands and pounding one another on the back. And on the side lines the first deafening yell and cheer had been supplanted by the regular, snappy shout, "Skil-ton, Skil-ton, Skil-ton!" over and over again.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER: *The Game with St. John's.*
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Let me use an illustration. We infer from the flint implements recently found in such profusion all over England and in other countries, that they were produced by men, and also that the Pyramids of Egypt were built by men, because, as far as our experience goes, nothing but men could form such implements or build such Pyramids. In like manner, we infer from the phenomena of light the agency of waves, because, as far as our experience goes, no other agency could produce the phenomena.

JOHN TYNDALL.

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Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

SHAKESPEARE.

"From the west there sounded the harsh gong of a fire engine which was pounding rapidly down the car tracks. It came, rocking in a whirlwind of galloping horses and swaying men. The crowd on the street broke into a run, streaming along the sidewalk in the wake of the engine. The architect woke from his dead thoughts and ran with the crowd. Two, three, four blocks, they sped toward the lake, which curves eastward at this point, and as he ran the

street became strangely familiar to him. The crowd turned south along a broad avenue that led to the park. Some one cried: "There it is! It's the hotel!"

ROBERT HERRICK: *The Common Lot.*

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice.*

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away we go;
On our steel bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out,
The skater heeds them not—
'Midst the laugh and the shout of the jocund rout,
Grey winter is forgot.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter hearth;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal halls,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be—
Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me.

EPHRAIM PEABODY: *A Skating Song.*

Oh the long and dreary Winter!
Oh the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW: *The Song of Hiawatha.*

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The common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropt; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull, and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long, wet glistening hill
Pure splendor poured—and lo! the common street
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

HELEN GRAY CONE: *The Common Street.*

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SUBORDINATION

Subordination in Reading or Speaking Explained.—Subordination in reading or speaking is gliding over a word, phrase or clause to give little prominence to unimportant and minor ideas. One may observe that a speaker often subordinates a clause by using a milder form of force, a lower pitch and a more rapid rate than he employs for the rest of a sentence. Generally, parenthetical and explanatory expressions, and ideas that are already known to the audience should be subordinated.

Analyze the thought of the following excerpts to discover what is relatively unimportant; then read them aloud, making sure that your voice reports your estimate of both the important and the unimportant ideas.

“Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of a Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.”

What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed

the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

HENRY W. GRADY.

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The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book, and picture, and every fair device of art; the house to which the north star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew—the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings—the ceaseless charity untold—the strong, sustaining heart—the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named—the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale—the surrender of ambition, the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS: *Eulogy on Wendell Phillips.*

But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men too, for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart, and soul, and strength, striving against whatever was mean, and unmanly, and unrighteous in our little world.

THOMAS HUGHES.

On the noon of the fourteenth of November, 1743 or 1744, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S_____, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long, rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

CHARLES LAMB: *The Essays of Elia.*

On May mornings her slender figure, which looked as if it might suddenly snap off at the waist, might be seen in the garden, hanging clothes out to dry, or stooping above the vegetables; while Mac-Creedy watched her in a possessive manner from the cottage doorway. When he was out it was she who would pull the ferry-boat over, and, after landing the passengers, remain motionless, bowed over her sculls, staring at them, as though loth to lose the sound of

their footsteps; then she would pull slowly back across the swirl of silver-brown water, and, tying up the boat, stand with her hand shading her eyes.

JOHN GALSWORTHY: *A Miller of Dee.*

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"Why do you lead such a solitary life?" asked a friend of Michael Angelo. "Art is a jealous mistress," replied the artist; "she requires the whole man." During his labors at the Sistine Chapel, according to Disraeli, he refused to meet anyone, even at his own house.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN: *One Unwavering Aim.*

Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

ALFRED TENNYSON: *Enoch Arden.*

There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life, and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of the occurrence, which has nevertheless turned and altered his whole career.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY: *Henry Esmond.*

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town by observing the different shapes, sizes and colors of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer.

JONATHAN SWIFT: *The Art of Political Lying.*

For my part, as soon as I had left the foresail run, I threw myself flat on the deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

For some moments we were completely deluged, I say, and all

this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *A Descent into the Maelstrom.*

GROUPING

Good Grouping Contributes to Clearness of Thought.—When reading or speaking there is always a tendency to divide the words into groups. Taking breath, giving attention to the punctuation, or considering the thought, will result in grouping. It is true that the thought or sense group and the punctuation group often coincide; but as this is not always true, grouping according to the thought should be given the preference. Breathing can be so controlled that breath is always taken before or after a thought group; punctuation marks can be ignored when so doing makes the thought clearer; and for the same reason, pauses can be made where there is no punctuation at all.

Difficulty in Grouping Words Well when Reading Poetry.—Many pupils experience difficulty in reading poetry. They group the words according to the metrical feet, or make a group of each line. These habits can be overcome by giving more attention to the meaning, and trying to make it so clear that others cannot help understanding it.

Use the following excerpts for practice in analysis of thought, and practice in reading aloud to express the thought by appropriate grouping.

Ah, ancient mill, still do I picture o'er
Thy cobwebbed stairs and loft and grain-strewn floor;
Thy door,—like some brown, honest hand of toil,
And honorable with service of the soil,—
Forever open; to which, on his back
The prosperous farmer bears his bursting sack,

And while the miller measures out his toll,
 Again I hear, above the cogs' loud roll,—
 That makes stout joist and rafter groan and sway,—
 The harmless gossip of the passing day:
 Good country talk, that says how so-and-so
 Lived, died, or wedded: how curculio
 And codling-moth play havoc with the fruit,
 Smut ruins the corn and blight the grapes to boot:
 Or what is news from town: next county fair:
 How well the crops are looking everywhere:—
 Now this, now that, on which their interests fix,
 Prospects for rain or frost, and politics.
 While, all around, the sweet smell of the meal
 Filters, warm-pouring from the rolling wheel
 Into the bin; beside which, mealy white,
 The miller looms, dim in the dusty light.

MADISON CAWEIN: *The Old Water-Mill.*

To give to the noblest thoughts the noblest expression, to penetrate the souls of men, and make them feel as if they were new creatures, conscious of new powers and loftier purposes; to cause truth and justice, wisdom and virtue, patriotism and religion to appear holier and more majestic things than men had ever dreamed of before; to delight as well as to convince; to charm, to win, to arouse, to calm, to warn, to enlighten, to persuade—this is the function of the orator.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Upon the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
 And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, He heard the South
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Michael.*

As he pressed on the plain turned to woods once more in the region of Wilverley Walk, and a cloud swept up from the south,

with the sun shining through the chinks of it. A few great drops came patterning down, and then in a moment the steady swish of a brisk shower, with the dripping and the dropping of the leaves.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our bed of boughs
Is built where, high above, the pine tree soughs.
'Tis still—and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom!
One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this. A mimic shower
Just shaken from a branch, how large it sounded,
As 'gainst our canvas roof its three drops bounded!
Across the rumpling waves the hoot-owl's bark
Tolls forth the midnight hour upon the dark.
What mellow booming from the hills doth come?—
The mountain quarry strikes its mighty drum.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER: *The Voice of the Pine.*

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Last night I dreamed a dream of you. I thought you came
And caught my hands in yours and said my name
Over and over, till my soul was stirred
With that fine ecstasy that some wild bird
May know when first he feels the blossoming
And the keen rapture of the glad new spring.
Almost to-day I fear to meet your eyes
Lest I should find them suddenly grown wise
With knowledge of my heart; almost I fear
To touch your hand lest you should come too near
And startled, dazed by some fierce inner light,
We both should cry, "I dreamed a dream last night!"

THEODOSIA GARRISON: *Illumination.*

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Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why is it you always go
With a gloomy coat of black
The year long on your back?
Why don't you change its hue,
At least for a day or two,
To red or green or blue?
And why do you always wear

Such a sober, sombre air,
 As glum as the face of Care?
 I wait for your reply,
 And into the peaceful pause
 There comes your curious, croaking cry,—
 “Oh, because! ’cause! ’cause!”

CLINTON SCOLLARD: *Jim Crow* from “The Lyric Bough.”
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 and Co.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*.

PAUSES

How Pauses are Related to Time.—Pauses have a marked effect upon time in reading or speaking. Frequent and long pauses retard the time, while few and short pauses accelerate the time. Pauses are not mere silence, but are instants when the thought of one group of words is carried over to that of another group, showing the relation between them. No mechanical process of stopping at punctuation marks, or following the old rule of counting four at a period, two at a semi-colon and one at a comma, will fill pauses with meaning. Pauses should come naturally from a reader's or speaker's effort to express thought clearly and impressively.

Rhetorical Pauses.—Pauses are related to emphasis, because a pause before or after an idea, or in both places is frequently the best way of emphasizing it. Such pauses as are made for the sake of emphasis or clearness and do not coincide with any marks of punctuation, are called rhetorical pauses.

Practice the following examples, giving the clearest possible grouping of thought. Notice what use you make of the rhetorical pause.

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy upon his shoulders.

HENRY W. GRADY: *The New South.*

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True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

SHAKESPEARE.

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he (Napoleon) rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

ROBERT BROWNING: *Asolando.*

Great news this for that fierce old country, whose trade for a generation had been war, her exports archers and her imports prisoners.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

A fair and luminous mind creates a body after its own image. With health and a soul, nor man nor woman can be other than beautiful, whatever the features. The most potent charm is that of expression. As the moonlight clothes the rugged and jagged mountains so a noble mind transfigures its vesture.

BISHOP JOHN L. SPALDING: *Opportunity*.

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He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For Justice all place a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL: *At His Brother's Grave*.

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On the following day the attack was made, but it was unsuccessful. The whole state was now alarmed, and all the frontier settlers left alive had flocked to the larger and more protected towns. It had also developed during the day that there was a pretty large party of Sioux who were ready to surrender, thereby showing that they had not been party to the massacre nor indorsed the hasty action of the tribe.

C. ALEXANDER EASTMAN: *Old Indian Days*.

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To recreate in your own brain the imagery of a poem is to become in some degree a poet yourself.

BLISS PERRY.

O thou king, the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father the kingdom, and greatness, and glory, and majesty: and because of the greatness that he gave him, all the peoples, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew,

and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he raised up,
and whom he would he put down.

DANIEL, V 18-19.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a fault and truth
discourtesy.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PITCH

Variety of Pitch in the Speaking Voice.—The average compass of the human voice in reading or speaking is more than an octave, yet we think little of pitches of the voice except in singing. We are more conscious of pitch when listening to a voice that is abnormally high, low or monotonous, than when hearing a voice with good range. Saying a sentence and then humming it, will convince any one that wonderful changes in pitch are constantly used in reading and speaking. Notice the changes in pitch in these lines from Browning's *Hervé Riel*.

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For prize to Plymouth Sound?"

The Melody of Sentences.—The changes in pitch used in a sentence, make the melody of that sentence; and the melody varies with the thought that is conveyed. If John Doe meets two classmates who have attended a literary society meeting, and inquires, "Did you have a good debate to-day, boys?", one might say, "*I think so,*" indicating frankly that, in his opinion, it was a good debate, the other might say, "*I think so,*" virtually saying, it was fair, but uninteresting and an awful bore. The words are the same in both instances, but the melody in each case tells the boy's real thought. So in reading, different people will give about the same melody to a sentence, if they apprehend the same

thought in it; but failure to grasp the meaning will give a wrong melody.

Keys Occur in Speech as in Music.—Besides the melody of sentences, it may be observed that sometimes low pitches predominate in the voice, and we say the person is speaking in a low key; at other times, high pitches predominate, and we say he is speaking in a high key. Here, again, the changes in pitch are caused by mental states; for when one is reflective or self-controlled, his condition of mind is manifested in low keys of voice, but if he becomes excited over something or loses his self-control, this is evidenced in high keys.

Awake, awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murther and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain!—Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*.

O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Cypress Wreath*.

Hallo!—What? Where, what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life—what? no!
That little tin box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.

Hark! It scarcely ends the strain,
 But it gives it o'er again,
 Lovely thing! and runs along
 Just as if it knew the song,
 Touching out, smooth, clear and small,
 Harmony, and shake, and all:
 Now upon the treble lingering,
 And at last upon the close
 Coming with serene repose.

LEIGH HUNT: *On Hearing a Little Musical Box.*

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The weather, for many a day and night, has been so wet that the trees seem wet through, and the soft loppings and prunings of the woodman's ax can make no crash or crackle as they fall. The deer, looking soaked, leave quagmires, where they pass. The shot of a rifle loses its sharpness in the moist air. The view from my Lady Dedlock's own windows is alternately a lead-colored view, and a view in Indian ink. The vases on the stone terrace in the foreground catch the rain all day; and the heavy drops fall, drip, drip, drip, by day and night, upon the broad flagged pavement, called, from old time, the Ghost's Walk.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Bleak House.*

Bury the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
 Here, in the streaming London's central roar,
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones forevermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits a universal woe,
 Let the long, long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low.

ALFRED TENNYSON: *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

Meanwhile the criers were calling the defendant at the four corners of the lists. "Oyes! Oyes! Oyes! Richard Drayton, duke of Nottingham, come to this combat in which ye be enterprised to discharge your sureties this day before our liege, the king, and to encounter in your defence Henry Mansfield, knight, the challenger. Oyes! Oyes! Oyes! Let the defendant come!"

The portals are open, the white road leads
 Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
 On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
 There's a city beleagured that cries for men's deeds,
 For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
 On through the dawning! Humanity calls!
 Life's not a dream in the clover!
 On to the walls, on to the walls,
 On to the walls, and over!

HERMANN HAGEDORN: *A Troop of the Guard.*

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"The order I have ever given in war, I give now: we war against the leaders of evil, not against the hapless tools,—we war against our oppressors, not against our misguided brethren. Strike down every plumed crest, but when the strife is over spare every common man! Hark! while I speak, I hear the march of your foe! Up standards!—blow trumpets!—And now, as I brace my bassinet, may God grant us all a glorious victory, or a glorious grave. On, my merry men! show these London loons the stout hearts of Warwickshire and Yorkshire. On, my merry men! A Warwick! A Warwick!"

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON: *The Last of the Barons.*

Hardly had the Raven flown away, when out from their habitation in the moss, the flowers and the grass, trooped a legion of fairies,—yes, right there before the old poet's eyes appeared, as if by magic, a mighty troop of the dearest little fays in all the world.

Each of these fairies was about the height of a cambric needle. The lady fairies were, of course, not so tall as the gentlemen fairies, but all were of quite as comely figure as you could expect to find among real folk. They were quaintly dressed; the ladies wearing quilted silk gowns and broad brim hats with tiny feathers in them, and the gentlemen wearing curious little knickerbockers, with silk coats, white hose, ruffled shirts and dainty cocked hats.

EUGENE FIELD: *The Fairies of Pesth.*

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INFLECTION

Inflections defined.—An inflection is a quick glide of the voice over several successive notes of the scale. It occurs upon emphasized words, and if the word has more than one syllable, upon the accented syllable of that word. There are three inflections; the falling, rising and circumflex.

Falling Inflection.—The falling inflection shows that a positive assertion is made, or that a thought is complete.

1. He has made a mistake, he is wrong, entirely wrong.
2. They drove the first line back upon the second, the second back upon the third and there they died.
3. "Speak, what trade art thou?"

NOTE. Observe that an interrogative sentence having the force of a command, is expressed with a falling inflection.

Rising Inflection.—The rising inflection indicates doubt, uncertainty or pleading or that a thought is incomplete.

1. I think it's true, but I'm not sure.
2. "O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet."
3. When a fireman climbs a wall with his scaling ladder, and descends under the weight of a fainting woman; when he makes a bridge of his back that those in peril may walk over him to safety; when he hangs by his legs from a roof and swings one man after another from a window below out of danger to his side; when strapped to his seat on his engine, turning a corner at full speed, he overturns the engine to save an old apple woman from being run down, we cheer him,—we give him medals, we make much of him in the public prints.

JACOB A. RIIS: *Heroes Who Fight Fire*

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Circumflex Inflection.—The circumflex inflection combines a rising and a falling glide, or a falling and a rising, as

the case may be. It indicates sarcasm or a complex state of mind.

1. Oh, yes! he's a *fine* ball player.
2. Good *morning*, are you up for *all day*?
3. "I am not *bound* to please *thee* with my answer."

4. "Look at his togs, Fagin!" said Charley, putting the light so close to his new jacket as nearly to set him on fire. "Look at his togs,—superfine cloth, and the heavy-swell cut! Oh, my eye, what a game! And his books, too; nothing but a gentleman, Fagin!"

"Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear," said the Jew, bowing with mock humility. "The Artful shall give you another suit, my dear, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper."

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*.

Grasp the spirit of the following passages, then try to voice it as you read the lines. Read the lines a second time observing what use you make of inflections.

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the woods.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

RICHARD HOVEY: *Spring*.

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"Why, where are you goin' to?" the appointee of the Crown asks after a while.

"Well, my home port's Gloucester."

"Gloucester? That's in the States, isn't it?"

"What!" I says.

"Yes, yes, I think I've heard of it, Captain. Oh, dear me, yes—a fishin' village, but I don't remember seein' it on any map."

"Well, I could have hove him over where he stood—a fishin' village! Village! There, thinks I, is another of them that imagines that in Gloucester the fishermen live in little huts on the beach and every evenin' after putting out the cat, we takes a lantern and looks our little boats over, and, maybe with the wife and the children to help, hauls 'em a foot or two higher on the beach so the flood tide won't float 'em off durin' the night. Village! And not on the map! 'why, you pink-haired tea-drinker,' I came near sayin' 'Gloucester's all over the map.' But I didn't. I did say, though, 'Gloucester's the greatest fishin' port in the world,' a bit warm may be."

JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY: *The Crested Seas.*

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Are we not then called upon by the highest duties to our country, to its free institutions, to posterity, and to the world, to rise above all local prejudices and partialities, to discard all collateral questions, to disregard every subordinate point, and in a general spirit of compromise and concession, uniting heart and hand to preserve for ourselves the blessings of a free government, wisely, honestly, and faithfully administered, and as we received them from our fathers, to transmit them to our children? Should we not justly submit ourselves to eternal reproach, if we permitted our indifferences about mere men to bring defeat and disaster upon our cause? Our principles are imperishable, but men have but a fleeting existence, and are themselves liable to change and corruption during its brief continuance.

HENRY CLAY: *Public Spirit in Politics.*

The landlord pointing to the new arrival, said:—

"This is the driver I been expectin'! He'll take you. This man"—he now pointed to me—"wants to go to the college at 7.30."

"He'll have to get somebody else. I got to take Dick Sands over to Millwood Station; his mother's took bad again."

"What Dick Sands?" came a voice from the other side of the stove.

"Why, Dick Sands," replied the driver in a positive tone.

"Not *Dick Sands?*" The voice expressed not only surprise but incredulity.

"Yes, *DICK SANDS,*" shouted the driver in a tone that carried

with it his instant intention of breaking anybody's head who doubted the statement.

"That so? When did he git out?"

"Oh, a month back."

F. HOPKINSON SMITH: *Dick Sands Convict.*

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Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Lucius. (entering) Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar.*

From a certain point of view, you both may be in the right.

"It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Ivanhoe.*

Solness—So that is it, is it? Halvard Solness is to see about retiring now! To make room for younger men! For the very youngest, perhaps! He must make room, Room! Room!

Brovik—Why, good heavens! there is surely room for more than one single man—

Solness—Oh, there's not so very much room to spare either. But, be that as it may—I will never retire! I will never give way to anybody! Never of my own free will. Never in this world will I do that!

HENRIK IBSEN: *The Master Builder.*

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Well, Stover, come a little nearer. Take the seat between Stone and Straus. Straus will be better able to take his little morning nap. A little embarrassed, Stover? Dear me! I shouldn't have

thought that of you. Sit down now and—try to put a little ginger into the class, Stover. Now for a bee-ootiful recitation. Splendid spring weather—yesterday was a cut; of course you all took the hour to study conscientiously—eager for knowledge. Fifth and Sixth rows go to the board.

OWEN JOHNSON; *The Varmint.*

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“What!” said Mrs. Gamp, “you bage creetur, have I know’d Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there ain’t no sech a person livin’! But well mayn’t you believe there’s no sech a creetur, for she wouldn’t demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, ‘What, Sairey Gamp! debage yourself to *her!*’ Go along with you!”

“I’m a goin’, ma’am, ain’t I?” said Mrs. Prig.

“You had better, ma’am,” said Mrs. Gamp.

“Do you know who you’re talking to, ma’am?” inquired her visitor.

“Aperiently to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so, I know her. No one better. Go along with you!”

“And *you* was a going to take me under you!” cried Mrs. Prig. “*You* was, was you? Oh how kind! Why deuce take your impudence, what do you mean?”

“Go along with you!” said Mrs. Gamp. “I blush for you.”

“You had better blush a little for yourself, while you *are* about it!” said Mrs. Prig.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Some morning when the roar of March winds is no more heard in the tossing woods, but along still brown boughs a faint, veil-like greenness runs; when every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice; before the red of apple-buds becomes a sign in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet pale-green sunsets, the sower, the earliest sower of the hemp, goes forth into the fields.

JAMES LANE ALLEN: *The Reign of Law.*

“The books belong to the old gentleman,” said Oliver, wringing his hands; “to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house, and had me nursed, when I was near dying of fever. Oh, pray send them back; send him back the books and money. Keep me here all my life long; but pray, pray send them back. He’ll

think I stole them; the old lady: all of them who were so kind to me: will think I stole them. Oh, do have mercy upon me, and send them back!"

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist.*

Some day I think he will know and I wonder what he will think of me then.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
 I give," Tritemius said,—"my prayers." "O man
 Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
 "Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
 Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
 Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER: *The Gift of Tritemius.*

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QUALITY

What is Quality of Voice?—We refer to the quality of tone when we say of a voice, it is pure, clear, rich, sympathetic, harsh, full, metallic, nasal, or resonant. It is quality that gives individuality to voices; and it is control of the varieties of quality that enables an actor to simulate the voice of fear, awe, defiance, love and the whole gamut of feeling; and to play many different roles.

As the quality of tone from a violin string depends upon the size, shape and texture of its resonant chamber, the violin box, so the quality of a voice depends upon the shape and size of the resonant chambers of the voice—the nares, pharynx, mouth and trachea—and the condition of the walls and membranous linings of these cavities.

Control of Quality.—The shape and size of the nares and trachea are practically fixed, but the pharynx and mouth may be changed by various adjustments of the tongue and

soft palate. The quality of voice in each individual is, therefore, partly fixed and partly changeable. Because it is partly fixed, we recognize the voice of a friend, although he may utter a groan, or shout in an ecstasy of joy; and because it is partly changeable, his every emotion is manifested by subtle changes in quality, so that even when he reads aloud, the feelings aroused in him by the literature are expressed in tones. Some people, of course, have command of a much greater variety in quality of tone than others, because the changes in the quality of the individual voice are always in direct proportion to the emotional temperament of the individual and the responsiveness of his voice.

Cultivation of Variety and Richness of Tone Quality.—The man of feeling is a man of imagination. A vivid imagination causes emotions, and emotions result in variety of tone quality; thus the development of the expressive element known as quality depends, primarily, upon the cultivation of the imagination—an essential of good oral English already discussed. It depends, also, upon a second essential of the best oral English previously presented, namely, a flexible and responsive voice. In short, the end of all vocal culture should be to secure better quality of tone. As a prominent teacher has reiterated: “the first aim in the cultivation of the voice, is quality; the second aim in the cultivation of the voice, is *quality*; and the third aim in the cultivation of the voice, is **QUALITY!**”

Quality as a Criterion of Reading or Speaking.—If a reader or speaker’s voice is monotonous in quality during delivery, it indicates that he needs some kind of vocal training, that he does not think his thoughts at the time of utterance, or that he has little imagination and feeling. A wrong quality in the voice indicates lack of vocal control, a wrong thought or a wrong feeling.

Yield to the imagination in reading the following excerpts. Do not strive for any particular quality of voice, but note the vocal effects when the feeling is strong.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used: "Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what—*what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled all over?" And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

"It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly.

"Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly—here in an evangelical, charitable establishment—as to wear her hair one mass of curls?"

"Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple, still more quietly.

"Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature: I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Requiem*.

When we hear Uncle Sidney tell
About the long-ago
An' old, old friends he loved so well
When *he* was young—My-oh!—
Us children all wish *we'd 'a' bin*
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so
We could a-kind'o' happened in
On them old friends he used to know!—

The good, old-fashioned people—
 The hale, hard-working people—
 The kindly country people
 'At Uncle used to know!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY: *The Good Old-fashioned People.*
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How many a time have I
 Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
 The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke
 Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
 And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
 Which kissed it like a wine cup, rising o'er
 The waves as they arose, and prouder still
 The loftier they uplifted me: and oft,
 In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
 My way to shells and seaweed, all unseen
 By those above, till they waxed fearful; then
 Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
 As showed that I had searched the deep; exulting
 With a far dashing stroke, and drawing deep
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurned
 The foam which broke around me, and pursued
 My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy then.

LORD BYRON: *The Two Foscari.*

He gave us all a good-bye cheerily
 At the first dawn of day;
 We dropped him down the side full drearily
 When the light died away.
 It's a dead, dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
 Where the trades and the tides roll over him
 And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with the green seas rocking him
 For a thousand miles around;
 He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
 And we're homeward bound.
 It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a dead, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 While the months and the years roll over him
 And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough—
 As they thrash to and fro,
 And the battleship's bells ring clear enough
 To be heard down below;
 If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
 When the great ships go by.

HENRY NEWBOLT: "Messmates" from *The Island Race*.

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Then, like a charge of ten thousand lancers, come the wind and the rain, their onset covered by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss, and blaze; the thunders crack and roar; the rain lashes; the waters writhe; the wind smites and howls. For five, for ten, for twenty minutes,—for an hour, for two hours,—the sky and the flood are never for an instant wholly dark, or the thunder for one moment silent; but while the universal roar sinks and swells, and the wide vibrant illumination shows all things in ghostly half-concealment, fresh floods of lightning every moment rend the dim curtain and leap forth; the glare of day falls upon the swaying wood, the reeling, bowing, tossing willows, the seething waters and the whirling rain; then all are dim ghosts again, while a peal, as if the heavens were rent, rolls off around the sky, comes back in shocks and throbs, and sinks in a long roar that before it can die is swallowed up in the next flash and peal.

GEORGE W. CABLE: *Bonaventure*.

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Richard Talbot—Look you, old Rickby; this is not the first time. Charm all the broomsticks in town, if you like; bewitch all the tables and saucepans and mirrors you please; but gull no more money out of young girls. Mind you! We're not so enterprising in this town as at Salem; but—it may come to it! So look you sharp! I'm not blind to what's going on here.

Goodby Rickby—Not blind, Master Puritan? Oho! You can see through all my counterfeits, can ye? So! you would scrape all the wonder out'n the world, as I have scraped all the meat out'n my punkin-head yonder! Aha! wait and see! Afore sundown, I'll send ye a nut to crack, shall make your orthodox jaws ache. Your servant, Master Deuteronomy!

PERCY W. MACKAYE: *The Scarecrow*.

Mateo Falcone felt the earth with the butt of his gun, and found it soft and easy to dig. The place seemed suitable to his purpose.

"Fortunato, go up to that big rock."

The child did as he was told, and then knelt.

"Say your prayers."

"Father, my father, do not kill me."

"Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo in a terrible voice.

The child, stammering and sobbing, recited the *Pater* and the *Credo*. The father responded *Amen* in a loud voice at the end of each prayer.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"Father, I know the *Ave Maria* too, and the litany my aunt taught me."

"It is very long, but never mind."

The child finished the litany in a stifled voice.

"Have you done?"

"O father, have mercy! forgive me! I will not do it again! I will beg my cousin the Corporal ever so hard that Gianetto may be pardoned!"

He was still speaking; Mateo had cocked his gun, and took aim, saying: "May God forgive you!"

The child made a desperate effort to get up, and embrace his father's knees; but he had not the time. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell stone-dead.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE: *Mateo Falcone*.

While thus employed, Gerard was busy about the seated corpse, and, to his amazement, Denys saw a luminous glow spreading rapidly over the white face.

Gerard blew out the candle. And on this the corpse's face shone still more like a glow-worm's head.

Denys shook in his shoes, and his teeth chattered.

"What in Heaven's name is this?" he whispered.

"Hush! 'tis but phosphorous. But 'twill serve."

"Away! they will surprise thee."

CHARLES READE: *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

"I am not delirious, nor have I been so at all. Don't you believe that if they say so. I am only in great misery at what I have done: and that, with the weakness, makes me seem mad. But it has not upset my reason. Do you think I should remember all about my mother's death if I were out of my mind? No such good luck. Two months and a half, the last of her life, did my poor mother live alone, distracted and mourning because of me; yet she was unvisited by me, though I was living only five miles off. Two months and a half—seventy-five days did the sun rise and set upon her in that

deserted state which a dog didn't deserve! Poor people who had nothing in common with her would have cared for her, and visited her had they known her sickness and loneliness; but I, who should have been all to her, stayed away like a cur."

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of the Native.*

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhooket,
Yer cap is on crooket,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!"

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!—
Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Park!"

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS: *The Recruit.*

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PHYSICAL RESPONSE

Physical Response Enforces Speech.—How often do we hear some one say, "I couldn't see the speaker's face, and that spoiled the address for me!" As auditors, we always like to see the reader or speaker because the face and bearing of an able speaker reinforce what he says. The Reverend John Watson had this in mind when he said, "The voice of the competent speaker is not so much sound merely, but is so much music with subtle intonations and delicate modulations; his pronunciation of a word is a commentary upon it, *his look as he speaks a translation of it.*"

Physical Response to Thought is Natural.—In his work on psychology, Professor William James affirms that, "all mental states (no matter what their character as regards utility may be) are followed by bodily activity of some sort." It is true that the response is often inconspicuous, but it is,

nevertheless, natural that there should be some bodily change. So people that inhibit their physical responses to their thoughts, not only make themselves appear like wooden Indians, but, also, defy nature.

The Error of Making Elaborate Gestures.—On the other hand, readers and speakers who plan elaborate gestures, also defy nature; for they ignore her gentle promptings, and substitute spectacular movements that they mistake for manifestations of eloquence, but which the "judicious" know are abominable gyrations, usually born of a desire to "show off." These spectacular efforts may generally be classed under the head of descriptive gestures. A descriptive gesture is a bodily movement that pictures what the words describe.

Descriptive Gestures Illustrated.—These descriptive gestures are the pitfall, not only of most amateur speakers and actors, but of many people who ought to know better. If the words tell of some personal action, like ringing a bell, whipping a horse, waving a handkerchief or even bowing the head or advancing a step, inartistic speakers employ descriptive gestures to depict these actions. If the action of inanimate things, like floating clouds, arching trees, pelting rain or tossing waves is mentioned, they persist in accompanying the words with an effort to point out the objects definitely or describe the actions in pantomime, and some would even attempt to tell about an aching heart or an anguished soul by acting it out.

The Widespread Teaching of Descriptive Gestures is Lamentable.—Incredible as it may seem, the teaching of these ridiculous descriptive gestures is widespread in our schools, both public and private. Pupils from the kindergarten to the college are, in many cases, actually being taught to make such gestures. This is the most lament-

able thing about the whole matter; for when such instruction is given, we cannot wonder that educators have doubts about the benefits of courses in elocution and public speaking.

When it is Right to Use Descriptive Gestures.—It is true that descriptive gestures have their place in expression. They are often necessary to make clear and definite what is complicated or vague, and they are always legitimate in humor and burlesque, for that is their particular province.

Self-Manifestive Gestures.—Another kind of gesture to be avoided, is the self-manifestive gesture. A self-manifestive gesture is one which reveals some personal characteristic of the speaker and has no relation whatever to what is being quoted or spoken. The girl who fumbles with the lace on her gown evidences her own nervousness and not her feeling about the poem she is reciting. The preacher who rotates his right fist in his left palm during the first part of his sentence, and then raises the right hand and quickly extends it toward his audience with open palm later in his sentence, only betrays the fact that he was pitcher on the base-ball nine when he was at college, and does nothing that reinforces his spoken word. These are examples of self-manifestive gestures.

Sympathetic Gestures Defined and Illustrated.—Sympathetic gestures are movements that show the reader or speaker's sympathy with what he is reading or saying. They often suggest actions, but do not imitate them. If I say, "the man grabbed the gold chain and broke it asunder," accompanying the words by a movement as if actually clutching a chain with clenched fists, and then suddenly parting them, I am using descriptive gesture; but if I only extend my hands forward in prone position and quickly separate them, I am using a sympathetic gesture. Again, if I state, "I saw the clouds rest on a lonely hill," and at the

same time point and look in a definite direction, I am using a descriptive gesture; but if I keep my eyes on my audience and sweep the arm out in a general way when uttering the clause, the gesture becomes sympathetic.

Emotionally Manifestive Gestures Defined and Illustrated.—Emotionally manifestive gestures are movements resulting from the speaker's emotions that have been aroused by the literature he is interpreting, or (in case of an original speech) by the stimulus of his own thoughts. For example, a person reading the lines, "McGrath's fellow firemen yelled to him not to attempt the rescue, for it was too hazardous," might almost unconsciously clench his hands as he pictured to himself the tension of the situation. This would be an emotionally manifestive gesture.

Hindrances and Helps to Expression by Gesture.—Henry Ward Beecher once defined oratory as, "The art of influencing conduct with truth sent home by all the resources of a living man." Certainly gesture is one of man's most potent resources in public address, and because it is so, more attention should be given to its cultivation. The greatest hindrance to adequate expression by gesture, is self-consciousness. Some people who gesture easily and naturally in conversation, become like statues, or else are the personification of awkwardness before an audience. The only way to make the body a truly expressive agent, and overcome self-consciousness, is to free the muscles by appropriate exercises, gain abandon by means of pantomimes, imitations and scenes, practice before imaginary audiences and appear before real audiences whenever there is an opportunity.

NOTE. The classification of gestures presented in this chapter is used by special permission of Mrs. Emily M. Bishop who has discussed the subject so well in her treatise entitled, "Interpretative Forms of Literature."

PREPARATION OF ORAL ENGLISH ASSIGNMENTS

HOW TO PREPARE A READING LESSON

1. Read the selection through to get an impression of it as a whole.
2. Read the selection deliberately, looking up the meaning and pronunciation of unfamiliar words, and digging out the thought of difficult passages.
3. Decide for yourself what the author had in mind as the central idea or purpose of the selection. For instance, in Clark Howell's speech, "The Man With His Hat in His Hand," the central idea may be worded: The man with his hat in his hand is a type of American patriotism.
4. If possible, learn whether there are incidents in history or in the author's life that aid in understanding the selection.
5. Imagine the situations depicted, as if you were to draw some illustrations for the selection.
6. Read all or at least parts of the selection aloud to ascertain if your own voice reveals what you see in the selection.
7. If the piece contains dialogue, imagine how real people would say the lines; if it contains fine description or argument, imagine how a good speaker would deliver those passages.
8. Practice reading parts of the selection in different ways, until you attain a manner of delivery which your ear approves as true to the purpose of the selection.

HOW TO PREPARE A SELECTION FOR PUBLIC PRESENTATION

I. Choosing a selection

Select from a good author something that you consider suited to your ability, your purpose, your prospective audience, and the occasion.

II. Studying the selection

1. Read the selection carefully.
2. If you are in doubt about the meaning and pronunciation of any words in the selection, consult a dictionary.
3. If the selection is an excerpt, read the entire poem or book to become familiar with the setting.
4. Read any review, criticism or other work that may broaden your conception of the selection.
5. Formulate your opinion of the author's purpose, and write a statement of it in a single sentence.
6. Consider carefully to what form of literature the selection belongs, whether drama, essay, monologue, etc., and determine what latitude or restriction its form entails upon your delivery of it.
7. Imagine the situations, until the selection is made more real by your mental pictures.

III. Memorizing the selection

1. The first steps toward memorizing the selection have been taken while studying it.
2. Read the whole selection aloud several times.
3. Think the selection through, grouping the minor incidents about the principal ones.
4. Recall as best you can, the words of the most important passages.
5. If you are to give the selection without the book, memorize it verbatim by reading a passage and then testing your memory of that passage. When the various passages are learned, test your memory of the entire selection.

IV. Rehearsing the selection

1. Make your studying and memorizing of the selection contribute to the appropriate delivery of it.
2. Listen to your own vocal effects and work toward your ideal of how the selection should sound.

3. By concentrating on the selection, and responding freely to your thought and emotions, gain some physical as well as vocal expression in your delivery.
4. Practice before a mirror that your eye may judge of your bearing and physical response.
5. Ask some competent friend or a coach to criticise your work.

HOW TO PREPARE AN ORIGINAL SPEECH

I. Choose a suitable topic by considering your:

1. purpose
2. prospective audience
3. occasion

II. Gather material by making notes from:

1. reading
2. conversing with well-informed people
3. carefully reflecting upon the topic

III. Plan an outline including:

1. an *introduction* to
 - a. overcome prejudice, if there is any, of the audience
 - b. state the purpose of the speech, or
 - c. arouse the good will of the audience toward the speaker and their interest in his topic
2. the *body of the speech* to
 - a. discuss the points essential for developing the topic
 - b. present points in a systematic order
 - c. emphasize points by forceful illustrations
 - d. adapt the discussion of points to the prospective audience
3. a *conclusion* which may
 - a. dispose of objections
 - b. summarize points discussed
 - c. emphasize the central idea, or
 - d. take the form of an exhortation

IV. Write out, or think out, the speech.

Some insist that they cannot do their best by writing out a speech. If you are positive that you are more successful without the writing

than with it, that, of course, is the best method for you. But for most people, and especially the inexperienced, writing out the speech insures the best results.

V. Correct the speech by applying the following tests:

1. Is it adapted to the audience?
2. Is it suited to the occasion?
3. Is it likely to be tedious in length or matter?
4. Is it expressed in good English?
5. Is it clear?
6. Is it forceful?
7. Does it sound well when read?

VI. Rewrite the speech, if necessary.

VII. Rehearse the speech.

To read a speech from the manuscript is likely to make a poor impression upon an audience, while to memorize it word for word is a laborious task, and may result in an awkward pause if there is a lapse of memory. In spite of these limitations, some well known speakers use one or the other of these two methods successfully. It is generally conceded, however, that speaking from a written or mental brief is much the best method to follow, for it makes the speaker more self-reliant and gives him confidence in his ability to think before an audience.

1. Prepare a brief of the speech.
2. Read the manuscript of the entire speech aloud several times.
3. With brief in hand, practice aloud until you can say approximately what you have written in the manuscript.
4. Practice for the best effect in delivery, allowing your own ear to be your critic.
5. Practice before a mirror that you may criticise your own bearing and gesture.
6. Obtain the assistance of some competent critic or a coach.

HOW TO PREPARE A DEBATE

Debating is such a helpful and interesting means of attaining better thinking, better composition and better spoken English, that a few hints regarding the preparation of debates will contribute to the purpose of this volume. Before advis-

ing how to prepare a debate, there are certain terms used in debating which need to be defined.

Stating the Question is wording the topic for debate. The favorite form is that of a resolution, e. g. Resolved: That territorial expansion is detrimental to the United States. The question should always be stated by the first speaker in a debate.

Clearing Ground is explaining the meaning and extent of the grounds for discussion, and showing that the discussion of other phases of the topic would be irrelevant to the question. The first speaker should clear the ground.

Shifting Ground is to change one's attitude toward the question—to take up a line of argument inconsistent with one's former argument, the argument of one's colleague, or with the interpretation of the question accepted by the rival teams prior to the actual debate.

Begging the Question is accepting some premise as though it had been proved to be true, when no proof has been presented to establish it.

Burden of Proof refers to the principle that he who makes an assertion must prove it. The burden of proof, therefore, is generally incumbent upon the affirmative speakers. They must select the particular evidence that will establish the truth of their assertions and make that their argument.

A Premise is a proposition, the truth of which being established, leads to some other truth as a conclusion.

A Syllogism is a logical form of argument consisting of two premises and a conclusion, e. g. The property of the city should be protected from vandals. Flowers and shrubs in our parks are city property. Therefore, the flowers and shrubs in our parks should be protected from vandals.

KINDS OF POSITIVE ARGUMENT

1. From Authority: the citation of expert evidence from specialists whose opinions are likely to be accepted.

For example:

Some of the simpler forms recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board merit adoption. More than one half are preferred by Webster's dictionary, more than six tenths by the Century dictionary, and two thirds by the Standard dictionary. Nearly all the rest are allowed by all these dictionaries as alternative spellings in good usage.

2. Antecedent Probability: (*a priori*) suggesting a probable cause which led to known conditions as a result.

For example:

A man commits suicide, his books show a marked decrease in business, therefore, business depression drove him to his rash act.

A cyclone overwhelms a western town, only one house remains standing, therefore, it was better built than any other in town.

3. Real Evidence: (*a posteriori*) examples of things actually seen or done which appear to be the results of existing conditions operating as causes.

For example:

A man ill with indigestion takes a certain remedy, he then recovers, therefore, the remedy is a good one.

Under municipal control of street railways, the city of Cleveland is able to reduce the fare on street railways from five to three cents, therefore, municipal control of street railways should be adopted in other cities.

4. Pure Reason: process of reasoning from facts that are self evident or truths that seem proved, as premises, to certain inferences, as logical conclusions.

For example:

The Gold Standard means dearer money; dearer money means cheaper property; cheaper property means harder times; harder

times means more people out of work; more people out of work means more people destitute; more people destitute means more people desperate; more people desperate means more crime.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

REFUTATION OF THE FOUR KINDS OF ARGUMENT

1. When your opponents quote from authorities, question the ability or impartiality of those authorities. If possible, show that the opinion of the authority mentioned would be much respected in another field, but that it has little weight in reference to the subject under discussion. If they give exact quotations from some authority, endeavor to show that the quotation out of its context, does not represent the authority fairly.
2. If your opponents use arguments of antecedent probability, emphasize the fact that their points are mere theory, and proceed to show how weak and incomplete they are. Suggest that some other cause might have produced the effect, or helped to produce it.
3. Should your opponents resort to illustrations as real evidence, endeavor to prove that there is not necessarily a cause and effect relationship, and that the circumstances they mention might have come about without the conditions which they assume to be causes.
4. In case your opponents employ arguments of pure reason, question the premises.

ACTUAL PREPARATION OF A DEBATE

I. Choosing a question.

1. Choose a question that has some vital interest.
2. Choose a question that admits of fair arguments on both sides.

II. Gather materials by making notes from:

1. reading
2. conversing with well-informed people
3. carefully reflecting upon the topic

III. Make a brief of your debate including :

1. an *introduction* to
 - a. state the question
 - b. define the question
 - c. clear the ground
 - d. indicate what constitutes the burden of proof
 - e. arouse the good will of the audience toward the speaker and their interest in the question
2. the *discussion* to
 - a. present three or four main points
 - b. embody each point in the *kind of argument* best suited to it
 - c. establish the truth of points by adequate proof
 - d. relate each point to the main issue
 - e. anticipate your opponents' arguments by deciding what kinds of refutation will be required
 - f. deal with the points in the order of sequence and climax
3. a *conclusion* to
 - a. refute points of opponents
 - b. summarize the points discussed
 - c. unify the whole discussion

IV. Write out or think out the debate.

See note on writing out speeches, under the preparation of an original speech.

V. Correct the debate by applying the following tests:

1. Is it clear?
2. Is it logical?
3. Is it well organized?
4. Is it expressed in good English?
5. Is it exaggerated?
6. Is it fair both to your opponents and to yourself?
7. Does any part of it beg the question?
8. Is it tedious in length or matter?
9. Does it sound well when read?

VI. Rewrite the debate if necessary.

VII. Rehearse the debate.

1. Prepare notes from which to speak.
2. Read the manuscript of the entire speech aloud several times.
3. With notes in hand, practice aloud until you can say approximately what you have written in the manuscript.
4. Practice for the best effect in delivery, allowing your own ear to be your critic.
5. Practice before a mirror that you may criticise your own bearing and gesture.
6. Obtain the assistance of some competent critic or coach.

CAUTIONS FOR DEBATERS

To conform with parliamentary usage, do not refer to the participants in the debate by their names, but say, my opponent, my colleague, the first speaker on the affirmative, etc.

Avoid extreme sarcasm, wit, smartness and flippancy in debate. They are not argument and will prejudice the judges and audience against you.

Use an understatement rather than an exaggeration, it makes your argument seem more fair.

PART II
SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

VITALITY IN DELIVERY

Well directed efforts to read expressively should accompany the mastering of the mechanics of speech and the cultivating of the voice. The first step towards expressive delivery is learning to put life and vigor into one's reading. Let your hearers know by the tones of your voice that you have a whole-hearted interest in the selection you are reading, and that you are eager to share with them what you enjoy. Strive especially to attain this element of expression in reading the following selections.

THE BREAKING OF POMMERS¹

Abridged from SIR NIGEL. BY A. CONAN DOYLE

The monks of Waverley Abbey distrained a splendid Arabian horse from Franklin Aylward in discharge of a debt. The horse was turned loose in the meadow of the cloister where his wild behavior terrified all the good brothers. A group of the monks climbed the wall of the meadow, the better to see some of their servants try to bridle the animal.

Fetlock deep in the lush grass there stood the magnificent horse, such a horse as a sculptor or a soldier might thrill to see. His color was a light chestnut, with mane and tail of a more tawny tint. Seventeen hands high, with a barrel and haunches which bespoke tremendous strength, he fined down to the most delicate lines of breed in neck and crest and shoulder. He was indeed a glorious sight as he stood there, his head craned high, and his flashing eyes turning from side to side in haughty menace and defiance.

Scattered round in a respectful circle, six of the Abbey servants and foresters, each holding a halter, were creeping toward him. The horse, having chased one of his enemies to the wall, remained so long snorting his contempt over the coping that the others were able to creep up from behind. Several ropes were flung, and one noose settled over the proud crest. In an instant the creature had turned and the men were flying for their lives; but he who had cast the rope lingered. The man saw the great creature rise above him. Then with a crash the fore feet fell upon him and dashed him to the ground.

On the road which led to the old manor-house a youth had been riding. His mount was a sorry one, and his patched tunic presented no very smart appearance. Cracking his whip joyously, he cantered down the Tilford Lane, and thence observed the comedy in the field and the impotent efforts of the servants of Waverley.

Suddenly, however, as the comedy turned swiftly to black tragedy,

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this passive spectator leaped off his pony, over the stone wall and flew across the field. Looking up from his victim, the great yellow horse saw his other enemy approach, and dashed at the newcomer. The little man flung up his metal-headed whip, and met the horse with a crashing blow upon the head, repeated again with every attack. The horse drew off, glared with wonder at this masterful man, and then trotted round in a circle, snorting in rage and pain. The man passed on to the wounded forester, raised him in his arms, and carried him to the wall, where a dozen hands were outstretched to help him over. Then the young man also climbed the wall, smiling back with cool contempt at the yellow horse.

As he sprang down, a dozen monks surrounded him to thank or to praise him.

"Bear the wounded forester to the hospital," commanded the Father Abbot. "And now about this terrible beast who still gazes and snorts at us, what shall we do with him?"

"Here is Franklin Aylward," said one of the brethren. "The horse was his, and doubtless he will take it back to his farm."

But the red-faced farmer shook his head at the proposal. "Not I, in faith!" said he. "The beast hath chased me twice around the paddock; it has nigh slain my boy Samkin. He comes no more to Crooksbury farm."

"And he stays no more here," said the Abbot. "Brother sacrist, you have raised the Devil, and it is for you to lay it again."

"That I will most readily," cried the sacrist. "Here is Wat with his arbalist and a bolt in his girdle. Let him drive it to the head through this cursed creature, for his hide and his hoofs are of more value than his wicked self."

A brown old woodman stepped forward with a grin of pleasure. Fitting a bolt on the nut of his taut crossbow, he leveled it at the fierce, disheveled head. His finger was crooked on the spring, when a blow from a whip struck the bow upward and the bolt flew harmless over the Abbey orchard, while the woodman shrank abashed from Nigel Loring's eyes.

"Keep your bolts for your weasels!" said he. "Would you slay such a horse as a king might be proud to mount, and all because a country

franklin, or a monk, or a monk's varlet, has not the wit nor the hands to master him?"

The sacrist turned swiftly on the Squire. "The Abbey owes you an offering for this day's work. If you think so much of the horse, you may desire to own it. With the holy Abbot's permission it is in my gift and I bestow it freely upon you."

"I take your gift, monk," said Nigel, "though I know well why it is you give it. Yet I thank you, for I have ever yearned for a noble horse. How is the horse called?"

"Its name," said the franklin, "is Pommers. I warn you that none may ride him, for many have tried, and the luckiest is he who has only a staved rib to show for it."

"I thank you for your rede," said Nigel, "and now I see that this is indeed a horse which I would journey far to meet. I am your man Pommers, and you are my horse, and this night you shall own it or I will never need horse again."

While he spoke the young Squire had climbed on to the top of the wall, his bridle hanging from one hand and his whip grasped in the other. With a fierce snort, the horse made for him instantly; but again a heavy blow from the whip caused him to swerve, and even at the instant of the swerve, Nigel bounded into the air and fell with his legs astride the horse. For a minute, with neither saddle nor stirrups, and the beast ramping and rearing, he was hard pressed to hold his own. His legs were like two bands of steel welded on to the arches of the great horse's ribs, and his left hand was buried deep in the tawny mane.

Pommers, amazed to find the rider still upon his back, swelled into greater fury. In his untamed heart there rose the furious resolve to dash the life from this clinging rider, even if it meant destruction to beast and man. He looked round for death. On one side of the field was a building presenting a flank unbroken by door or window. The horse stretched into a gallop, and headed straight for that craggy wall. Would Nigel spring off? To do so would be to bend his will to that of the beast beneath him. Cool and quick the man slipped his short mantle from his shoulders and lying forward along the creature's back cast the cloth over the horse's eyes.

When those eyes were suddenly shrouded in unexpected darkness the amazed horse came to a dead stop. Its purpose all blurred in its mind, the horse wheeled round, tossing its head until the mantle slipped from its eyes. But what was this new outrage which had been inflicted upon it? What was this defiling bar of iron which was locked hard against its mouth? What were these straps which galled the tossing neck? In those instants of stillness ere the mantle had been plucked away Nigel had slipped the snaffle between the champing teeth, and deftly secured it.

Pommers' heart rose high and menacing at the touch. He loathed this place, the people, all and everything which threatened his freedom. Let him away to the great plains where freedom is. He turned with a rush, and one deer-like bound carried him over the four-foot gate. They were in the water-meadow now, and the rippling stream twenty feet wide gleamed in front of them. The yellow horse gathered his haunches under him and flew over like an arrow. Under the hanging branch of the great oak-tree on the farther side the great horse passed. He had hoped to sweep off his rider, but Nigel sank low with his face buried in the flying mane.

Do what he would, the man clung fast. Over Hankley Down, through Thursley Marsh, with the reeds up to his mud-splashed withers, down by the Nutcombe Gorge, slipping, blundering, bounding, on went the horse. No marsh-land could clog him, no hill could hold him back. Up the long ascent of Fernhurst he thundered as on the level, and it was not until he had flown down Henley Hill, and the castle tower of Midhurst rose over the coppice in front, that the eager outstretched neck sank a little on the breast, and the breath came quick and fast. Look where he would, his eyes could catch no sign of those plains of freedom which he sought.

And yet another outrage! It was bad that this creature should still cling so tight upon his neck, but now he would even go to the intolerable length of checking him and guiding him on the way that he would have him go. There was a sharp pluck at his mouth, and his head was turned north once more. As well go that way as another. He would soon show this man that he was unconquered, if it strained his sinews and broke his heart to do so. Back then he flew up the long ascent.

Would he ever get to the end of it? He was white with foam and caked with mud. His eyes were gorged with blood, his mouth open and gasping. On he flew down Sunday Hill until he reached the deep Kingsley Marsh at the bottom. No, it was too much! Flesh and blood could go no farther. As he struggled out from the reedy slime, he slowed the tumultuous gallop to a canter.

Oh, crowning infamy! Was there no limit to these degradations? He was no longer even to choose his own pace. Since he had chosen to gallop so far at his own will he must now gallop farther still at the will of another. A spur struck home on either flank. A stinging whip-lash fell across his shoulder. He bounded his own height in the air at the pain and shame of it. On he flew and on. But again his limbs trembled beneath him, and yet again he strove to ease his pace, only to be driven onward by the falling lash.

He saw no longer where he placed his feet, he cared no longer whither he went, but his one mad longing was to get away from this torture which clung to him and would not let him go. He had won his way to the crest of Thursley Down, when his spirit weakened, his giant strength ebbed out of him, and with one deep sob the yellow horse sank among the heather. So sudden was the fall that Nigel flew forward over his shoulder, and the beast and man lay prostrate and gasping.

The young Squire was the first to recover, and kneeling by the overwrought horse he passed his hand gently down the foam-flecked face. The red eye rolled up at him; but it was wonder not hatred, a prayer and not a threat, which he could read in it. As he stroked the reeking muzzle, the horse whinnied gently and thrust his nose into the hollow of his hand. It was enough. It was the end of the contest, the acceptance of new conditions by a chivalrous foe from a chivalrous victor.

"You are my horse, Pommers," whispered Nigel, and he laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of Saint Paul we shall teach some other folks to know us both. Now let us walk together as far as this moorland pond, for indeed I wot not whether it is you or I who need the water most."

THE FINISH OF PATSY BARNES¹

Abridged from THE STRENGTH OF GIDEON. BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

His name was Patsy Barnes, and he was a denizen of Little Africa. By all the laws governing the relations between people and their names, he should have been Irish—but he was not. He was colored, and very much so.

His mother, Eliza Barnes, had found her way to Little Africa when she had come North from Kentucky. She was a hard-working, honest woman, and day by day bent over her tub, scrubbing away to keep Patsy in shoes and jackets, that would wear out so much faster than they could be bought. She wanted him to go to school. She had the notion that he might become something better, something higher than she had been.

But for him school had no charms; his school was the cool stalls in the big livery stable near at hand; the arena of his pursuits its sawdust floor; the height of his ambition to be a horseman.

A man goes where he is appreciated; then could this slim black boy be blamed for doing the same thing? He was a great favorite with the horsemen, and picked up many a dime or nickel for dancing and singing, or even a quarter for warming up a horse for its owner. He was not to be blamed for this, for, first of all, he was born in Kentucky, and had spent the very days of his infancy about the paddocks near Lexington, where his father had sacrificed his life on account of his love for horses. The little fellow had shed no tears when he looked at his father's bleeding body, bruised and broken by the fiery young two-year-old he was trying to subdue. Patsy did not sob or whimper, though his heart ached, for over all the feeling of his grief was a mad, burning desire to ride that horse.

His tears were shed, however, when, actuated by the idea that times would be easier up North, they moved to Dalesford. Then, when he learned that he must leave his old friends, the horses and their masters, whom he had known, he wept. They had been living in Dalesford for

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a year nearly, when hard work and exposure brought the woman down to bed with pneumonia. They were very poor—too poor even to call in a doctor, so there was nothing to do but to call in the city physician. Now this medical man had too frequent calls to Little Africa, and he did not like to go there. So he was very gruff when any of its denizens called him, and it was even said that he was careless of his patients.

Patsy's heart bled as he heard the Doctor talking to his mother:

"Now, there can't be any foolishness about this," he said. "You've got to stay in bed and not get yourself damp."

"How long you think I got to lay hyeah, doctah?" she asked.

"I'm a doctor, and not a fortune-teller," was the reply. "You'll lie there as long as the disease holds you."

"But I can't lay hyeah long, doctah, case I ain't got nuffin' to go on."

"Well, take your choice; the bed or the boneyard."

Eliza began to cry.

"You needn't sniffle," said the doctor; "I don't see what you people want to come up here for anyhow. Why don't you stay down South where you belong?"

Patsy was angry. His eyes were full of tears that scorched him and would not fall. The memory of many beautiful and appropriate oaths came to him; but he dared not let his mother hear him swear. Oh! to have a stone—to be across the road from that man!

When the physician walked out, Patsy went to the bed, took his mother's hand, and bent over shamefacedly to kiss her. The little mark of affection comforted Eliza unspeakably. The mother-feeling overwhelmed her in one burst of tears. Then she dried her eyes and smiled at him.

"Honey," she said; "mammy ain' gwine lay hyeah long. She be all right putty soon."

"Nevah you min'," said Patsy with a choke in his voice. "I can do somep'n, an' we'll have anothah doctah."

"La, listen at de chile; what kin you do?"

"I'm goin' down to McCarthy's stable and see if I kin git some horses to exercise."

A sad look came into Eliza's eyes as she said: "You bettah not go, Patsy; dem hosses'll kill you yit, des lak dey did yo' pappy."

But the boy was obdurate, and even while she was talking, put on his ragged jacket and left the room.

Patsy did get horses to exercise, and it was with a king's pride that he brought home his first considerable earnings. They were small yet, and would go for food rather than a doctor, but Eliza was inordinately proud, and it was this pride that gave her strength and the desire of life to carry her through the days approaching the crisis of her disease. As Patsy saw his mother growing worse, he became convinced that the doctor was not helping her. She must have another. But the money?

That afternoon, after his work with McCarthy, found him at the Fair-grounds. The spring races were on, and he thought he might get a job warming up the horse of some independent jockey. He hung around the stables, listening to the talk of the men he knew and some he had never seen before. Among the latter was a tall, lanky man, holding forth to a group of men.

"No, suh," he was saying to them generally, "I'm goin' to withdraw Black Boy, because thaib ain't nobody to ride him as he ought to be rode. I haven't brought a jockey along with me, so I've got to depend on pick-ups. If I could ride myself I'd show 'em!"

A little later Patsy was gazing into the stall at the horse.

"What are you doing thaih?" called the owner to him.

"Look hyeah, mistah," said Patsy, "ain't that a bluegrass hoss?"

"Of co'se it is, an' one of the fastest that evah grazed."

"I'll ride that hoss, mistah."

"What do you know 'bout ridin'?"

"I used to gin'ally be' roun' Mistah Boone's paddock in Lexington, an'—

"Aroun' Boone's paddock—what! Look here, little nigger, if you can ride that hoss to a winnin' I'll give you more money than you ever seen before."

"I'll ride him."

Patsy's heart was beating very wildly beneath his jacket. That horse. He knew that glossy coat. He knew that raw-boned frame and those flashing nostrils. That black horse there owed something to the orphan he had made.

Somehow out of odds and ends, his owner scraped together a suit

and colors for Patsy. The colors were maroon and green, a curious combination. But then it was a curious horse, a curious rider, and a more curious combination that had brought them together.

Long before the time for the race Patsy went into the stall to become better acquainted with the horse. The animal turned his wild eyes upon him and neighed. He patted the long, slender head, and grinned as the horse stepped aside as gently as a lady.

"He sholy is full o' ginger," he said to the owner, whose name he had found to be Brackett.

"He'll show 'em a thing or two," laughed Brackett.

When the bell sounded and Patsy went out to warm up, he felt as if he were riding on air. Some of the jockeys laughed at his get-up, but there was something in him—or under him, maybe—that made him scorn their derision. He saw a sea of faces about him, then he saw no more. Only a shining white track loomed ahead of him, and a restless steed was cantering with him around the curve. Then the bell called him back to the stand.

They did not get away at first, and back they trooped. A second trial was a failure. But at the third they were off in a line as straight as a chalk mark. There were Essex and Firefly, Queen Bess and Mosquito, galloping away side by side, and Black Boy a neck ahead. Patsy knew the family reputation of his horse for endurance as well as fire, and began riding the race from the first. Black Boy came of blood that would not be passed, and to this his rider trusted. At the eighth the line was hardly broken, but as the quarter was reached Black Boy forged a length ahead, and Mosquito was at his flank. Then, like a flash, Essex shot out ahead under whip and spur, his jockey standing straight in the stirrups.

The crowd in the stand screamed; but Patsy smiled as he lay low over his horse's neck. He knew that Essex had made his best spurt. His only fear was for Mosquito, who hugged and hugged his flank. They were nearing the three-quarter post, and he was tightening his grip on the black. Essex fell back; his spurt was over. The whip fell unheeded on his sides. The spurs dug him in vain.

Black Boy's breath touches the leader's ear. They are neck and neck—nose to nose. The black stallion passes him.

Another cheer from the stand, and again Patsy smiles as they turn into the stretch. Mosquito has gained a head. The colored boy flashes one glance at the horse and rider who are so surely gaining upon him, and his lips close in a grim line. They are half-way down the stretch, and Mosquito's head is at the stallion's neck.

For a single moment Patsy thinks of the sick woman at home and what this race will mean to her, and then his knees close against the horse's sides with a firmer dig. The spurs shoot deeper into the steaming flanks. Black Boy shall win; he must win. The horse that has taken away his father shall give him back his mother. The stallion leaps away like a flash, and goes under the wire—a length ahead.

Then the band thundered, and Patsy was off his horse, very warm and very happy, following his mount to the stable. There, a little later, Brackett found him. He rushed to him, and flung his arms around him.

"You little imp," he cried, "you rode like you were kin to that hoss! We've won! We've won!" And he began sticking banknotes at the boy. At first Patsy's eyes bulged, and then he seized the money and got into his clothes.

"Goin' out to spend it?" asked Brackett.

"I'm goin' for a doctah fu' my mother," said Patsy, "she's sick."

"Don't let me lose sight of you."

"Oh, I'll see you again. So long," said the boy.

An hour later he walked into his mother's room with a very big doctor, the greatest the druggist could direct him to. The doctor left his medicines and his orders, but, when Patsy told his story, it was Eliza's pride that started her on the road to recovery. Patsy did not tell his horse's name.

THE STORY OF THE BREEZE¹

From THE JESTERS. BY MIGUEL ZAMACOÏS

A breeze one day, abroad on fun or mischief bent,
Entered a castle grim, traversed the battlement,
And on the terrace found, sitting and spinning there,
A maiden of sixteen, blue eyed, with golden hair.

Blue were her eyes, and soft as the young sky at dawn,
Or the waves of the lake the breeze had crossed that morn,
And as th' intruder loosed a strand of golden hair
The maid looked up and laughed, so sweet, so chaste, so fair,
That the breeze, who till then had kissed and whirred away
Over the trees and far, fickle until to-day,
Knew that this time his heart was bound and tethered there
To that child of sixteen, blued-eyed, with golden hair,
For the fair maid had won, won all unconsciously,
A lover without a name and whom she could not see,
While the breeze loved to love, and for no royal throne
Would have exchanged his right to love her thus unknown.

Then, as he could not bring her flowers all abloom,
The butterflies he'd waft in shoals into her room
From forest glades and fields, from near and far, and they
Blue, yellow, red, and green, a quivering bouquet,
He blew into her hair, bejeweled it, and then,
When he grew jealous, swiftly blew them out again.
The scent of new-mown hay he brought in from the fields,
From ev'ry bush and flow'r what each of sweetest yields,
Marjoram, meadow-sweet, and sage he carried there,
For the maid of sixteen, blue-eyed, with golden hair.

Sometimes he'd wander off, down into far Provence,
And from the fairest lands of the fair land of France

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He would come laden back with orange blossoms' breath,
Which he had stolen e'er men crushed the blooms to death.
For all that ailed the maid he found a ready cure;
Were the day stormy, he would fetch her air more pure
From snowy mountain-tops, and if she were cold, why,
His own love blew so warm he warmed her easily.

When she was reading in works of old bard or sage,
The breeze was waiting there to help her turn the page.
And when at night she slept in her white-curtained bed,
He'd venture till he touched his darling's golden head,
And, drunken with the joy forbidden, dare to sip
A kiss that maddened him from the child's smiling lip.

One day, alas! there came a lord of Aquitaine
To woo and win the maid. He came and came again,
And the unhappy breeze howled in his mad despair.
Gone the maid of sixteen, blue-eyed, with golden hair,
Handsome the swain and rich, strong in his manhood's spring,
Blushes, a whispered word, the chaplain, and a ring.
What, when a woer's young, rich, and has all to please,
What, against such a man, can the most perfumed breeze?

Off went the breeze, and rushed heartbroken, desire-torn,
Into the desert, where, anguished, alone, forlorn,
He gathered strength to rush back with unwonted might,
Battle the castle walls, howl, the unhappy wight,
As though his storm-tossed soul could in the noise find peace,
Or, with a whirl of rage, could his poor heart release,
And when the sexton old rang out the marriage bell
So fiercely blew that he tolled a funeral knell.
So that no flow'rs should deck the couple's bridal way,
Every rose-bush he swept into sad disarray,
Murdering all the blooms he had caressed of old,
For the sixteen-year bride, blue-eyed, with hair of gold.

Off and away the breeze, sweeping a weary world,
Off and away he went, misery tossed and whirled,

Came back in two years' time, back to the castle old,
Where dwelt the sweet young wife, blue-eyed, with hair of gold;
Back to the castle grim, and in a cradle there
Found a wee baby girl, blue-eyed, with golden hair.
Gently and softly blew, turning the child's toy mill,
Eager to win a smile where he had come to kill;
Turning the tiny mill as he had kissed of old
The mother's sweet blue eyes and hair of burnished gold,
Then sank to endless rest under the mother's chair,
To dream of her blue eyes and of her golden hair.

ESCAPE FROM PRISON¹

Abridged from HUGH WYNNE. BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Hugh Wynne is the son of an austere Quaker residing in Philadelphia at the time of the American Revolution. John Wynne, the father, is a Tory, but Hugh is influenced by his Aunt Gainor who makes a rebel and a patriot of him. Before joining the army Hugh becomes much enamored with a capricious young lady named Darthea Peniston. Arthur Wynne, his cousin, is an officer in the British army and his hated rival. During the battle of Germantown, Hugh is seriously wounded and taken prisoner. He and other disabled prisoners are driven to Walnut Street Prison, Philadelphia, called by the English the Provost. Of his experiences there, Hugh Wynne gives the following account.

My heart fell within me as I looked up at the gray stone walls and grated windows. The door soon closed behind a hundred of us. With fifteen others, I was shut up in a room about twenty-two feet square. I was carried and laid down by two soldiers in a corner of the bare room. After an hour had gone by, I called a fellow prisoner, a Virginia captain named Richard Delaney, and asked him to lift and ease my hurt leg. He was quick to help and tender. In a few minutes we came to know each other, and thus began a friendly relation.

A surgeon dressed my wounds for a month, and then I saw him no more. I set myself to seeing how I could keep my health. I talked with my unlucky fellow prisoners, and ate the vile food dealt out to us.

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I felt sure that before long some one would hear of me and bring relief. None came. The scoundrel in charge of the prison was a Captain Cunningham, a great, florid, burly, drunken brute. He no doubt sold our rations, for in December we once passed three days on rye bread and water, and one day we had no food.

But for the Virginian, Richard Delaney, I should not be alive to-day. Death was busy among the starving men, and we saw every day hasty burials in the potter's field. I was attacked with a burning fever. For how long I know not I lay on the floor in the straw, miserably rolling from side to side. Then I lost consciousness, and knew no more for many days. When I came to a knowledge of myself, I found Delaney caring for me. About the end of January, Delaney, seeing me better and able to sit up a little, told me this strange story.

While I was ill and unconscious, a British officer had come to inspect the prison. "He came over and stood just here," said Delaney, "he looked down on you for so long that I thought he must be sorry for us. He asked me to pull the blanket from your face. I did so, as he seemed afraid to touch it. As for you, you were saying 'Darthea' over and over; but who is Darthea, the Lord knows. After standing awhile, the officer said in a queer way and very deliberately, 'it was a pity, but it was of no use; you would die.' I told him—"

Breaking in on Delaney, I said, "Who was this man? What did he look like?"

"He was tall, very dark, and had a scar over the left eye."

"Did he have a way of standing with half-shut eyes, and his mouth a little open?"

"Certainly. Why, Wynne, you must know the man."

"I do—I do. He is my cousin."

It did seem to me, as I lay still, in much distress of body, that no man could be so cruel as Arthur Wynne had shown himself. Time had gone by, and he had done nothing. Months since he had warned me that I had everything to dread from his enmity, if I persisted in writing to Darthea. Assuredly he had been as good as his word. I thought how impossible it must ever be to hate a man enough to do as Arthur Wynne had done. I kept thinking of the hour when my cousin and I should meet, and as I fed this animal appetite I won fresh desire to live. He

must have learned later that I was still alive. It looked worse and worse as I thought about it, until Delaney, hearing me talk of nothing else, told me I would go mad if I let myself dwell longer upon it. Thus wisely counselled, I set it aside.

By the beginning of February, I was greatly improved and fast gaining strength. One day I awakened with a fresh and happy thought in my mind. I thought I suddenly saw a way to let the sweet outside world know I was alive. At first I used to think of a chaplain as a resource, but I never saw one. Being now able to move about a little, I had noticed in the yard a fat Romanist priest, who was allowed to bring soup or other food to certain prisoners. I soon learned that, because Cunningham was of the Church of Rome, those who were of his faith were favored. Indeed, now and then, certain gray-clad sisters also brought supplies; but this was rare.

That day in the yard I drew near to the priest, but saw Cunningham looking on, and so I waited with the patience of a prisoned man.

It was quite two weeks before my chance came. Passing near to a stout old Sister of Charity, I said quietly:

"I have friends who would help me. For God's love, see my aunt, Miss Wynne in Arch street, across from the Meeting."

"I will do your errand," she said.

"Others have said so, sister, and have lied to me."

"I will do it," she said. "And if she is away?"

I thought of my father. He seemed my natural resource, but my cousin would be there. Finally I said, "If she is not in town, then Miss Darthea Peniston, near by. If you fail me, I shall curse you while I live."

"I will not fail you. Why should you poor prisoners be so ill used? Trust me."

Two days later a turnkey came and bade me follow him. I went with an eager heart. As I questioned the man, he said there was an order for a lady to see me. Now at this time my hair was a foot long, and no way to shear it. We had taken the blankets of the dead, and made us coats by tearing holes through which to thrust our arms. My costume troubled me a little. As he opened the door, I saw the good Sister of Charity in the hall, and then—who but Darthea?

Seeing me in this blue blanket, all unshorn, and my beard covering my face, I wonder not that she fell back, saying there was some mistake.

I cried out, "Darthea! Darthea! Do not leave me. It is I! It is I, Hugh Wynne."

"My God!" she cried, "It is Hugh! It is! it is!" At this she caught my lean yellow hand, and went on to say, "Why were we never told? Your Aunt Wynne is away. Since we thought you dead, she has ordered mourning and is gone to her farm. But you are not dead, thank God! thank God! I was but a day come home from New York, when this dear old sister came and told me. Just then Arthur came, and I told him of your misfortune. He was greatly shocked to hear it. He reminded me that some while before he had told me that he had seen a man who looked like you in the jail, and was about to die. I never saw him so troubled."

"Well he might be," thought I. I merely said, "Indeed?" But I must have looked my doubt, for she added quickly:

"Who could know you, Hugh Wynne?"

"Darthea," I said, "you must not remain in this awful place. God knows how welcome you are, but—"

"Oh," she cried, "I told Arthur that I would wait, but I could not, so I came with the sister. You will be helped, and an end put to this wickedness. Arthur will ask for a parole for you."

"Darthea," I said hoarsely, "I have been here since early in October. I have been starved, frozen, maltreated in a hundred ways, but I can never take a parole. I will take my chance here." I think death had been preferable to a parole obtained for me by Arthur Wynne.

Then I was struck with a thought which was like a physical pain. "O Darthea!" I cried, "you should never have come here. Go at once. Do not stay a minute. This is a house poisoned. Write me what else is to say, but go; and let me have some plain clothes from home, and linen and a razor and scissors and, above all, soap. But go! go!"

"I will go when I have done. I came, because I am your friend, and this is the way I read friendship. Oh, I shall hear of it too. But let Arthur Wynne take care. I will write to you, and the rest you shall have; and now good-by."

In two hours came a note with news of the war and from home. I

learned that Washington was not dead. We had been told that he was. I heard, too, of Burgoyne's surrender, of the fall of the forts on the Delaware, of Lord Cornwallis gone to England, of failures to effect exchanges.

A few hours later came the turnkey. He fetched a portmantle just come, and an order to put me in a room alone. I left Delaney with sorrow, but hoped for some way to help him. In an hour I was clean for the first time in five months, neatly shaven, my hair somehow cut, and I in sweet linen and a good, plain gray suit. Then I sat down to think, the mere hope of escape making me weak.

The next day I was ordered forth with a few others, and, luckily, late in the afternoon. I covered my fine clothes with a blanket, and went out. In the yard, I saw the sister, to my delight, and perceived too, that the prisoners did not recognize me, decently shaven as I was. Only one thing held me back or made me doubt that I was close to liberty; I was so feeble that at times I staggered in walking. I knew, however, that when my new clothes became familiar in the jail my chance of escape would be over. I must take the present opportunity and trust to luck.

My scheme I had clearly thought out. I meant, when in the yard, to drop the blanket cover, and coolly follow the sister, trusting to my being taken in my new garments, for a visitor. It was simple, and like enough to succeed if my strength held out. It was now dusk. A bell was rung, this being the signal for the gang of prisoners to go to their rooms. Falling back a little, I cast aside the blanket, and then following the rest, was at once in the hall, dimly lit with lanterns. It was some eighty feet long. Here I kept behind the group, and went boldly after the stout sister. No one seemed disposed to suspect the well-dressed gentleman in gray. I went by the turnkey, keeping my face the other way. I was now some fifteen feet from the great barred outer door. The two sentries stepped back to let the sister go by.

Meanwhile the gatekeeper, with his back to me, was busy with his keys. He unlocked the door and pulled it open. A great lantern hung over it. I was aghast to see the wretch, Cunningham, just about to enter. He was sure to detect me. I hesitated, but the lookout into space and liberty was enough for me. The beast fell back to let the

sister pass out. I dashed by the guards, upset the good woman, and, just outside the doorway, struck Cunningham in the face—a blow that had in it all the gathered hate of five months of brutal treatment. He fell back, stumbling on the broad upper step. I caught him a second full in the neck, as I followed. With an oath, he rolled back down the high steps, as I, leaping over him, ran across Walnut street. I darted through the open door of a cobbler's shop, and out at the back into a small yard, and over palings into an open space. Then through various streets, and soon home, friends and liberty were mine again.

THE RACE OF LIFE¹

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass behind the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT SOCII MOERENTES"

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced around, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? And the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silvered rings of the *arcus senilis!*

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or

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three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a “tailing off!” Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by a fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don’t you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black “colt” as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE¹

BY SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,

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Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
 The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
 The dewberry dipped deep to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
 Did bar me a passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone

In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain now to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

LOG DRIVING ¹

Abridged from THE BLAZED TRAIL. BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

About the fifteenth of April the attention of the lumber-jacks became strained. Every day the mounting sun made heavy attacks on the snow. The river began to show more air holes, occasional open places. About the centre the ice looked worn and soggy. Some one saw a flock of geese high in air. Then came rain.

One morning early, Long Pine Jim came into the men's camp bearing a huge chunk of tallow. This he softened at the hot stove and began to swab liberal quantities of it on his spiked river shoes.

"She's comin', boys," said he.

He donned a pair of woolen trousers that had been chopped off at the knee, thick woolen stockings, and the river shoes. Then he walked over to the corner to select a peavey from the lot the blacksmith had just put in shape. A peavey is like a cant-hook except that it is pointed at the end. Thus it can be used either as a hook or a pike.

At the same moment Shearer, a foreman, appeared in the doorway. "Come on, boys, she's on!" said he sharply. "She'll be down on us before we know it!"

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The opening of the portal admitted a roar of sound. The freshet was abroad forceful with the strength of a whole winter's accumulated energy. The men heard it and their eyes brightened with the lust of battle. They cheered.

Already the ice cementing the logs together had begun to weaken. The ice had wrenched and tugged savagely at the locked timbers until they had, with a mighty effort, snapped asunder the bonds of their hibernation. Now a narrow lane of black rushing water pierced the rollways, to boil and eddy in the consequent jam three miles below.

At the bank of the river, Thorpe, the manager, rapidly issued his directions. The affair had been all prearranged. To the foremen he assigned their tasks, calling them to him one by one, as a general calls his aids.

"Moloney," said he to a big Irishman, "take your crew and break that jam. Then scatter your men down to within a mile of the pond, and see that the river runs clear. Kerlie, your crew can break rollways with the rest until we get the river fairly filled, and then you can move on down-stream as fast as you are needed. Scotty, you will have the rear."

At once the signal was given to Ellis, the dam watcher. Ellis and his assistants thereupon began to pry with long iron bars at the ratchets of the heavy gates. The chore-boy bent attentively over the ratchet-pin, lifting it delicately to permit another inch of raise, dropping it accurately to enable the men at the bars to seize a fresh purchase. The river's roar deepened. Through the wide sluiceways a torrent foamed and tumbled. Immediately it spread through the brush on either side to the limits of the freshet banks, and then gathered for its leap against the uneasy rollways.

Along the edge of the dark channel the face of the logs seemed to crumble away. Farther in towards the banks where the weight of the timber still outbalanced the weight of the flood, the tiers grumbled and stirred, restless with the stream's calling. Far down the river, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were picking at the jam, the water in eager streamlets sought the interstices between the logs, gurgling excitedly like a mountain brook. The jam creaked and groaned in response to the pressure. From its face a hundred jets of water spurted

into the lower stream. Logs up-ended here and there, rising slowly, like so many arms from the lower depths.

The crew worked desperately. Down in the heap somewhere, two logs were crossed in such a manner as to lock the whole. They sought those logs. Thirty feet above the bed of the river six men clamped their peaveys into the soft pine; jerking, pulling, sliding the great logs from their places. Thirty feet below, under the threatening face, six other men coolly picked out and set adrift, one by one, the timbers not inextricably imbedded. From time to time the mass creaked, settled, perhaps even moved a foot or two; but always the practiced rivermen, after a glance, bent more eagerly to their work.

Outlined against the sky, big Bryan Moloney stood directing his work. He knew by the tenseness of the log he stood on that, behind the jam, power had gathered sufficient to push the whole tangle down-stream. Now he was offering it the chance. Suddenly the six men below the jam scattered. Four of them, holding their peaveys across their bodies, jumped lightly from one floating log to another in the zigzag to shore. The other two ran the length of their footing, and, overleaping an open of water, landed heavily and firmly on the very ends of two small floating logs. In this manner the force of the jump rushed the little timbers end-on through the water. The two men were thus ferried to within leaping distance of the other shore.

In the meantime a barely perceptible motion was communicating itself from one particle to another through the centre of the jam. The crew redoubled its exertions, clamping its peaveys here and there, apparently at random, but in reality with the most definite of purposes. A sharp crack exploded immediately underneath. There could no longer exist any doubt as to the motion, although it was as yet sluggish, glacial. The jam crew were forced continually to alter their positions, riding the changing timbers bent-kneed, as a circus rider treads his four galloping horses.

Then all at once something crashed. The entire stream became alive. It hissed and roared, it shrieked, groaned and grumbled. At first slowly, then more rapidly, the very forefront of the center melted inward and forward and downward until it caught the fierce rush of the freshet and shot out from under the jam. Far up-stream, bristling and

formidable, the tons of logs, grinding savagely together, swept forward.

The six men and Bryan Moloney—who, it will be remembered, were on top of the jam—worked until the last moment. When the logs began to cave under them so rapidly that even the expert rivermen found difficulty in “staying on top,” the foreman set the example of hunting safety.

“She pulls, boys,” he yelled.

Then in a manner wonderful to behold, through the smother of foam and spray, the drivers zigzagged calmly and surely to the shore.

All but Jimmy Powers. He poised tense and eager on the crumbling face of the jam. Almost immediately he saw what he wanted, and without pause sprang boldly and confidently ten feet straight downward, to alight with accuracy on a single log floating free in the current. And then in the very glory and chaos of the jam itself he was swept downstream.

After a moment the constant acceleration in speed checked, then commenced perceptibly to slacken. At once the rest of the crew began to ride down-stream. Each struck the calks of his river boots strongly into a log, and on such unstable vehicles floated miles with the current. From time to time, as Bryan Moloney indicated, one of them went ashore. There, usually at a bend in the stream where the likelihood of jamming was great, they took their stands. When necessary, they ran out over the face of the river to separate a congestion likely to cause trouble.

At noon they ate from the little canvas bags which had been filled that morning by the cookee. At sunset they rode other logs down the river to where their camp had been made for them. There they ate hugely, hung their ice-wet garments over a tall framework constructed around a monster fire, and turned in on hemlock branches.

All night long the logs slipped down the moonlit current, silently, swiftly, yet without haste. From the whole length of the river rang the hollow boom, boom, boom, of timbers striking one against the other.

The drive was on.

WHEN TULIPS BLOOM¹

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
 Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
 And leads the eyes to sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
 I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
 Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats to match the sun;
 And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
 Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,

¹ Reprinted by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

While on the wing the blue-birds ring
Their wedding bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,

Where water flows, where green grass grows
Song-sparrows gently sing "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.

How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

"Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;

No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,

Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:

'Tis all I'm wishing—old fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

MAY FLOWERS¹

From THE JOY O' LIFE. BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

May flowers on the city street—

A keen-faced vender sells, with eyes

Fitted for coarser merchandise

Than these pathetic bits of sweet

That breathe of vague simplicities.

¹ Reprinted by permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

May flowers on the city street—
Here where the tide of traffic roars
Against its narrow, crowded shores
Where men go by with hurrying feet
And barter swings its thousand doors.

May flowers on the city street—
Why, 'tis as though the young-eyed Spring
Herself had come—an artless thing,
A country lass, demure and neat—
To smile upon us wondering.

May flowers on the city street—
Pink and white poetry abloom
Here in this clamor, crush and gloom—
A home thought in the battle's heat,
A love-song in a sunless room.

May flowers on the city street—
For one poor coin behold I buy
Springtime and youth and poetry,
E'en in this sordid mart unmeet
So many miles from Arcady.

THE EAGLE'S SONG ¹

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

The lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an eagle and carried up,
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast;
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
"To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

The lion whelp sprang from the eyrie nest,
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;

¹ Reprinted by permission of Mrs. Mansfield.

He fought the king on the spreading plain,
 And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
 He held the land as a thrifty chief,
 And reared his cattle, and reaped his sheaf,
 Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
 Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
 To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;
 And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
 And Industry lived with the Northern one.
 Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
 Tears was the price of the union wrought!
 And the land was red in a sea of blood,
 Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
 Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"
 And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:
 "To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"
 For the eagle's beak, and the lion's paw,
 And the lion's fangs, and the eagle's claw,
 And the eagle's swoop, and the lion's might,
 And the lion's leap, and the eagle's sight,
 Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain!"
 Now that the two are one again!

FALSTAFF'S VALOR

From KING HENRY THE FOURTH. BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE; The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap. There are present Prince Hal, Poins, Jack Falstaff, Gadshill, Peto and others.

POINS: Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF: A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy. (*He drinks*) Is there no virtue extant? There live not three good men unhanged in England;

and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE: How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF: A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE: Why, you round old man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF: Are not you a coward? answer me that,—and Poins there?

POINS: Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by Heaven, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF: I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.

PRINCE: What's the matter?

FALSTAFF: What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

PRINCE: Where is it, Jack, where is it?

FALSTAFF: Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE: What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF: I am a rogue, if I were not at sword play with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE: Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL: We four set upon some dozen—

FALSTAFF: Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL: And bound them.

PETO: No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADSHILL: As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF: And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE: What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF: All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE: Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

FALSTAFF: Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE: What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF: Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS: Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF: These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE: Seven? why there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF: In buckram?

POINS: Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF: Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE: Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE: Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF: Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE: So, two more already.

FALSTAFF: Their points being broken,—

POINS: Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF: Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE: O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF: But, as the devil would have it, three knaves in Kendal

green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE: These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, greasy tallow-catch,—

FALSTAFF: What, art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE: Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

POINS: Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF: What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE: I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this huge hill of flesh,—

FALSTAFF: 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—

PRINCE: Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS: Mark, Jack.

PRINCE: We saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away so nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword, as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS: Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF: By Heaven, I knew ye. Why, hear you, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great

matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But lads, I am glad you have the money.

A SILLY OLD MAN¹

BY GEORGE R. SIMS

'Mid all the nasty things that come to make our tempers smart,
It's very nice in middle age to have a childish heart,
To feel—although you've got a house, and taxes coming due—
The little joys of early life possess a charm for you.
My boys and girls are growing up; I'm fifty in a day;
And all the hair that time has left has turned a doubtful gray;
And yet I jump and skip about and sing a song of glee,
Because we're off to spend a month beside the sounding sea.
Where I shall wear my holland clothes, and tuck them up and wade,
And buy myself an air-balloon, a bucket and a spade.

I've packed my box and corded it, and seen my boys to bed,
And now I'm in the drawing-room and standing on my head;
I really can't contain myself, I shout and rub my hands,—
Oh, won't I build a castle with a moat upon the sands!
I know this week I've lost a lot of money upon 'Change,
I know the kitchen boiler's burst and spoilt the kitchen range,
I know my wife declares she wants another hundred pounds,
And I should weep and tear my hair, because I've ample grounds;
But visions of to-morrow's bliss bid all my sorrows fade,—
There's comfort in an air-balloon, a bucket and a spade.

I ought to be a solemn chap, and dress in black, and frown,
And do as other fathers do when going out of town;
I ought to count the cost of it, and look extremely riled,
And swear that all the packing-up will send me nearly wild.
And when I reach the lovely sea I ought to take a seat,
Or walk about a mile a day and grumble at the heat;

¹ Reprinted by permission of George Routledge and Sons, London.

But oh, I can't contain myself, I'm off my head with joy,
 And won't I get my trousers wet and be a naughty boy!
 For I shall wear my holland clothes, and tuck them up and wade,
 And buy myself an air-balloon, a bucket and a spade.

UNDER THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SHOE¹

From TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN. BY ALFRED NOYES

NOTE. Christopher (Kit) Marlowe, the dramatist, was the son of a cobbler and played about his father's shop in his boyhood.

A cobbler lived in Canterbury
 —He is dead now, poor soul!—
 He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
 Nodding and smiling at everyone;
 For St. Hugh makes all good cobblers merry
 And often he sang as the pilgrims passed,
 “I can hammer a soldier’s boot,
 And daintily glove a dainty foot.
 Many a sandal from my hand
 Has walked the road to Holy Land.
 Knights may fight for me, priests may pray for me,
 Pilgrims walk the pilgrim’s way for me,
 I have a work in the world to do!
—Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
To good St. Hugh!—
 The cobbler must stick to his last.”

And anon he would cry
 “Kit! Kit! Kit!” to his little son,
 “Look at the pilgrims riding by!
 Dance down, hop down, after them, run!”
 Then, like an unfledged linnet, out
 Would tumble the brave little lad,

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With a piping shout,—
“ O, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
Priest and prioress, abbot and friar,
Soldier and seaman, knight and squire!
How many countries have they seen?
Is there a king there, is there a queen?
Dad, one day,
Thou and I must ride like this,
All along the Pilgrim’s Way,
By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
El Dorado and Cathay,
London and Persepolis,
All the way to the Holy Land!”

Then shaking his head as if he knew,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe*,
Touched by the glow of the setting sun,
While the pilgrims passed,
The little cobbler would laugh and say;
“ When you are old you will understand
’Tis a very long way
To Samarcand!
Why, largely to exaggerate
Befits not men of small estate,
But—I should say, yes, I should say,
’Tis a hundred miles from where you stand;
And a hundred more, my little son,
A hundred more, to Holy Land! . . .
I have a work in the world to do
—*Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,*
 To good St. Hugh!—
The cobbler must stick to his last.”

THE ELECTRIC TRAM¹

From THE ENCHANTED ISLAND. BY ALFRED NOYES

Bluff and burly and splendid
Through roaring traffic-tides,
By secret lightnings attended
The land-ship hisses and glides.
And I sit on its bridge and I watch and I dream
While the world goes gallantly by,
With all its crowded houses and its colored shops a-stream
Under the June-blue sky,
Heigh, ho!
Under the June-blue sky.

There's a loafer at the curb with a sulphur-colored pile
Of "Lights! Lights! Lights!" to sell;
And a flower-girl there with some lilies and a smile
By the gilt swing-doors of a drinking hell,
Where the money is rattling loud and fast,
And I catch one glimpse as the ship swings past
Of a woman with a babe at her breast
Wrapped in a ragged shawl;
She is drinking away with the rest,
And the sun shines over it all,
Heigh, ho!
The sun shines over it all!

And a barrel-organ is playing,
Somewhere, far away,
Abide with me, and The world is gone a-maying,
And *What will the policeman say?*
There's a glimpse of the river down an alley by a church,
And the barges with their tawny-colored sails,

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And a grim and grimy coal-wharf where the London pigeons perch
 And flutter and spread their tails,
 Heigh, ho!
 Flutter and spread their tails.

O, what does it mean, all the pageant and the pity,
 The waste and the wonder and the shame?

I am riding tow'rd the sunset through the vision of a City
 Which we cloak with the stupor of a name!

I am riding through ten thousand tragedies and terrors,
 Ten million heavens that save and hells that damn;

And the lightning draws my car tow'rd the golden evening star;
 And—they call it only "riding on a tram,"

Heigh, ho!

They call it only "riding on a tram."

WHEN I GO OUT ON MY WHEEL¹

BY ALFRED JAMES WATERHOUSE

When I go out on my wheel, the world
 Goes scurrying past, as the Hand unfurled
 The leagues of hurrying brown and green;
 And I see the little white houses between
 The hedges and trees, and the air strikes hard
 On my lifted face, and the odor of nard,
 Of myrtle and roses, exalts like wine,
 As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

When I go out on my wheel, the town
 Fades away—fades away into stretches of brown;
 And I hear the murmur of brooks that run
 Through the shady nooks till they greet the sun.
 And it's ho! oho! for the joy I feel
 As I ride, as I glide, on my steed of steel:
 And the day and its moments are all divine,
 As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

¹ Reprinted by permission of the author.

When I go out on my wheel, I know
That back to the toil and the grind I must go;
But I do not mind as the moments fly,
For the world is fair and its child am I.
So it's ho! for the hedges that glide and glide,
And it's ho! for the brooklets that hide and hide,
And it's ho! for the day with its smile benign,
As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

RELATIVE VALUES SUGGESTED BY DELIVERY

By varieties of emphasis in reading, we are able to make prominent what is important in a sentence and to put in the background what is least important. What is relatively important in *a selection as a whole*, should also be determined by painstaking analysis, and the reader's estimate of relative values expressed by a careful delivery. Preserve the balance and purpose of the following selections by attention to this principle in expressive delivery.

HOW WENDELL PHILLIPS BECAME AN ANTI-SLAVERY REFORMER¹

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE

It is possible to comprehend the character of Wendell Phillips only as he is seen against the dark background of slavery. He made his debut as an anti-slavery reformer, and he was known as an anti-slavery reformer from the time he began his work until he was discharged by death from all work of an earthly character.

Wendell Phillips was the son of the first mayor of Boston, and was born on Beacon Street. He was rich, and never knew the want of a dollar in his life. He had the beauty of a Greek Apollo in face and figure. He had the culture of Harvard College in his brains. He was the idol of the aristocrats of Boston. In his veins ran the same blood that flowed in the veins of Phillips Brooks, of Oliver Wendell Holmes. On every side Wendell Phillips was hedged about by the highest and noblest influences.

It was a mob that sought to hang William Lloyd Garrison which gave Wendell Phillips to the cause of abolition. He saw Mr. Garrison, whom he did not know, with a rope about his waist, dragged through the streets of Boston. He said, "What is the matter with the fellow?"

"Why, he is the anti-slavery leader, the editor of *The Liberator*," answered a man at his elbow.

"Why don't you call out the cadets, and put down this mob?" demanded Phillips.

The man turned round and said, "You fool, don't you see it is the cadets that are trying to hang him?"

The next day Wendell Phillips resigned from the cadets, and recanted his oath to support the constitution of the United States; because it could compel him to return fugitive slaves. So that mob gave the world Wendell Phillips.

¹ Reprinted by permission of the Emerson College Magazine.

Soon after this incident, Elijah Lovejoy, who had gone to Illinois and started an anti-slavery paper, had his press destroyed, and thrown into the Mississippi River. He bought another, and that they destroyed. He got a third, and said, "This paper my friends and I will defend with our lives!" That night a number of his friends stayed with him in the warehouse until late, after which, thinking all was safe, they went to their homes and left him with a few others.

Hardly had they gone when there came a mob of the lowest, vilest, drunken ruffians one could imagine. They came out all armed ready for anything. The first salutation that the men in the warehouse heard, was the falling of stones that broke in every window. Immediately Lovejoy replied that there were men inside, all heavily armed that would take care of themselves and the press; but the throwing of stones continued. One of the ruffians set the roof on fire. Lovejoy came out on the roof, his figure clearly revealed, a splendid target, against the blazing conflagration. When he turned and again warned them, a well aimed shot was fired and he dropped dead. After that, it was impossible for a posse of officers to do anything with the mob until they were fully satisfied.

The story of this outrage went across the country on the wings of the wind. Everybody was saying, "Are we white slaves? Have we a collar about our necks? May we not publish our own papers and say what we please?" Meetings were called all over the country in defense of free speech and free press. One was held in Faneuil Hall in defense of free speech and in opposition to slavery. Dr. Channing made the first speech. He spoke much about free speech, but very gingerly about slavery. Two other men followed and talked the same way. It seemed as if the crowded audience were all of one opinion. Suddenly there arose in the gallery James T. Austin. He said he was glad Lovejoy was shot; that he died as he deserved to die. He said the man who shot Lovejoy deserved to rank with the patriots of the Commonwealth whose portraits looked down from the walls of Faneuil Hall.

The excitement which followed was intense. The friends of Austin applauded to the echo, while the anti-slavery men hissed and groaned and the house resounded with cries. A young man was seen making his

way through the immense crowd. He came up and faced the audience. Everybody was saying, "Who is the handsome young fellow?" but there was a free masonry which made them believe he was not to side with Austin. Finally, a few of the men came on the platform and insisted that the young man should be heard.

Wendell Phillips began. His voice was music; its fine modulations, as he talked in a conversational way, reached out to the remotest corners of the hall. Every one listened while he gave a vocal picture of the tragedy of the night which had brought about the meeting. As he went on with his graphic description they saw Lovejoy on the roof of the house; they heard the shots; they saw the whole horrible affair; they saw the low ruffians, those half savage men, as they came out from their lairs, bent on murder. When he reached the point where they were all horror stricken with the tragedy, as they had not been before, he said, "When I heard the Attorney-General of Massachusetts class those drunken murderers with the patriots of the Commonwealth, I marvelled, O Hancock, Adams, Otis and Quincy, that your pictured lips did not break out and rebuke this recreant slanderer of the noble dead! I marvelled that this cradle of liberty did not rock and heave again, and that the earth did not open and swallow him up for his profanity!"

If there was excitement before, there was pandemonium now. Phillips had won. The majority, standing on tiptoe, shouted, "Go on! Take nothing back!" while the other faction shouted, "Throw him out! Sit down! Be quiet!" He stood there with his arms folded and let the mob howl itself out. Now he made his speech about slavery, and it was not gingerly. This was his debut as an anti-slavery reformer. It was a speech that held everybody breathless. He foretold the end of slavery. He pictured what it would be if it were allowed to grow. Everybody was spellbound; nobody hissed.

The moment he finished he received a perfect ovation. He went out with the reputation of having made the greatest speech ever heard in the city of Boston. He went out poorer than the poorest beggar that goes from alley to alley to beg for food. He had killed every chance of political advancement he might ever hope to win; completely ostracised, nothing remained for him but to be a private citizen afterward.

Have you ever read of a case like this? Here was a man twenty-six

years old, an aristocrat, of a noble family, a graduate of Harvard, full of dreams and aspirations, who might have had anything he might ask for himself; yet he gave up society and descended, not only to the level of the common people, but lower than that,—to the depths of the pit digged by the American people for the black slave. He went there of his own accord, refusing everything, taking his stand by the side of that black slave of the South; and looking up calmly at the American government and the church and society, he said, "I stand by this black slave. His cause and mine are one. Whatsoever ye do to him ye do unto me." There he stood calmly, steadfastly, enduring everything, foregoing everything, until at last the black man was raised to the level of the white man.

AMERICA THE CRUCIBLE OF GOD

From THE MELTING-POT. BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

SCENE. The living-room at the Quixanos home, Richmond Borough, New York City. There are present Mendel and David Quixanos, uncle and nephew, the former a pianist and the latter a violinist and composer, also Vera Revendal, a settlement worker calling at the Quixanos home who has just learned that her letter mailed a week before to David, has not been delivered to him.

DAVID: A letter for *me!* (*He opens it eagerly, reads and smiles*) Oh, Miss Revendal! Isn't that great! To play again at your settlement. I am getting famous.

VERA: But we can't offer you a fee.

DAVID: A fee! I'd pay a fee to see all those happy immigrants you gather together,—Dutchmen and Greeks, Poles and Norwegians, Swiss and Armenians. If you only had Jews it would be as good as going to Ellis Island.

VERA: What a strange taste! Who in the world wants to go to Ellis Island.

DAVID: Oh, I love to go to Ellis Island to watch the ships coming in from Europe, and to think that all those weary, sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what I felt when America first stretched out her great mother-hand to *me!*

VERA: Were you very happy?

DAVID: It was heaven. You must remember that all my life I had heard of America—everybody in our town had friends there or was going there or got money orders from there. The earliest game I played at was selling off my toy furniture and setting up in America. All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces. (*He ends in a half-sob*)

MENDEL: Now, now, David, don't get excited.

DAVID: To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed—

MENDEL (*Soothingly*): Yes, yes, David. Now sit down and—

DAVID: Shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland, over the swarming stony cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia—

MENDEL (*Pleading*): David!

DAVID: Oh, Miss Revendal, when I look at our Statue of Liberty, I just seem to hear the voice of America crying: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest—rest."

MENDEL: Don't talk any more—you know it is bad for you.

DAVID: But Miss Revendal asked—and I want to explain to her what America means to me.

MENDEL: You can explain it in your American symphony.

VERA: You compose?

DAVID: Oh, uncle, why did you talk of—? uncle always—my music is so thin and tinkling. When I am *writing* my American symphony, it seems like thunder crashing through a forest full of bird songs. But next day—oh, next day!

VERA: So your music finds inspiration in America?

DAVID: Yes, in the seething of the Crucible.

VERA: The Crucible? I don't understand!

DAVID: Not understand! You, the spirit of the settlement! Not understand that America is God's Crucible, the great Melting Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you

stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all! God is making the American.

MENDEL: I should have thought the American was made already—eighty millions of him.

DAVID: Eighty millions! Over a continent! Why, that cockleshell of a Britain has forty millions! No, uncle, the real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the Crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman. Ah, what a glorious Finale for my symphony—if I can only write it.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR¹

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark atmosphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unwavering station yet,

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Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the Earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High toward the starlit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the Sun;
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

THE SWAN CREEK CHURCH OPENED¹

Abridged from THE SKY PILOT. BY RALPH CONNOR

When Arthur Wellington Moore came to Swan Creek as a missionary, he was dubbed the "Sky Pilot." At first the rough cowboys and miners

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were slow to admit him to their confidence, but steadily he won his place with them till they came to count him as one of themselves. He rode the range with them, he slept in their shacks and cooked his meals on their tin stoves. It took them a long time to believe that the interest he showed in them was genuine and not simply professional. Then, too, from a preacher, they expected chiefly pity, warning and rebuke. The Pilot astonished them by giving them respect, admiration and open hearted affection. It was months before they could get over the suspicion that he was humbugging them. When once they did, they gave him back without knowing it, all the trust and love of their big generous hearts.

When the Pilot set his heart upon building a church, few agreed with him; but finally Bronco Bill and some of his pals championed the cause and pledged themselves so handsomely, that it chagrined those who should have been first to subscribe.

The building of the Swan Creek Church made a sensation in the country, and all the more that Bronco Bill was in command. "When I put up money I stay with the game," he announced; and stay he did to the great benefit of the work and to the delight of the Pilot, who was wearing his life out trying to do several men's work. It was Bill that organized the gangs for hauling stones for the foundations and logs for the walls, and it was Bill that assigned the various jobs to those volunteering service.

When near the end of the year, the Pilot fell sick, Bill nursed him like a mother and sent him off for rest and change, forbidding him to return till the church was finished, and visiting him twice a week.

The day of the church opening came, as all days, however long waited for, will come—a bright, beautiful Christmas Day. The air was still and full of frosty light, as if arrested by a voice of command, waiting the word to move. The hills lay under their dazzling coverlets, asleep. Back of all the great peaks lifted majestic heads out of the dark forest and gazed with calm, steadfast faces upon the white, sunlit world. To-day, as the light filled the cracks that wrinkled their hard faces, they seemed to smile, as if the Christmas joy had somehow moved something in their old, stony hearts.

The people were all there—farmers, ranchers, cowboys, wives and

children—all happy, all proud of their new church, and now all expectant, waiting for the Pilot. As time passed on, Bill as master of ceremonies, began to grow uneasy. Then Indian Joe appeared and handed a note to Bill. He read it, grew gray in the face and passed it to me. Looking, I saw in poor, wavering lines the words, "Dear Bill. Go on with the opening. Sing the Psalm, you know the one, and say a prayer, and oh, come to me quick, Bill. Your Pilot."

Bill gradually pulled himself together, announced in a strange voice, "The Pilot can't come," handed me the Psalm, and said; "Make them sing."

It was that grand Psalm for all hill peoples, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and with wondering faces they sang the strong, steadyng words. After the Psalm was over the people sat and waited. Bill looked at the Hon. Fred Ashley, then at Robbie Muir, then said to me in a low voice; "Kin you make a prayer?"

I shook my head, ashamed as I did so of my cowardice.

Again Bill paused, then said; "The Pilot says ther's got to be a prayer. Kin anyone make one?"

Again dead, solemn silence.

Then Hi, who was near the back, said, coming to his partner's help; "What's the matter with you trying, yourself, Bill?"

The red began to come up in Bill's white face. "'Tain't in my line. But the Pilot says ther's got to be a prayer, and I'm going to stay with the game."

Then leaning on the pulpit, he said; "Let's pray," and began; "God Almighty, I ain't no good at this, and perhaps you'll understand if I don't put things just right. What I want to say is, we're mighty glad about this church, which we know it's you and the Pilot that's worked it. And we're all glad to chip in. But about the Pilot—I don't want to persoom—but if you don't mind, we'd like to have him stay—in fact, don't see how we kin do without him—look at all the boys here; he's just getting his work in and bringin' em right along, and, God Almighty, if you take him away it might be a good thing for himself, but for us—oh, God," the voice quivered and was silent. "Amen."

Then someone, I think it was the Lady Charlotte, began "Our Father," and all joined that could join, to the end. For a few moments,

Bill stood up, looking at them silently. Then as if remembering his duty, he said; "This here church is open. Excuse me."

He stood at the door, gave a word of direction to Hi, who had followed him out, and leaping on his bronco shook him out into a hard gallop.

The Swan Creek Church was opened. The form of service may not have been correct, but, if great love counts for anything and appealing faith, then all that was necessary was done.

At the Pilot's funeral a few days later, his friends stood about in dumb groups in silent sympathy. The officiating clergyman during his remarks said: "You all know better than I that his work among you will not pass away with his removal, but endure while you live, and now you must not grudge him his reward and his rest and his home."

They laid the Pilot to rest out where the canyon he loved so well opened to the sunny, sloping prairie. There spring calls to the sleeping flowers, summoning them forth in merry troops till the canyon ripples with them. And lives are like flowers. In dying they abide not alone, but sow themselves and bloom again with each returning Spring. For often during the following years, as here and there I came upon those that companied with us in those Foothill days, I would catch a glimpse in word and deed and look of him we called, first in jest, but afterward with true and tender feeling we were not ashamed to own, our Sky Pilot.

THE SEA

BY BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matters, I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or, whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

SCENE FROM "LITTLE WOMEN"¹

Dramatized from Louisa M. Alcott's Story BY MARION DEFOREST

The father of the family, Mr. March, who, clergyman though he was, had joined the troops in the war, has been seriously wounded. "Marmee"—Mrs. March at once prepares to join him, but in view of the deficit in the domestic exchequer, Aunt March, that irascible, golden-hearted old spinster, is sent for to supply the wherewithal of travel. She appears with Meg, indignant, pausing for breath and complaining of rheumatism.

AUNT MARCH: Oh, my knee! Be careful! What's this, what's this I hear? March sick in Washington? Serves him right, serves him right. I always said it was absurd for him to go into the army, and perhaps next time he'll take my advice.

MEG: Father did what he thought was right, Aunt March.

MRS. MARCH: Won't you sit down, Aunt March?

AUNT MARCH: No, I won't sit down. A stronger man could have done more. Shouldn't have gone, shouldn't have gone. I knew he'd get fever or something; never did know how to take care of himself or his money. You needn't be begging me for help now if he had. He'd give his last dollar or the shirt off his back to the first man who asked him. Where would I be now if I'd done the same, I'd like to know?

MRS. MARCH: I'm sorry to ask you for money, Aunt March, but I've nothing for the railroad journey.

AUNT MARCH: Of course not, of course not. You're just as bad as he is, and then expect me to come to the rescue. You may be willing to end your days in a poorhouse, but I'm not. I'm a sick old woman, and I need all I've got.

MRS. MARCH: The money will be repaid, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH: Humph! But when, I'd like to know. Such wastefulness. (Turns to Meg.) Gallivanting off to Washington on a scare telegram. I can't afford such trips. When you see my nephew, ask him what he means by going to the war, getting sick and then asking me to pull him out of the hole. What does he mean by it, I say, what

¹ Quoted by permission of William A. Brady.

does he mean? Oh, oh! My knee! Why don't you ask me to sit down? Where's Josephine? She's the only practical one in this family.

MEG: Jo went out to do some errands for mother. Laurie—

AUNT MARCH: Just as I thought. She is probably gadding about with that rattle-pated boy. It's not proper.

MRS. MARCH: Jo is not with Laurie, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH: So much the better. Oh, my knee! I'll never sleep to-night. Tell Josephine to come and read to me. I hope for good news of my nephew, but don't expect it. March never had much stamina. Good night. Oh! Here's the twenty-five you asked for, and a check for fifty. I know there are plenty of bills to pay. (*Exit.*)

MEG: Oh, Marmee! I was afraid she wasn't going to give it to you after all.

MRS. MARCH: I was sure she would, Meg. She has a kind heart, but is ashamed to show it, and I know she loves us all. (*Beth and Amy come creeping down the stairs.*)

BETH: Marmee!

AMY: Marmee, we were afraid to come down. She was a raging Vulcan.

MEG: Oh, Amy, if you mean a volcano, why don't you say so?

BETH: She was kind about the money, though! (*Sound of someone stamping feet in hall.*) That must be Jo. Lucky she missed Aunt March. (*Hands Mrs. March an old-fashioned hair brooch.*) Here's your brooch with father's hair in it, Marmee. I thought you'd want to wear it.

MRS. MARCH: Thank you, dearie. (*Enter Jo, hurriedly.*)

JO: Saw Aunt March come out, so I dodged through the garden. I knew she wouldn't give us anything but advice, and from her face I guess you got that in large doses. Well, we're independent of her at any rate, Marmee, and— (*putting roll of bills in her mother's lap*) here's my contribution toward making father comfortable and bringing him home.

MRS. MARCH: My dear! Where did you get it? Twenty-five dollars? Jo, dear, I hope you haven't done anything rash?

JO: No, it's mine honestly. I didn't beg, borrow or steal it, I only sold what was my own. (*Takes off her hat, showing her head, closely cropped, like a boy's. General outcry from all.*)

MRS. MARCH: Your hair, your beautiful hair! (*Puts out her arms. Jo drops on her knees, head on mother's lap. Mrs. March kisses the shorn head.*)

MEG: Oh, Jo, how could you?

AMY: Your one beauty!

MRS. MARCH: My dear, there was no need of this.

BETH: She doesn't look like Jo, any more, but—I love her dearly for it.

JO.: It doesn't affect the fate of the nation, so don't wail about it, Beth. It will be good for my vanity. I was getting proud of my wig. Besides, it will cool my brain. I'm satisfied.

MRS. MARCH: But I am not, Jo, I know how willingly you sacrificed your vanity, as you call it, for your love; but, my dear, it wasn't necessary; Aunt March has helped us, and I'm afraid you'll regret it one of these days.

JO.: Oh, no, I won't.

MEG: What made you do it?

JO.: Well, I was wild to do something for father, and I'd have sold the nose off my face for him, if anybody would have bought it. I've seen tails of hair marked forty dollars, not nearly as thick as mine. It was the only thing I had to sell, so I dashed into the shop and asked what they would give for it.

BETH: I don't see how you dared!

JO.: Oh, he was a little man who looked as if he only lived to oil his hair. I told him in my topsy-turvy way what I wanted the money for. His wife said, "Take it, Thomas, and oblige the young lady."

AMY: Didn't you feel dreadfully when the first cut came?

JO.: Well, I did feel queer when I saw the dear old hair laid out on the table. The woman gave me a little piece to keep. I'll give it to you, Marmee, to remember past glories by.

MRS. MARCH: Thank you, dearie.

LAURIE: All ready? (*As he enters, followed almost immediately by Mr. Laurence and Mr. Brooke. Catching sight of Joe's shorn head.*) Jo, what the dickens have you done? Are you trying to make a porcupine of yourself? You look like—

MEG: Hush, Laurie, don't say anything now.

MR. LAURENCE: Time to go, madam. The conveyance is here.
(The girls gather around Mrs. March. Mr. Laurence stands at door looking at his watch.)

MRS. MARCH: Children, I leave you to Hannah's care and Mr. Laurence's protection. Don't grieve and fret, but go on with your work as usual. Hope and keep busy. Remember that you can never be fatherless. Meg, dear, be prudent, watch over your sisters. Be patient, Jo, don't do anything rash to get despondent. *(To Beth)* Comfort yourself with your music, dearie. Amy, help all you can and be obedient.

THE CASE OF FATTY SIMON¹

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Did you ever hear about the case of big, fatty Simon? He was laughed at. They called him Simple Simon. He was here in the early days of football, before the Rugby game had spread all over the country. He weighed about two hundred and eighty pounds, mostly fat, and I don't suppose he had ever seen a canvas jacket until the day he entered college and waddled down to the field along with a lot of other green Freshmen to look at the football practice.

It interested him. He was so much interested that he paid no attention to the Sophomores who were guying him about his fat and his simplicity. "I should think that game would be fun," he said in a high, squeaky voice. "I think I'll play," he announced to his classmates.

"That's right," said they, chuckling at Simple Simon; "just your game, old man."

"Yes. You see I can't play many games," smiled Simon simply, trying to peep at his boots.

"Tell the captain you are a candidate," said they chuckling.

"Think I stand a chance?"

"A chance? It's a dead cinch."

"All right," said Simple. "I will." And he did.

¹ Reprinted by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

The captain looked him over and smiled. "I don't believe we have any suit to fit you," he said kindly, "but you come down to-morrow. That's the right spirit."

The college along the side lines smiled audibly the next day when Simple Simon trotted out with the other men, or tried to, puffing and blowing, in a much-stretched sweater and a pair of breeches that had been opened in the rear to admit him. But he was accustomed to being a cause of amusement and did not mind. They laughed louder still when in the first scrimmage he was toppled over like a huge ninepin. "Did you feel the earth shake?" asked the humorist.

The business-like captain yelled, "Line up, fellows!" The crowd roared; they saw Simon lying there on his back, flapping his arms and legs like an overturned turtle. He was not hurt—simply too fat. The next scrimmage the same thing happened. After that they reached over to pull him up as a matter of course. But with three or four more scrimmages Simple Simon had to retire, winded. A group of Sophomores guyed him as he waddled past to the field house.

"It's a good game, though," he piped up to the trainer as soon as he got breath enough.

"Are you coming out to-morrow?" he was asked when he came out of the shower bath.

"You bet!" said he.

Simple Simon kept it up. After the trainer had taken about thirty pounds off him he could last a full half, and could keep his feet for several minutes at a time. By and by he learned to get up alone. That was a proud day. The laughing crowds along the side lines cheered him.

"You're a perfect corker, Simple," his chaffing classmates told him.

"A regular Hector Cowan," said another. "You'll make the team yet."

"Aw! come off—you're trying to guy me, I believe," said Simple. He thought himself quite sophisticated by this time. But he grinned and kept on trying. "It's good sport, anyway," he said as he wiped the blood away from his torn ear.

The coaches smiled at his cheerfulness. "That big, fat Freshman can give some of you fellows points in the way of spirit," they said to

the 'Varsity eleven. Besides, it was good practice for the guards, wield-ing such a great weight—like a medicine-ball.

After two years of this, most of Simon's fat was worn off by the trampling, shoving and butting the 'Varsity gave him; the rest was turned into solid muscle by the trampling, shoving and butting he gave the 'Varsity. Also, he was studying the game. The crowd had stopped laughing at him. "That's all right," they said, wagging their heads, "he's got the right spirit, even if he hasn't got the right shape for making the team."

In his Junior year he was taken to New York on Thanksgiving Day as a substitute—with a huge sweater pulled down over his hips. And in his Senior year he was on the team, the champion football team of America. The fearless way he used to charge down the field like a fighting elephant and smash those old-fashioned wedges—by flopping down in front of them—is now a matter of football history.

He is the stout gentleman I pointed out to you one day at the club with the two gold football emblems on his watch-chain. No, they don't laugh at him now, and his voice isn't high and squeaky. But it wasn't because he had the *honor*, merely, of being a member of the team that he became a man of force and self-reliance, but because he was willing to accept the bumps and thumps and discouragements that seem the incidental parts but are really the most important features of the game—and of all athletic sports, so far as concerns the actual benefit to those who are playing. But if he had let the jeers and jibes, which, after all, were good-natured jibes, drive him off the football field he might have remained something of a big, fat booby to this day.

GRIGGSBY'S STATION¹

From AFTERWHILES. BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation;

But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

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The likes of us a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
 To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stair,
 And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city! city! city!—
 And nothin' but the city all around us ever'where!

Climb clear above the roof and look from the steeple,
 And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
 And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
 And none that neighbors with us, or we want to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
 And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
 Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whol kit and bilin'
 A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday through;
 And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
 Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is makin';
 And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
 And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
 Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back where they's nothin' aggravatin' anymore;
 Shet away safe in the woods around the old location—
 Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Mirindy and he'p her with her sewin',
 And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
 And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's growin',
 And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower eighty—
 Where John our oldest boy, he was tuk and buried—for
 His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy
 As she reads all his letter's over, writ from The War.

What's all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?—
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station,
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

Abridged from NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

On a stormy night in Paris in November, 1456, Francis Villon spent the time until very late carousing in a den with several thievish companions. The revel ended with the murder of one of the company, and, to avoid discovery, the others stealthily left the place. Villon, cold and hungry, wandered about seeking shelter, but was repeatedly refused. Finally he approached a house where he saw a light.

He went boldly to the door and knocked. The sound of his blows echoed through the house, a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well step in."

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on the sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped up, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield. "Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there

had been ten, I would have risked it." And just then, hearing the old man returning, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink to your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. Villon devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, baily du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight; "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely.

"You are shrewd," began the old man; "you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, and his Lord God."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about?"

"These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains drive over hard; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand. I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. Just you ask the farmer which of us he prefers."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been the soldier and you the thief?"

"A thief!" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men." And he rose and paced the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "As for change, let somebody change my circumstances."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort."

"Listen to me once more," the old man said at length. "You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring a toothache on the Judgment Day."

Villon was sensibly nettled under this sermonising. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long. Why now, look you here. Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of gold cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your goblets, as safe as in a church; there you are with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I ready to go out again as poor as when I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and a black-hearted rogue and a vagabond. I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night bird should be off to roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-bye, papa," returned Villon with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

THE MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND¹

BY CLARK HOWELL

The Twenty-ninth Regiment of United States Volunteers was quartered at Atlanta, Georgia. They had just received orders for their trip of ten thousand miles to Manila. The troops were formed in full regimental parade in the presence of thousands of spectators. Of the enlisted men a great percentage were from Georgia, most of them from simple farmhouses and the quiet and unpretentious hearthstones which abound in the rural communities.

A few had seen service in Cuba, but most of them had volunteered as raw recruits from the farm. The men moved like machines. The regiment of raw recruits had become in a few months a command of trained and disciplined soldiers.

Leaning against a tree was a white-haired mountaineer who looked with intent eyes and with an expression of the keenest sympathy upon the movements of the men in uniform. The frequent applause of the visiting multitude fell apparently unheard on his ears. The regiment had finished its evolutions; the commissioned officers had lined themselves to make their regulation march to the front for their report and dismissal. The bugler had sounded the signal; the artillery had belched its adieu as the king of day withdrew beyond the hills; the halyard had been grasped, and the flag slowly fell, saluting the retiring sun.

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As the flag started its descent, the scene was characterized by a solemnity that seemed sacred in its intensity. From the regimental band there floated upon the stillness of the evening the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Instinctively and apparently unconsciously, the old man by the tree removed his hat from his head and held it in his hand in reverential recognition until the flag had been furled and the last strain of the national anthem had been lost in the resonant tramp of the troops as they left the field.

What a picture that was—the man with his hat in his hand, as he stood uncovered during that impressive ceremony! I moved involuntarily toward him, and, impressed with his reverential attitude, I asked him where he was from. "I am," said he, "from Pickens County:" and in casual conversation it developed that this raw mountaineer had come to Atlanta to say farewell to an only son who stood in the line before him, and upon whom his tear-bedimmed eyes might then be resting for the last time. The silent exhibition of patriotism and loyalty had been prompted by a soul as rugged, but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth.

There was the connecting link between the hearthstone and the capitol! There was the citizen who, representing the only real, substantial element of the nation's reserve strength—"the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold" had answered his country's call—the man of whom Henry Grady so eloquently said; "He shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." In him was duty typified, and in him slumbered the germ of sacrifice.

There was that in the spontaneous action of the man that spoke of hardships to be endured and dangers to be dared for country's sake; there was that in his reverential attitude that said, even though the libation of his heart's blood should be required in far off lands, his life would be laid down as lightly as his hat was lifted to his country's call. Denied by age the privilege of sharing the hardships and the dangers of the comrades of his boy, no rule could regulate his patriotic ardor, no limitation could restrain the instincts of his homage.

A COURT LADY

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Her hair was tawny with gold; her eyes with purple were dark;
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was a lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was a lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was a lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote;
Clasp me large at the waist, and clasp me small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets; but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!" she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face—and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorcer,
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one, free by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she would weep as she
stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling, "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line;
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossest;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest."

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venitia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name;
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice? She turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hand in hers: "Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands: "Well, oh, well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring,
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the court of the King.”

SELF-ASSERTION IN SPEECH

From his AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

My list of virtues contained at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend of mine having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances; I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradictions to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertions of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, *I conceive*, *I apprehend*, or *I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or *so it appears to me at present*.

When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared* or *seemed* to me some difference, etc.

I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversation I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that per-

haps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatic expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in the public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points.

SECOND FIDDLE¹

From MESSAGE AND MELODY. BY RICHARD BURTON

Just behind the first fiddle he bends
To his bow, as a slave to the rod;
All his soul to the music he lends,
All his eyes to the leader, his god.

His skill is not blaring, but sure;
Mark his bowing, the rhythmic accord
Of his motions, the sound, crystal-pure,
That he lures from the violin's board.

The crowd never look at his face;
He is one of the sixty who try
With wood-wind or brass to displace
The world by a dream from the sky.

Not his, like the master of strings,
To step forth superbly alone
And play a Cremona that sings
With heavenliest tone upon tone.

No soloist he, but a part
In the mighty ensemble that soars
In regions divine of an art
Where man but aspires and adores.

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His joy is the gladness of those
Who feel they are helping the whole;
Less fluent the harmony flows
If an instrument flag, if a soul

Unfaithful should be to the beat
Of the baton that bids him be true;
And the music is oft times so sweet,
Small matter what makes it, or who.

And haply—who knows?—in the day
When the ultimate piece is rehearsed,
Shall come his Great Moment to play,
And the fiddle called second, be first.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE ¹

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heat with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;

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The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The secrecy of streams that make their way
 Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
 To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
 And evermore he burned to do his deed
 With the fine stroke and gesture of a king;
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
 The conscience of him testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

THE STORY OF PHILIP NOLAN

Abridged from THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West." When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, he met this gay, bright young fellow at a dinner party. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him and, in short, fascinated him. And when the wily traitor left the place, he had lured Nolan to his side.

Soon a grand catastrophe came in the great treason-trial at Richmond. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed an order to march anywhere, had the order been signed "By command of His Excellency, Aaron Burr."

When the president of the court asked Nolan whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy,—

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

He did not know how the words shocked the old judge who called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face as white as a sheet to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. The judge was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night.

"Mr. Marshal," the judge continued, "take the prisoner to Orleans, and deliver him to the naval commander there. Make my respects to him, and say that the prisoner is to be placed on board one of the ships where he is to be provided with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on the vessel on the business of his Government. He is never unneces-

sarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country, or to see any information regarding it."

Accordingly Nolan was put on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise. Here no company liked to have him with them, because his presence cut off all talk of home, of politics or letters, of peace or of war. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally submitted.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy. Everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America, and made no allusions to it. He had the foreign papers that came into the ship, only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisements or stray paragraphs that alluded to America.

One of the officers had a lot of English books among which was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join our circle one afternoon when a lot of us sat on deck reading aloud. In his turn Nolan took the book, and read without a thought of what was coming,—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

We all saw something was to pay; but Nolan expected to get through, I suppose, and plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that, and staggered on,—

"The wretch, concenterd all in self—"

Here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but starting up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his state-room.

We did not see him again for two months, and he was not the same man afterward. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. He was always shy now, and had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When we were nearly home we met an outward bound vessel which took poor Nolan and his traps on board to begin his second cruise. There was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

One day we overhauled a little schooner which had slaves on board. The officer who boarded the boat sent back for someone who could speak Portuguese. Nolan said he would interpret if the captain wished, and was sent. "Tell them they are free," said Vaughn, the officer in charge. When this was told them, there was a yell of delight, leaping and dancing. "Tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas." This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was so distant, that they would be eternally separated from home there. Their wild delight changed to a howl of dismay.

Vaughn was disappointed, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood out on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men and said,—

"They say, 'Not Palmas,' they say, 'take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own house.' One says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he was caught in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since. And this one that he has not heard a word from home in six months."

Even the slaves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughn's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get the words, Vaughn said,—

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the mountains of the moon, if they will. If I have to sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

On his way back to the ship Nolan said to the youth with him, "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a home, and

without a country. Oh, for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you. No matter what happens to you, who flatters or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. You belong to your Country as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, as you would stand by your mother. Oh! if anybody had said so to me when I was your age!"

This was thirty-five years after his banishment. In the next fifteen years he aged very fast, but he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining sufferer, that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment. One morning he was not so well, and sent for me to come to his state-room. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, "Here you see I have a country!" And he pointed to a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying, I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag, or prays for it, or hopes for it as I do. Oh, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream when one looks back on such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason?

"Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about."

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand, and said, "God bless you!"

I did as well as I could, but it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity, and he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you.

And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him, and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. But in an hour, when the Doctor went in gently, he found 'Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper in the place where he had marked the text:—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On the slip of paper he had written,—

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,—

In memory of

PHILIP NOLAN

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

THE PATH TO PEACE¹

BY WILLIAM H. TAFT

I am strongly convinced that the best method of ultimately securing disarmament is the establishment of an international court and the development of a code of international equity which nations will recognize as affording a better method of settling international controversies than war. We must have some method of settling issues between nations, and if we do not have arbitration, we shall have war.

What teaches nations and people the possibility of permanent peace is the actual settlement of controversies by courts of arbitration. The settlement of the Alabama controversy by the Geneva arbitration,

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the settlement of the Seals controversy by the Paris Tribunal, the settlement of the Newfoundland Fisheries controversy by The Hague Tribunal are three great substantial steps toward permanent peace, three facts accomplished that have done more for the cause than anything else in history.

If now we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court in every issue which can not be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, or territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish as between them the same system of due process of law that exists between individuals under a government.

LOYALTY¹

From THE CONTAGION OF CHARACTER. By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

"The great thing is loyalty," said the English commander in his address to the young men of Oxford. "Write the word in golden ink and let each letter be two feet high." Experience fully justifies the high estimate placed upon this virtue. Disloyalty turns a soldier into a traitor; disloyalty in the partnership will ruin the commercial standing of the house; disloyalty on the part of the clerk can defeat the wisest plans of the chief. One word will explain many failures—the word disloyalty.

Contrariwise, what enterprise ever failed where the man in charge had loyal followers, who backed him at every point. "Don't praise me!" exclaimed President McKinley to a group of gentlemen congratulating him upon his first four years, "praise my Cabinet." The successful leader meant that he had been surrounded by loyal counsellors. But the modest, unassuming president was himself a notable illustration of our theme—he was loyal. On his tomb, after all the thunder of life's battle, should be written these words: "He was faithful unto Death."

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Above all other eras our age asks for loyal men. In the old regime business was individual. One man had a little shoe shop, one sold groceries, another sold dry goods, and for the hundred articles there were a hundred shops. Then came the era of organization. Each man no longer complete himself, became a wheel in an industrial mechanism that had a hundred parts. So complicated is a watch that if any one wheel is unfaithful to its work the whole watch is ruined for purposes of time. Not otherwise to-day—a great factory, a great store, a great bank, a great newspaper, a government of city or state, means several hundred men, working under one leader, and the success of all is through the loyalty of each one.

Only as the workers go towards loyalty does the enterprise go towards prosperity. That is why our late war was followed by a great industrial development. After Appomattox a million men returned home. Suddenly a new spirit developed in the country. Men began to plan large things. Railroads across the continent were conceived and built. Vast factories were erected. Men united their earnings and organized great banks and great stores. What was the explanation? Simply this—the experience of war had *taught men loyalty to a leader*.

On the day of the battle of Gettysburg every soldier in a wing of one hundred thousand men received his command and fulfilled his task. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die." For these soldiers the great word was loyalty to their general. With that watchword they marched to success. Later, returning to the business life, the soldiers began to work in industrial regiments. Again they were loyal to the leader, whether he was merchant or manufacturer or editor or statesman.

Men of achievement crown loyalty as one of the first of the virtues. Charity must be a divine gift indeed if it is greater than faithfulness. The soldier's worth is in his adherence to duty. The test of a jurist is loyalty to his client. The test of a pupil is loyalty to his master. The two great books in ancient literature are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The "Iliad" exposes the fickleness and disloyalty of beautiful Helen, whose infidelity turned a city into a heap. The "Odyssey" celebrates the loyalty of Penelope, who kept her palace and her heart.

Young man, scorn the very thought of disloyalty to your employer.

If you can't work with him, resign. But flee the very thought of disloyalty as you would flee from the edge of the precipice. Disloyalty belongs to the serpent that bites, the wolf that rends, the lion that slays. To be disloyal is to join hands with the devil himself. Pride yourself on your loyalty. Learn to follow, that you may be worthy to lead. Life may bring you gold, office and honor, but it will bring you nothing comparable to the happiness that comes from the consciousness of having been loyal to your ideals. And when it is all over, let this be men's judgment upon you: "He was faithful unto death."

SAID ABDALLAH¹

From My Quest of the Arabian Horse. By HOMER DAVENPORT

Said Abdallah, my Bedouin groom boy, constantly asserted all through the voyage from Alexandretta that Allah was with us and would bring us in safety to the end. His faith had helped us out of the dumps in Naples and his devotion to us and to the horses should not go unremembered. When Akmet Haffez, the prince of the Bedouins, presented to me Wadduda, the war mare, Said came with the gift and ever after counted himself as one of my family.

To guard him against fits of homesickness or melancholia, before he had learned to speak any English, I often took him with me, especially when I took my own children to shows and circuses. He had never seen even a street fakir in his own country.

One day, accompanied by an interpreter, he went to the Horse Show, and saw there for the first time, a good team of high-acting horses, a pair that almost bumped their chins with their knees. He held up his hands in horror as he exclaimed "Mashalla! Mashalla! Is there truly a race of horses that go up and down in the same place?"

When told that what he saw was the result of training and artificial breeding, and that the horse himself was not to blame, he uttered an exclamation of pity. Then he said suddenly: "No," and pointed above him; "the desert isn't up there, but always in front of you; God made a horse to get over it with the least effort, not the most." I have no

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comment to make on these remarks of Said. I do not think any are necessary.

Said is as fine an example of faithfulness as could be found. After he had been in this country nearly a year, and had beaten off many attacks of blues, Dr. Frank Hoskins of the American Mission at Beyrouth, Syria, came to the farm to see the horses, and talked with the boy who had been with the Anezech. Reaching home in the evening, I was informed that ever since Dr. Hoskins had taken his departure, Said had been crying. I went to the barn to see him and he came smilingly from one of the dark corners. I asked him if he enjoyed his talk with the visitor and he said he had, for he had spoken Arabic as if he were at home.

"Said," I said at last, "you have been crying."

"What cry, Mr. Davenport?"

"Your eyes," I answered, "are almost swollen shut with weeping."

His head dropped and his chest began to rise and fall. After a moment or two he said:

"Mr. Davenport, before Allah, my heart no mad."

Then he broke out and exclaimed that at night when he shut his eyes his thoughts took him to the Anezech, and he joined the tribes as they swing to the south. Now they are past Deyr, and approaching Nejd they get into war with the Shammar! Then he wakes up and finds that he is not in the desert, but in Morris Plains. He turns on the other side and sleeps; and by and by his brain goes to Aleppo and when he meets his once great master, Akmet Haffez, he grasps him by the hand. Again he wakes up, and he is still in Morris Plains.

"But, Mr. Davenport," he added bravely, "Allah knows my heart no mad."

"Well," I said, "Said, I am going to send you back to the desert."

"Said go desert?"

He broke down with hysterical laughter, and grasping me by the hands commenced to kiss them, and tell me that I was too good to stay in this country, that I ought to live with my brother in the desert.

"Mr. Davenport, Said go desert two or three months?"

"No, Said, in two or three weeks. I will find a ship, if I can, that will take you direct to Iscanderoon, Alexandretta. There you follow

the old Roman road across the mountains to Aleppo, and from there the camel caravan route to the desert."

I turned and walked away, bidding him good-night, and had reached the house when he called to me and asked if I would say before God that my heart was not mad. I will admit that after dinner I went to bed early, and did not get much sleep.

I got up before daylight, still restless, and went out, and there in the north pasture saw an impressive spectacle—the trying out of Said's religious faith. Wadduda, the war mare, dressed and draped in all her beautiful, wild regalia, was in the pasture. From her neck hung the beads of the wild tribe, and from the desert saddle long flowing tassels swayed in the morning breeze. It must have taken Said half an hour to have draped her. Sticking in the dirt at her side, towering over her head ten feet or more, was the war spear from the Anezech.

Kneeling on his prayer rug in front of her fore feet was Said, facing, as I at first thought, the strip of timber across the road. But as I watched the picture I saw that he was praying toward the light spot on the horizon—toward Mecca. I watched for fully five minutes. The boy touched his lips and forehead with an upward stroke of the hand, and dropping both hands beside him, looked intently for a moment at the approaching dawn.

Rising up slowly, he picked up his little prayer rug, lifted his spear from the damp earth, while the beautiful prancing mare came to him. Her tail was swinging proudly from side to side.

As they approached me I saw that Said's eyes were, if anything, more swollen than they had been the evening before. To cheer him up, I spoke to him first.

"Said, I thought when I saw you in the pasture that you were some member of the Anezech that had come to see me."

"La" (no), Mr. Davenport, Said no see Anezech."

"You are going back to the desert."

"No go desert. All night Said no sleep—sit down, no lay down. Go Wadudda stall, pray; come back, no answer—no sleep—pray, no sleep."

Turning, he pointed out in the pasture, to the little knoll, and said that there a few moments ago Allah had answered his prayer. When

he found where Mecca was, he had prayed to Allah and Allah had told him that he was not to go back to the desert; that he had been given with Wadduda by Akmet Haffez to me; and that he was going to stay as long as Wadduda lived—would stay even when she was gone, with her colt and her colt's colt, and was never going back to the desert. He has never been homesick since.

PRESENTING PICTURES BY DELIVERY

The contemplation of a selection usually results in mental pictures of what the author sets forth. The effort to present these pictures to an audience makes the pictures more clear to the speaker and gives variety to his delivery. It is surprising to what extent a reader or speaker can thus convey his mental pictures to his listeners. Vivify the following selections for your classmates by imagining the details of the author's pictures, and by endeavoring to present the pictures clearly by your delivery.

SERGEANT VAUGHAN AS A FIREMAN¹

From HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE. BY JACOB A. RIIS

That the spirit which has made New York's Fire Department great, equally animates its commercial brother, has been shown more than once; but never better than at the memorable fire in the Hotel Royal, which cost so many lives. No account of heroic life-saving at fires, could pass by the marvellous feat, or feats of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning 1892.

The alarm rang in patrol station Number Three at three twenty o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is of no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely

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nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital, a whole man again, and was back at work,—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply—

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot, then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist: so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with out-stretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded: and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard: over against him the window, behind which he saw the back draught coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up! A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the wintry sky. The tumult on the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed from his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer.

Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

From LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL. By ALPHONSE DAUDET

The little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin will die. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament is laid ready day and night, and tapers are burning, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old town are sad and silent; the bells ring no more; the carriages are driven very slowly. The curious townspeople are gathered just outside the palace, and are staring in through the grating of the gates at the guards, with their golden helmets, who walk the court with an important air. The entire castle is in a state of anxiety; the chamberlains and major-domos go up and down the staircase, and run through the halls.

The galleries are filled with pages and courtiers in silk clothing, who go from group to group collecting later news in a low voice. On the large porches can be seen the ladies of honor, bathed in tears, bowing their heads and wiping their eyes with pretty embroidered handkerchiefs. In the orangery is the numerous assembly of doctors in long robes: one can see them through the panes gesticulating in their long sleeves, and shaking their wigs knowingly. The little Dauphin's tutor and squire are waiting before the door, anxious for the decision of the

faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. The squire swears like a pagan; the tutor recites verses from Horace.

And during this time down by the stables one can hear a long plaintive neighing. It is the Dauphin's little sorrel pony, whom the grooms are neglecting, and who calls sadly from his empty manger. And the king—where is his Majesty the King? The king has shut himself in a room in a remote part of the castle. Their Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. But the Queen—that is different. Seated by the little prince's pillow, her beautiful face bathed in tears, she sobs bitterly before every one, just as a peasant mother would do.

In his lace crib is the little Dauphin, whiter than the cushions on which he reposes, with closed eyelids. They think he is sleeping; but no, the little Dauphin does not sleep. He turns toward his mother, and seeing that she weeps, he says to her, "Madam my Queen, why do you weep? Do you think truly that I am going to die?" The queen wishes to reply, but sobs prevent her speaking. "Pray do not cry, Madam my Queen. You forget that I am the Dauphin, and Dauphins cannot die thus." The Queen sobs more bitterly still, and the little Dauphin begins to be frightened.

"Hola!" he says, "I do not wish to have Death come and take me; and I shall know how to prevent his coming here. Bring forth forty lancers, our strongest, to mount guard around our bed; a hundred cannon night and day; torches lighted beneath our windows. And unhappy Death if he dares to approach us then!" The Queen gives a sign to please the royal child. Forthwith, one can hear heavy cannon being rolled across the courtyard; and forty soldiers, halberds in hand, come and range themselves around the room; they are veterans, with gray moustaches.

The little Dauphin claps his hands feebly as he sees them, and recognizing one he calls him by name, "Lorrain! Lorrain!" The old soldier takes a step towards the bed. "I love you well, my good Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death comes to take me, we must kill him, must we not?" Lorrain replies, "Yes, Monseigneur," as the big tears run down his bronzed cheeks.

At this moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and talks to him for some time in a low tone, showing him a crucifix. The little

Dauphin listens with an astonished air; then suddenly interrupting, "I understand well what you say, Monsieur l'Abbé; but after all, could not my little friend Beppo die in my place, if we should give him a great deal of money?"

The chaplain continues talking to him in a low voice, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished. When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh, "All that you tell me is very sad, Monsieur l'Abbé, but one thing consoles me: up there in the paradise of stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that our good God is my cousin, and would not fail to treat me according to my rank." Then he adds, turning to his mother, "Have my finest garments brought—my ermine cloak and velvet slippers. I wish to array myself for the angels, and enter paradise dressed as a Dauphin."

A third time the chaplain bends over the little prince, and talks a long time in whispering tones. The royal child interrupts him in anger, in the midst of his discourse, and cries, "Then it is no use to be a Dauphin,—it is nothing at all;" and not wishing to hear more, he turns toward the wall weeping.

A VISION OF AMERICAN HISTORY¹

BY HENRY WATTERSON

Extract from an oration delivered at the dedication of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, October 21, 1892.

We look before and after, and we see, through the half-drawn folds of time, as though through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and real as a dream. The caravels, tossing upon the Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East, and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread upon one another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

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But even as simple justice was denied Columbus, was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the Old World struggle between the French and the English transferred to the New, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless Cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the roundheads in holy rebellion.

And lo, down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear, like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minute-men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof-beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marion's watch-fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on fame's eternal camping ground stand,

“The old continentals
In their ragged regimentals,
Yielding not”

as, amid the singing of angels in Heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic, and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to see the second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then,—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow or its sorrow,—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost save liberty and honor, and, praise God! our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see to-day—this land filled with the treasures of the earth; this city, snatched

from the ashes to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind of man to preconceive? Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man; out of disaster comes the glory of the state.

MARGUERITE¹

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!
Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay;
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,
Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof,
The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?
Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.
But her soul went back to its child-time; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gasperau.
She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang;
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed, the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.
With a vague remorse, atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By a care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.
Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept
Out spake the mother, who watched him sharply, with brow a-frown:
"What! love you the Papist, the beggar, the charge of the town?"

"Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes!"

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O Mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst.
 You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God's angel at first."
 Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry;
 And awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,
 She murmured a psalm of the Bible; but closer the young girl pressed,
 With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown.
 "She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim; let her alone!"
 But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
 And he called back the soul that was passing: "Marguerite, do you
 hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love, pity, surprise,
 Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.
 With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
 And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.
 And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew;
 Of the folded hands and the still face never the robins knew!

A PASSION IN THE DESERT¹

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

During the expedition undertaken by General Desaix into upper Egypt, a Provençal soldier was made a prisoner by the Arabs and taken into the desert beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Arabs made a forced march, resting only by night. They camped about a well over-shadowed by palm trees. Not suspecting that the idea of escape would occur to their prisoner, they merely tied his hands and went to sleep.

When the brave Frenchman saw that his enemies were no longer watching him, he made use of his teeth to seize a simitar, fixed the blade between his knees, and cut the cord which restrained his hands. He then seized a carbine and a poniard, mounted a horse, and quickly

¹ Abridged.

spurred away in the direction where he thought to find the French army. So impatient was he, that he urged on his already tired courser till the poor animal, its flanks lacerated by the spurs, soon breathed its last and left its rider in the midst of the desert.

After walking on for some time in the sand, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day was at an end. In spite of the beauty of an Oriental night, he felt he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he found a small hill on the summit of which grew a few palm trees. His weariness was so great that he lay down on a granite boulder, and fell asleep without taking any precautions for his safety. Great was his joy the next day on discovering a kind of grotto, naturally shaped in the blocks of granite; and a few steps farther on, some trees loaded with dates. Then the instinct which draws us to life reawakened in his heart.

That night he slept under the red roof of his damp cave. In the middle of the night his sleep was disturbed by an unusual noise. He sat up, and the deep silence permitted him to recognize the alternating accents of a respiration whose savage energy could belong to no human creature. He almost felt his hair stand on end when, dilating the pupils of his eyes, he perceived a huge animal lying only two steps away. Soon the reflection of the moon illumined the cave, and by insensible degrees revealed the resplendent coat of a spotted panther. Her eyes opened for a moment and closed again; her face was turned towards the man.

A thousand confused thoughts passed through the Frenchman's mind. At first he thought of killing it with a shot from his gun, but he soon saw there was not room enough to take aim, and that the shot would fail to take effect. And if the beast were to awake!—the thought made his limbs rigid. Twice he placed his hand on his poniard intending to cut off the head of his enemy, but the difficulty of cutting through the stiff short hair obliged him to renounce this project. To fail would surely mean his death. He preferred the chances of combat, and resolved to await the day.

The day did not give him long to wait. The Frenchman could now examine the panther; its muzzle was smeared with blood. "She has had a good meal," he mused, "and will not be hungry when she wakes up." Then a bold thought made daylight in his heart and checked the

cold sweat on his brow. He determined to view this adventure merely as a tragic drama, and play out his part with honor to the final scene.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; vigorously stretched out her paws as if to get rid of cramps; then turned her head toward the Frenchman and looked at him steadily without moving. He watched her with a caressing gaze, staring as if to hypnotize her, and let her come quite near him. Then with a gentle movement he passed his hand over her body from the head to the tail. The beast voluptuously straightened her tail, and her eyes grew gentle. When for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this effective flattery, she began to purr, as our cats do in expressing their pleasure. Assured of having extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, the soldier rose to go out of the cave. The panther indeed let him pass; but when he had ascended the hill, she bounded after him and began rubbing herself against the soldier's legs, putting up her back like all the race of cats.

Regarding her guest with eyes whose brilliancy had become somewhat softened, she gave vent to a wild cry. "She is exacting!" cried the Frenchman with a smile. He ventured to play with her ears, and scratch her head as hard as he could. Perceiving his success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for a propitious moment to kill her. The sultana of the desert indicated her acceptance of the attentions of her slave by raising her head, stretching her neck, and displaying her infatuation by the tranquility of her demeanor. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow, he must stab her in the throat. He raised the blade, when the panther lay down at his feet and cast glances at him, in which, in spite of their native fierceness, was mingled a confused goodwill.

The Provençal tried if he might walk up and down. The panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes. He conceived the fond hope of continuing on good terms with the panther, of course neglecting no means of taming and conciliating her. He came back to her and had the unspeakable happiness of seeing her wag her tail in an almost imperceptible movement. He then sat down without fear beside her, and the two began to play; he fondled her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back and stroked her

warm, silky flanks. The man, keeping his poniard in hand, thought even to plunge it into the too-confiding panther; but he feared being strangled in the last convulsion which would seize her. Besides, he felt in his heart a sort of compunction which cried out to him to respect an inoffensive creature.

He seemed to have found a friend in this boundless desert. Involuntarily he thought of his first sweetheart, whom he had nicknamed "Mignon." This memory of his youth suggested the idea of teaching this young panther to answer to the name. Toward the end of the day he had become accustomed to his perilous situation, and he almost enjoyed the painfulness of it. The soldier awaited with impatience the hour when Mignon should fall asleep, and when it arrived he ran swiftly in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, and uttering her rasping cry, more fearful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah," he said, "she's taken a fancy to me; she has never met any one before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." At that instant the man fell into one of those quicksands, so dreaded by travellers, since it is impossible to escape from them. Feeling himself caught, he gave a cry of alarm. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and leaping backward with vigor, dragged him from danger as if by magic. "Ah, Mignon!" cried the soldier, "we are now bound together for life and death."

Thenceforth the desert seemed inhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, whose ferocity had been softened by him, though he could not explain the reason for this remarkable friendship.

One day, when the sun was shining brightly, an immense bird cut through the air. The Frenchman left his panther, to examine this new visitor; but after a moment's waiting, the deserted sultana gave a harsh growl. "I do believe she is jealous!" exclaimed the soldier, as he saw her eyes become hard again. The Frenchman and the panther looked at each other with an air of perfect understanding. The coquette quivered when she felt her friend stroke her head, her eyes flashed like lightning, and then she shut them tightly. "She has a soul," he said, as he studied

the tranquility of this queen of the sands, golden like them, white like them, solitary and burning like them.

But this passion of the desert ended as all great passions do end, with a misunderstanding. One suspects the other of treason; there is no explanation, because of pride; and they fall out through stubbornness.

"I don't know if I hurt her," said the soldier, "but she turned round as if enraged, and with her sharp teeth seized me by the leg—gently, I dare say; but I, thinking she was about to devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. I saw her struggling in death, still watching me without anger. I would have given all the world to bring her back to life again. It was as though I had murdered a real person. The soldiers who finally came to my assistance, found me in tears. Since then I have been in war in Germany, in Spain, in Russia, in France; but never have I seen anything like the desert. It is very beautiful and what you feel there cannot be described. In the desert, you see, there is everything, and nothing. It is God without mankind."

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

From TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field.

All night long he can hear nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of the night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection.

Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious *Montaigne*, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still.

By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids.

The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after

all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate.

The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarters of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

TALL-STOY¹

BY GEORGE ADE

Characters

Mr. Robert Latimer, a man absorbed in business.**A Solicitor**, representing "The Interplanetary Publishing Co."

Scene; Mr. Latimer's office

Mr. Latimer is seated in a revolving chair at his desk. The solicitor enters.

SOLICITOR: This is Mr. Latimer?**LATIMER** (*turning in chair*): It is.

S.: Your name has been given to us, Mr. Latimer, as one who is fond of good books.

L.: Who is "us"?

S.: The Interplanetary Publishing Company is the house I have the honor to represent. Our manager was very anxious that I should call on you. Even if you do not care to place an order, I know that as a lover of beautiful prints and bindings, you will take some pleasure in examining the sample volume I have here.

L.: Your manager is mixed in his dates. You have hunted up the wrong Latimer.

S.: I hardly think so. You have placed several orders with us already, haven't you? Didn't you take a set of the Balzac?

L.: I guess I did—four dollars per Balzac. I've got 'em out home there now, just as good as new.

S.: That was an excellent edition.

L.: I wouldn't dare to contradict you, because I've never looked into one of them.

S.: I had understood that you were something of a collector.

L.: That isn't what I call myself. I call myself an easy mark. I've got about as much use for a lot of them books as a Methodist preacher'd have for a dark lantern an' a pair of loaded dice. I don't know how I happened to let myself be worked on that first lot. I guess I had orders

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from home to fill up the shelves. You fellows didn't do a thing to me. *Bing!* Four dollars a throw. They may be swell books all right but I don't have any time to get at 'em. Say, I don't even have time to read the newspapers.

S.: You have no objection, however, to my showing you some of our new things?

L.: Show it, if you want to, but you're simply usin' up your own time, I can tell you that.

S.: I have something here that I fancy will please you. (*takes book from under coat*)

L.: What is it?

S.: Tolstoi.

L.: Come again.

S.: Tolstoi.

L.: Tall-stoy?

S.: Yes. I suppose you are more or less familiar with his work?

L.: Chicago man?

S.: I don't think you caught the name—Tolstoi, the eminent Russian.

L.: Russian?

S.: Yes. He is accorded first place among the great literary workers of the czar's domain, his writings being characterized by simplicity, immense strength, and a sympathy for all mankind, particularly the poor and downtrodden.

L.: That's all right, too, but if your house wants to get out books and sell them to people, why don't you plug for somebody here at home? There's lots of good fellows in this country you might help to a little money if you wanted to. Instead of that, you have to hunt up some fellow over in Russia. You can bet that any coin he gets out of these books he spends over there. He don't come to Chicago to blow it in, does he?

S.: Our house is always ready to give encouragement to American authors, but in this line of work you must admit that Tolstoi is pre-eminent.

L.: Let me tell you something. You come in here and you want me to buy some books written by this—whatever his name is, and you say to me that he is the best ever?

S.: I merely repeat what the critics have agreed upon.

L.: The critics, eh? Now, let me tell you about them. I had a friend here from Grand Rapids the other day and I wanted to take him to a show. I didn't know what was good in town, so I gets a paper and reads the notices. Well, I find one play that gets an awful lift all around, so we go over there, and say! it was the saddest ever. It was so punk it was blue all around the edges. I don't want any critic tellin' me where to get off. I don't think they're on the level. Now you say that they're all out cappin' for this fellow. Mebbe they are, but look here, I never heard of this mug before and I've been in town all the time, too.

S.: He has been writing for years.

L.: Where?

S.: Over in Russia.

L.: Yes, an' I've been in Chicago all that time. If he wants to do business with us people, why don't he come here?

S.: My dear sir, Count Tolstoi's work has a world-wide interest. Will you be good enough to notice the print? The etchings are unusually good, also.

L.: How many books in the set?

S.: There are twenty.

L.: Oh, Willie! I've just got a panel photograph of myself settin' up these winter nights to read twenty of these things by his Russian nobs. Is that his picture—with the fringe? He don't look to me much like a count.

S.: I believe, Mr. Latimer, that you would deeply enjoy reading Tolstoi. He appeals to all thoughtful people.

L.: What are you trying to do, swell me? On the level do you find a good many people to go against this kind of a game?

S.: I am meeting with gratifying success, Mr. Latimer. You see, there has long been a demand for a uniform edition of Tolstoi.

L.: There has, eh? I hadn't heard about it.

S.: I sold three sets yesterday out at the university.

L.: What do you get for a set?

S.: The price is three dollars a volume, payable in installments.

L.: Sixty dollars worth of—What's his name?

S.: Tolstoi.

L.: I'd have to be getting my sixties easy to let go of 'em for anything like this.

S.: You couldn't have a more valuable set in your library.

L.: Yes? Well, you tell it all right. I s'pose you get a piece of that sixty.

S.: Naturally—I get my commission.

L.: How much? About forty-five?

S.: Oh, really! I merely get a fair percentage for placing the works.

L.: Well, you'll earn all the percentages you get here.

S.: If you will—

L.: Say, you ain't got one chance in a million. Let me give you a pointer, too. Drop Tall-stoy and get a live one. Here's your book. I won't keep you waiting.

A ROYAL MARAUDER¹

Abridged from RED FOX. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Red Fox's new home on the ridge was a deep well-drained pocket of dry earth, hard to come at, and surrounded by an expanse of rocky debris where scent would not lie. In this difficult retreat Red Fox and his family had few neighbors to intrude upon his privacy. But there was one pair on whom Red Fox and his mate looked with strong disapproval, not unmixed with anxiety.

On an inaccessible ledge, in a ravine a little way down the other side of the ridge, toward Ringwaak, was the nest of a white-headed eagle. It was a great, untidy, shapeless mass, a cart-load of sticks, as it were, apparently dropped from the skies upon this bare ledge, but in reality so interwoven with each point of rock, and so braced in the crevices, that no tempest could avail to jar its strong foundations. In the hollow in the top of this mass, on a few wisps of dry grass mixed with feathers and fur, huddled two half-naked, fierce-eyed nestlings.

Of the eagle pair, the female had her aerial range over Ringwaak, and the chain of lonely lakes the other side of Ringwaak. But the male did his hunting over the region of the settlements and on toward the Ottanoonsis Valley. Every morning, just after sunrise, his great wings

¹ Reprinted by special arrangement with L. C. Page and Company.

went winnowing mightily over the ridge, just over the hollow where Red Fox had his lair. And as the dread shadow passed by, the little foxes would shrink back into their den, well taught by their father and mother.

One morning when, in the gray of the earliest dawn, Red Fox climbed to his retreat with a plump woodchuck in his jaws, it chanced he was in no hurry for his meal. Dropping the limp body till he should feel more relish for it, he lay down to rest and contemplate the waking earth. As he lay, the sun rose. The female eagle sailed away toward Ringwaak. The male beat up, and up, high above the ridge, and Red Fox paid no more attention to him.

Suddenly he heard a sharp, hissing rush of great wings in the air just above him, and glanced upward astonished. The next instant he felt a buffeting wind, huge wings almost smote him in the face,—and the dead woodchuck, not three feet away, was snatched up in clutching talons, and borne off in the air. With a furious snarl he jumped to his feet; but the eagle, with the prize dangling from his claws, was already far out of reach, slanting down majestically toward his nest.

The insolence and daring of this robbery fixed in Red Fox's heart a fierce desire for vengeance. He stole down to the ravine that held the eyrie, and prowled about for hours, seeking a place where he could climb to the ledge. It was quite inaccessible, however; and the eagles, knowing this, looked down upon the prowlers with disdainful serenity. Then he mounted the near-by cliff and peered down directly into the nest. But finding himself still as far off as ever, he gave up the hope of an immediate settlement of his grudge and lay in wait for the chances of the wilderness.

A few days later, while Red Fox was away hunting down in the valley, the fox-puppies were playing just in the mouth of the den when they saw their slim mother among the rocks. In a puppy-like frolic of welcome they rushed to meet her, feeling secure in her nearness. When they were half-way across the open in front of the den, there came a sudden shadow above them. Like a flash they scattered,—all but one, who crouched flat and stared irresolutely. There was a dreadful whistling sound in the air, a pounce of great, flapping wings and wide reaching talons, a strangled yelp of terror. And before the mother fox's

leap could reach the spot, the red puppy was snatched up and carried away to the beaks of the eaglets.

When he learned about this, Red Fox felt such fury as his philosophic spirit had never known before. He paid another futile visit to the foot of the eagles' rock; and afterwards, for days, wasted much time from his hunting in the effort to devise some means of getting at his foe.

It was one day when he was not thinking of eagles or of vengeance that Red Fox's opportunity came. Toward evening as he lay watching for a wary old woodchuck to venture from its hole, he caught sight of a huge black snake gliding slowly across the open glade. He hesitated, in doubt whether to attack the snake or keep on waiting for the wood-chuck. Just then came that whistling sound in the air which he knew so well. The snake heard it, too, and darted toward the nearest tree. It had barely reached the foot of the tree when the feathery thunder-bolt out of the sky fell upon it, clutching it securely with both talons about a foot behind the head.

Easily and effectively had the eagle made his capture; but, when he tried to rise with his prey, his broad wings beat the air in vain. At the instant of the attack the snake had whipped a couple of coils of its tail around the young tree, and that desperate grip the eagle could not break. Savagely he picked at the coils, and then at the reptile's head, preparing to take the prize off in sections if necessary.

Red Fox's moment, long looked for, had come. His rush from cover was straight and low, and swift as a dart; and his jaws caught the eagle a slashing cut on the upper leg. Fox-like, he bit and let go; and the great bird with a yelp of pain and amazement, whirled about, striking at him furiously with beak and wings. He got one buffet from those wings which knocked him over; and the eagle, willing to shirk the conflict, disengaged his talons from the snake and tried to rise. But in an instant Red Fox was upon him again, reaching up for his neck with a lightning-like ferocity that disconcerted the bird's defense. At such close quarters the bird's wings were ineffective, but his rending beak and steel-like talons found their mark in Red Fox's beautiful ruddy coat, which was dyed with crimson in a second.

For most foxes the king of the air would have proved more than a match; but the strength and cleverness of Red Fox put the chance of

battle heavily in his favor. In a few seconds he would have had the eagle overborne and helpless, and would have reached his throat in spite of beak and claw; but at this critical moment the bird found an unexpected and undeserved ally.

The snake which he had attacked, being desperately wounded, was thrashing about in the effort to get away to some hiding. Red Fox happened to step upon it in the struggle; and instantly, though blindly, it threw a convulsive coil about his hind legs. Angrily he turned, and bit at the constricting coil. And while he was tearing at it, seeking to free himself, the eagle recovered, raised himself with difficulty, and succeeded in flopping up into the air. Bedraggled, bloody, and abjectly humiliated, he went beating over the forest toward home; and Red Fox, fairly well satisfied in spite of the incompleteness of his victory, proceeded to refresh himself by a hearty meal of snake. He felt reasonably certain that the big eagle would give both himself and his family a wide berth in the future.

THE PASSING OF CAPTAIN JEWETT¹

From THE CAVALIER. By GEORGE W. CABLE

In the Mississippi campaign of the Civil War Ferry's Scouts, a band of Confederates, charging down a broad lane, captured a score of the Northern soldiers. Captain Jewett, the leader of the Blue-coats, was mortally wounded and taken to the Confederate headquarters. Realizing that his end was near, the Captain asked for Charlotte Oliver, a Southern girl at the headquarters, that he might beg her to bear his last message home to his wife. One of the scouts, named Smith, gives the following account of the final hours of the Captain.

As Charlotte once more wiped the damp brow, the captive said, with much labor, "After that—war seems—an awful thing. I suppose it isn't half so much a crime—as it is a—penalty—for the crimes that bring it on. But anyhow—you know—being—" The bugle rang out the reveille.

"Being a soldier," said Charlotte, "you want to die like one?"

"Yes, oh, yes!—the best I can. I'd like to sit half up—and hold my sword—if there's—no objection. I've loved it so! It would almost be

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like holding—the hand that's far away. Of course, it isn't really necessary, but—it would be more like—dying—for my country."

He would not have it in the scabbard, and when I laid it naked in his hand he kissed the hilt. Charlotte sent Gholson for Ned Ferry. Glancing from the window, I noticed that for some better convenience our scouts had left the grove, and the prisoners had been marched in and huddled close to the veranda-steps, under their heavy marching-guard of Louisianians. One of the blue-coats called up to me softly: "Dying—really?" He turned to his fellows—"Boys, Captain's dying."

Every Northern eye was lifted to the window and I turned away. "Richard!" gently called Charlotte, and I saw the end was at hand; a new anguish was on the brow; yet the soldier was asking for a song; "a soldier's song, will you?"

"Why, Captain," she replied, "you know, we don't sing the same words to our soldier-songs that you do—except in the hymns. Shall I sing 'Am I a soldier of the cross?'"

He did not answer promptly; but when he did he said, "Yes—sing that."

She sang it. As the second stanza was begun we heard a responsive swell grow softly to fuller and fuller volume beneath the windows, the prisoners were singing. I heard an austere voice forbid it, but it rose straight on from strength to strength:

"Sure I must fight if I would win,
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

The dying man lifted a hand and Charlotte ceased. He had not heard the muffled chorus of his followers below; or it may be that he had, and that the degree of liberty they seemed to be enjoying prompted him to seek the new favor he now asked. I did not catch his words, but Charlotte heard, and answered tenderly, yet with a thrill of pain so keen she could not conceal it even from him.

"Oh! you wouldn't ask a rebel to sing that," she sighed, "would you?"

He made no rejoinder except that his eyes were insistent. She wiped his temples. "I hate to refuse you."

His gaze was grateful. She spoke again: "I suppose I oughtn't to mind it."

Miss Harper came in, and Charlotte, taking her hand without a glance, told the Captain's hard request under her voice. Miss Harper, too, in her turn, gave a start of pain, but when the dying eyes and smile turned pleadingly to her she said, "Why, if you can, Charlotte, dear, but oh! how can you?"

Charlotte addressed the wounded man: "Just a little bit of it, will that do?" and as he eagerly assented she added, to Miss Harper, "You know, dear, in its history it's no more theirs than ours."

"No, not so much," said Miss Harper, with a gleam of pride; and thereupon it was my amazement to hear Charlotte begin guardedly to sing:

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

But guardedly as she began, the effect on the huddled crowd below was instant and electrical. They heard almost the first note; looking down anxiously, I saw the wonder and enthusiasm pass from man to man. They heard the first two lines in awed, ecstatic silence; but at the third, warily, first one, then three, then a dozen, then a score, bereft of arms, standard, and leader, little counting ever again to see freedom, flag, or home, they raised their voices, by the dawn's early light, in their song of songs.

Our main body were out in the highway, just facing into column, and the effect on them I could not see. The prisoners' guards, though instantly ablaze with indignation, were so taken by surprise that for two or three seconds, with carbines at a ready, they—and even their sergeant in command—only darted fierce looks here and there and up at me. The prisoners must have been used to singing in ordered chorus, for one of them strode into their middle, and smiling sturdily at the maddened guard and me, led the song evenly. "No, sir!" he said, as I made an angry sign for them to desist, "one verse through, if every one of us dies for it—let the Captain hear it, boys—sing!

"The rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air—"

Charlotte had ceased, in consternation not for the conditions without more than for those within. With the first strong swell of the song

from below, the dying leader strove to sit upright and to lift his blade, but failed and would have slammed back upon the pillows had not she and Miss Harper saved him. He lay in their arms gasping his last, yet clutching his sabre with a quivering hand and listening on with rapt face untroubled by the fiery tumult of cries that broke into and over the strain.

"Club that man over the head!" cries the sergeant of the guard, and one of his men swung a gun; but the Yankee sprang inside of its sweep, crying, "Sing her through, boys!" grappled his opponent, and hurled him back. In the same instant the sergeant called steadily, "Guard, ready—aim—"

There sounded a clean slap of levelled carbines, yet from the prisoners came the continued song in its closing couplet:

"The star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave!—"

and out of the midst of its swell the oaths and curses and defiant laughter of a dozen men crying, with tears in their eyes, "Shoot! shoot! why don't you shoot?"

But the command to fire did not come, suddenly there was a drumming of hoofs, then their abrupt stoppage, and the voice of a vigilant commander called, "Attention!"

With a few words to the sergeant, more brief than harsh, and while the indomitable singers pressed on to the very close of the stanza without a sign from him to desist, Ferry bade the subaltern resume his command, and turned toward me at the window. He lifted his sword and spoke in a lowered tone, the sullen guard stood to their arms, and every captive looked up for my reply.

"Shall I come?" he inquired; but I shook my head.

"What!—gone?" he asked again, and I nodded.

BURIAL OF DUNDEE

From LAYS OF SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. By W. E. AYTOUN

On the heights of Killiecrankie

Yester-morn our army lay;

Slowly rose the mist in columns

From the river's broken way;

Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!

Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night,—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.

But he raised his hand for silence—
“Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!

“Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors
Or the brood of false Argyle!

Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
 Let them tell their pale Convention
 How they fared within the North.

"Let them tell that Highland honor
 Is not to be bought or sold,
 That we scorn their Prince's anger
 As we loath his foreign gold.
 Strike! and when the fight is over,
 If ye look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest,
 Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answers to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the land of wide Braedalbane,
 Not a man who heard him speak
 Would that day have left the battle.
 Flashing eye and burning cheek
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath;
 For their souls were strong within them,
 Stronger than the grasp of death.

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe;
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer,
 When they scent the stately deer.

From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long batallion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;

Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountains
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!

Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band,—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.

Then we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.

And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer;
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme!

RESCUED FROM THE STADTHOUSE TOWER

From THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. By CHARLES READE

Gerard, the son of a Tergouw mercer living in the fifteenth century, is designed for the Church where a good benefice is promised him. He falls in love with Margaret Brandt, the daughter of a poor scholar, and giving up the Church career, betroths himself to her. He is on the eve of marriage when his irate father imprisons him in the Stadthouse Tower for his disobedience, as a medieval parent had power to do. Martin, Gerard's faithful friend, and Margaret Brandt devise a plan to rescue Gerard from the tower.

Gerard was taken up several flights of stairs and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window with a vertical iron bar. The whole furniture was a huge oak chest. Imprisonment in that age was one of the high-roads to death, for it implied cold, unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poison. Gerard felt that he was in the hands of an enemy. And he kneeled down and commended his soul to God.

Presently he rose and sprang at the iron bar of the window, and clutched it. This enabled him to look out by pressing his knees against the wall. Falling back somewhat heavily, he wrenched the rusty iron bar, held only by rusty nails, away from the stonework just as Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster, opened the door stealthily be-

hind him. He brought a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them on the chest in solemn silence. Gerard's first impulse was to brain him with the iron bar, and fly down stairs; but the burgomaster, seeing something wicked in his eye, gave a little cough, and three stout fellows, armed, showed themselves directly at the door.

"My orders are to keep you until you shall bind yourself by an oath to leave Margaret Brandt, and return to the Church to which you have belonged from your cradle."

"Death sooner."

"With all my heart." And the burgomaster retired.

As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank; with the waning light even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him; and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of dispondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him,—they meant to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow; there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope: had a friendly hand shot it?

He took it up and felt it over; he felt a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light; it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written. How his eyes devoured them, his heart panting the while!

Well-beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us: but hold thine end fast: then count an hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window. Standing on the chest and looking down he saw figures at the tower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand: then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw.

Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up: it

came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk. What could this mean? While he was puzzling himself, Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear. "Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty." At the word, Gerard drew the whipcord line up, and drew and drew until he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whipcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up than he found that he now had a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed upon him, and he went to work and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him: the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well nigh exhausted; looking down he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower.

He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo! a stout new rope touched his hand: he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his prison, and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

This shook his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. In the silent night he heard his own heart beat.

The free air breathed on his face, and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally, he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt anxiously with his feet for the outside rope, and, when he had got it, he worked it in between the soles of his feet, and kept it there tight; then he uttered a short prayer, and, all the calmer for it, put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out.

Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand felt for the rope down at his knees; it was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The moment he had fairly grasped it, he left the bar, and swiftly seized the rope with his right hand too; but in this maneuver his body necessarily fell about a yard. A stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand.

He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone into his prison window; it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty, slimy streak on the wall: it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again; and there, not more than thirty feet below him, were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine in the moonlight. For their mouths were open, and they were breathing hard.

"Take care, Gerard! O, take care! Look not down."

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one embrace.

THE MIRACLE OF THE PEACH-TREE¹

From LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY. BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Giovanna Scarpa, the young wife of a Verona ragpicker, has been slandered and nearly mobbed during her husband's absence, and has fled from the city with her baby in her arms.

Directly you were outside the Porta San Zeno the peach-trees began — acre by acre of bent trunks, whose long branches, tied at the top, took shapes of blown candle-flames: beyond these was an open waste of bents and juniper scrub, which afforded certain eatage for goats.

Here three herd-boys, Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, simple brown-skinned souls, watched their flocks all the summer night, sleeping, waking to play pranks with each other, whining endless doggerel, praying at every scare, and swearing at every reassurance. Simple puppyish folk though they were, Madonna of the Peach-Tree chose them to witness her epiphany.

It was a very still night, of wonderful star-shine, but without a moon. The stars were so thickly spread, so clear and hot, that there was light enough for the lads to see each other's faces, the rough shapes of each other. It was light enough to notice how the square belfry of San Zeno cut a wedge of black into the spangled blue vault. Sheer through the Milky Way it ploughed a broad furrow, which ended in a ragged edge. You would never have seen that if it had not been a clear night.

Still also it was. You heard the cropping of the goats, the jaws' champ when they chewed the crisp leaves; the flicker of the bats' wings. In the marsh, half a mile away, the chorus of frogs, when it swelled up, drowned all nearer noise; but when it broke off suddenly, those others resumed their hold upon the stillness. It was a breathless night of suspense. Anything might happen on such a night.

Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, under the spell of this marvelous night, lay on their stomachs alert for alarms. A heavy-wheeling white owl had come by with a swish, and Biagio had called aloud to Madonna in his agony. Astorre had crossed himself over and over again: this

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was the Angel of Death cruising abroad on the hunt for goats or goat-herds; but "No, no!" cried Luca, eldest of the three, "The wings are too short, friends. That is a fluffy new soul just let loose. She knows not the way, you see. Let us pray for her. There are devils abroad on such close nights as this."

Pray they did, with a will, "Ave Maria," "O maris Stella," and half the Paternoster, when Biagio burst into a guffaw, and gave Luca a push which sent Astorre down.

"Why, 'tis only a screech-owl, you fools!" he cried, though the sound of his own voice made him falter; "an old mouse-teaser," he went on in a much lower voice. "Who's afraid?"

A black and white cat making a pounce had sent hearts to mouths after this: though they found her out before they had got to "Dominus tecum," she left them all in a quiver. It had been a cat, but it might have been the devil. Then, before the bristles had folded down on their backs, they rose up again, and the hair of their heads became rigid as quills. Over the brow of a little hill, through the peach-trees (which bowed their spiry heads to her as she walked), came quietly a tall white Lady in a dark cloak. Hey! powers of earth and air, but this was not to be doubted! Evenly forward she came, without a footfall, without a rustle or the crackling of a twig, without so much as kneeing her skirt—stood before them so nearly that they saw the pale oval of her face, and said in a voice like a muffled bell, "I am hungry, my friends; have you any meat?" She had a face like the moon, and great round eyes; within her cloak, on the bosom of her white dress, she held a man-child. He, they passed their sacred word, lifted in his mother's arms and turned open-handed towards them. Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, goat-herds all and honest lads, fell on their faces with one accord; with one voice they cried, "Madonna, Madonna, Madonna! pray for us sinners!"

But again the Lady spoke in her gentle tones, "I am very hungry, and my child is hungry. Have you nothing to give me?" So then Luca kicked the prone Biagio, and Biagio's heel nicked Astorre on the shin. But it was Luca, as became the eldest, who got up first, all the same; and as soon as he was on his feet the others followed him. Luca took his cap off, Biagio saw the act and followed it. Astorre, who dared not lift his eyes, and was so busy making crosses on himself that he had

no hands to spare, kept his on till Luca nudged Biagio, and Biagio cuffed him soundly, saying, "Uncover, cow-face."

Then Luca on his knees made an offering of cheese and black bread to the Lady. They saw the gleam of her white hand as she stretched it out to take the victual. That hand shone like agate in the dark. They saw her eat, sitting very straight and noble upon a tussock of bents. Astorre whispered to Biagio, Biagio consulted with Luca for a few anxious moments, and communicated again with Astorre. Astorre jumped up and scuttled away in the dark. Presently he came back, bearing something in his two hands. The three shock-heads inspected his burden; there was much whispering, some contention, almost a scuffle. The truth was, that Biagio wanted to take the thing from Astorre, and that Luca would not allow it. Luca was the eldest and wanted to take it himself. Astorre was in tears. "*Cristo amore!*" he blubbered, "you will spill the milk between you. I thought of it all by myself. Let go, Biagio; let go, Luca!" So they whispered and tussled, pulling three different ways. The Lady's voice broke over them like silver rain. "Let him who thought of the kind act give me the milk," she said; so young Astorre on his knees handed her the horn cup, and through the cracks of his fingers watched her drink every drop.

That done, the cup returned with a smile piercingly sweet, the Lady rose. Saints on thrones, how tall she was! "The *bimbo* will thank you for this to-morrow, as I do now," said she. "Good-night, my friends, and may the good God have mercy upon all souls!" She turned to go the way she had come, but Astorre, covering his eyes with one hand, crept forward on three legs (as you might say) and plucked the hem of her robe up, and kissed it. She stooped to lay a hand upon his head. "Never kiss my robe, Astorre," said she—and how under Heaven did she know his name if she were not *what she was?*—"never kiss my robe, but get up and let me kiss you." Well of Truth! to think of it! Up gets Astorre, shaking like a nun in a fit, and the Lady bent over him and, as sure as you are you, kissed his forehead. Astorre told his village next day as they sat round him in a ring, and he on the well-head as plain to be seen as this paper, that he felt at that moment as if two rose-leaves had dropped from heaven upon his forehead. Slowly then, very slowly and smoothly (as they report), did the Lady move away towards

the peach-trees whence she had come. In the half light there was—for by this it was the hour before dawn—they saw her take a peach from one of the trees. She stayed to eat it. Then she walked over the crest of the orchard and disappeared. As soon as they dared, when the light had come, they looked for her over that same crest, but could see nothing whatever. With pale, serious faces the three youths regarded each other. There was no doubt as to what had happened—a miracle! a miracle!

With one consent then—since this was plainly a Church affair—they ran to their parish priest, Don Gasparo. He got the whole story at last; nothing could shake them; no detail was wanting. Thus it was: the Blessed Virgin, carrying in her arms the Santissimo Bambino Gesù, had come through the peach-trees, asked for and eaten of their food, prayed for them aloud to Messer Domeneddio himself, and kissed Astorre on the forehead. As they were on their knees, she walked away, stopped, took a peach, ate it, walked on, vanished—*ecco!* The curate rubbed his head, and tried another boy. Useless: the story was the same. Third boy, same story. He tucked up his cassock with decision, took his biretta and walking-staff, and said to the three goat-herds:—

“My lads, all this is matter of miracle. I do not deny its truth—God forbid it in a simple man such as I am. But I do certainly ask you to lead me to the scene of your labors.”

The boys needed no second asking: off they all set. The curate went over every inch of the ground. Here lay Luca, Biagio, and Astorre; the belfry of San Zeno was in such and such a direction, the peach-trees in such and such. Good: there they were. What next? According to their account, Madonna had come thus and thus. The good curate bundled off to spy for footprints in the orchard. Marvel! there were none. This made him look very grave; for if she made no earthly footprints, she could have no earthly feet. Next he must see by what way she had gone. She left them kneeling here, said they, went towards the peach-garden, stayed by a certain tree (which they pointed out), plucked a peach from the very top of it—this they swore to, though the tree was near fourteen feet high—stood while she ate it, and went over the brow of the rising ground. Here was detail enough, it is to be hoped. The curate nosed it out like a slot-hound; he paced the track himself from the scrub to the peach-tree, and stood under this last gazing to its top,

from there to its roots; he shook his head many times, stroked his chin a few; then with a broken cry he made a pounce and picked up—a peach-stone! After this to doubt would have been childish; as a fact he had no more than the boys.

“My children,” said he, “we are here face to face with a great mystery. It is plain that Messer Domeneddio hath designs upon this hamlet, of which we, His worms, have no conception. You, my dear sons, He hath chosen to be workers for His purpose, which we cannot be very far wrong in supposing to be the building of an oratory or tabernacle to hold this unspeakable relic. That erection must be our immediate, anxious care. Meantime I will place the relic in the pyx of our Lady’s altar, and mark the day in our calendar for perpetual remembrance. I shall not fail to communicate with his holiness the bishop. Who knows what may be the end of this?”

He was as good as his word. A procession was formed in no time—children carrying their rosaries and bunches of flowers, three banners, the whole village with a candle apiece; next Luca, Biagio, and Astorre with larger candles—half a pound weight each at the least; then four men to hold up a canopy, below which came the good curate himself with the relic on a cushion.

It was deposited with great reverence in the place devoted, having been drenched with incense. There was a solemn mass. After which things the curate thought himself at liberty to ruffle into Verona with the news.

ANTELOPE THE SIOUX SCOUT¹

Abridged from OLD INDIAN DAYS. BY C. ALEXANDER EASTMAN

On a hot midsummer morning while most of the inmates of the tepees in the Sioux camp were breakfasting in the open air, the powerful voice of the herald chanted, “Hear ye, hear ye, warriors! The council has decreed that four brave young men must scout the country for the peace and protection of our people!”

All listened eagerly for the names of the chosen warriors, and in another moment there came the sonorous call: “Antelope, Antelope! the council has selected you!”

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In due time the four chosen youths appeared before the council fire. The oath of the pipe was administered, and each took a few whiffs as reverently as a churchman would partake of the sacrament.

It was a peculiarly trying and hazardous moment in which to perform the duties of a scout. The Sioux were encroaching upon the territory of hostile tribes, here in the foot-hills of the Big Horn Mountains. If continued vigilance could not save them, it might become necessary to retreat to their own hunting grounds.

Antelope had been running for two or three hours at a good, even gait, and had crossed more than one of the smaller creeks. His keen eyes were constantly sweeping the country in his front. Suddenly he paused and shrank back motionless, still keeping an eye upon a moving object. It was soon evident that some one was stealthily eyeing him from behind cover. Stooping, he glided down a little ravine, and as he reached the bed of the creek there emerged from it a large, gray wolf.

This was very opportune for Antelope. He gave the gray wolf's danger-call, then he turned and ran fleetly down the stream. At the same moment the wolf appeared upon the top of the bank, in full view of the enemy.

"Here he comes!" they whispered, and had their arrows on the string as the wolf trotted leisurely along, exposing only his head, for this was a common disguise among the plains Indians. But when he came into the open, behold! it was only a gray wolf!

"Ugh!" the Utes grunted. "Surely he was a man, and coming directly into our trap! Either he is a Sioux in disguise, or we don't know their tricks!" exclaimed the leader.

Now they gave the war-whoop, and their arrows flew through the air. The wolf gave a yelp of distress, staggered and fell dead. Instantly they ran to examine the body, and found it to be truly that of a wolf.

"Either this is a wonderful medicine-man, or we are shamefully fooled by a Sioux warrior," they muttered.

They lost several minutes before they caught sight of Antelope. It would be safer for him to remain in concealment until dark; but in the meantime the Ute warriors would reach the camp, and his people were unprepared! It was necessary to expose himself to the enemy. He knew that it would be chiefly a contest of speed and he had an ex-

cellent start; but on the other hand, the Utes doubtless had their horses.

"The Sioux who has played this trick on us must die to-day!" exclaimed their leader. "Come, friends, we cannot afford to let him tell this joke on us at the camp-fires of his people!"

Antelope was headed directly for Eagle Scout Butte, for the Sioux camp was in plain view from the top of this hill.

"I shall reach the summit first, unless the Ute horses have wings!" he said to himself.

Looking over his shoulder, he saw five horsemen approaching, so he examined his bow and arrows as he ran. Now he was within hearing of their whoops, but he was already at the foot of the butte. Their horses could not run up the steep ascent, and they were obliged to dismount. Like a deer the Sioux leaped from rock to rock, and almost within arrow-shot came his pursuers.

When he achieved the summit, he took his stand between two great rocks, and flashed his tiny looking-glass for a distress signal into the distant camp of his people. He sent down a swift arrow now and then, to show the Utes that he was no child or woman in fight. They replied with yells of triumph, as they pressed more closely upon him. From time to time he continued to flash his signal, and at last like lightning the little white flash came in reply.

The sun was low when the besieged warrior discovered a large body of horsemen approaching from the northwest. It was the Ute war-party! He looked earnestly once more toward the Sioux camp. There, too, were many moving specks upon the plain, drawing toward the foot of the hill!

When the Sioux warriors reached the well-known butte, they could distinguish their enemies massed behind the hanging rocks and scattered cedar-trees, crawling up closer and closer, for the Ute war-party reached the hill just as the scouts who held Antelope at bay discovered the approach of his kinsmen.

Antelope had long since exhausted his quiver of arrows and was gathering up many of those that fell about him to send them back among his pursuers. When their attention was withdrawn from him for an instant by the sudden onset of the Sioux, he sprang to his feet.

He raised both his hands heavenward in token of gratitude for his rescue, and his friends announced with loud shouts the daring of Antelope.

Both sides fought bravely, but the Utes at last retreated and were fiercely pursued. Antelope stood at his full height upon the huge rock that had sheltered him, and gave his yell of defiance and exultation. Below him the warriors took it up, and among the gathering shadows the rocks echoed praises of his name.

In the Sioux camp upon Lost Water there were dances and praise songs, but there was wailing and mourning, too, for many lay dead among the crags. The name of Antelope was indelibly recorded upon Eagle Scout Butte. If he wished for a war-bonnet of eagle feathers, it was his to wear.

PIRATES¹

From COLLECTED POEMS. BY ALFRED NOYES

Come to me, you with the laughing face, in the night as I lie
Dreaming of the days that are dead and of joys gone by;
Come to me, comrade, come through the slow-dripping rain,
Come from your grave in the darkness and let us be playmates again.

Let us be boys together to-night, and pretend as of old
We are pirates at rest in a cave among huge heaps of gold,
Red Spanish doubloons and great pieces of eight, and muskets and
swords,
And a smoky red camp-fire to glint, you know how, on our ill-gotten
hoards.

The old cave in the fir-wood that slopes down the hills to the sea
Still is haunted, perhaps, by young pirates as wicked as we:
Though the fir with the magpie's big mud-plastered nest used to hide it
so well,

And the boys in the gang had to swear that they never would tell.

Ah, that tree; I have sat in its boughs and looked seaward for hours;
I remember the creak of its branches; the scent of the flowers

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That climbed round the mouth of the cave: it is odd I recall
Those little things best, that I scarcely took heed of at all.

I remember how brightly the brass on the butt of my spy-glass gleamed
As I climbed the purple heather and thyme to our eyrie and dreamed;
I remember the smooth glossy sun-burn that darkened our faces and
hands

As we gazed at the merchantmen sailing away to those wonderful lands.

I remember the long sigh of the sea as we raced in the sun,
To dry ourselves after our swimming; and how we would run
With a cry and a crash through the foam as it creamed on the shore,
Then to bask in the warm dry gold of the sand once more.

Come to me; you with the laughing face; in the gloom as I lie
Dreaming of the days that are dead and of joys gone by;
Let us be boys together to-night and pretend as of old
We are pirates at rest in a cave among great heaps of gold.

Come; you shall be chief; we'll not quarrel: the time flies so fast:
There are ships to be grappled, there's blood to be shed, ere our play-
time be past:

No; perhaps we *will* quarrel, just once, or it scarcely will seem
So like the old days that have flown from us both like a dream.

Still; you shall be chief in the end; and then we'll go home
To the hearth and the tea and the books that we loved: ah, but come,
Come to me, come through the dark and the slow-dripping rain;
Come, old friend, come from your grave and let us be playmates again.

NANDI LION HUNTING¹

From AFRICAN GAME TRAILS. BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

At Sergoi Lake (in East Africa) there is a store kept by Mr. Kirke, a South African of Scotch blood. With a kind courtesy which I cannot too highly appreciate he, with the equally cordial help of another settler, Mr. Skally—also a South African, but of Irish birth—and of the District

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Commissioner, Mr. Corbett, had arranged for a party of Nandi warriors to come over and show me how they hunted the lion. Two Dutch farmers, Boers, from the neighborhood, had also come; they were Messrs. Mouton and Jordaan, fine fellows both, the former having served with De Wet during the war. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett—who were hospitality itself—had also come to see the sport; and so had Captain Chapman, an English army officer who was taking a rest after several years' service in Northern Nigeria.

The Nandi are a warlike pastoral tribe, close kin to the Masai in blood and tongue, in weapons and in manner of life. They have long been accustomed to kill with the spear lions which became man-eaters or which molest their cattle overmuch; and the peace which British rule has imposed upon them—a peace so welcome to the weaker, so irksome to the predatory, tribes—has left lion killing one of the few pursuits in which glory can be won by a young warrior. When it was told them that if they wished they could come to hunt lions at Sergoi eight hundred warriors volunteered, and much heart-burning was caused in choosing the sixty or seventy who were allowed the privilege. They stipulated, however, that they should not be used merely as beaters, but should kill the lion themselves, and refused to come unless with this understanding.

* * * * *

They were splendid savages, stark naked, lithe as panthers, the muscles rippling under their smooth dark skins; all their lives they had lived on nothing but animal food, milk, blood, and flesh, and they were fit for any fatigue or danger. Their faces were proud, cruel, fearless; as they ran they moved with long springy strides. Their head-dresses were fantastic; they carried ox-hide shields, painted with strange devices; and each bore in his right hand the formidable war spear, used both for stabbing and for throwing at close quarters. The narrow spear heads of soft iron were burnished till they shone like silver; they were four feet long, and the point and edges were razor sharp. The wooden haft appeared for but a few inches; the long butt was also of iron, ending in a spike, so that the spear looked almost solid metal. Yet each sinewy warrior carried his heavy weapon as if it were a toy, twirling it till it glinted in the sun-rays. Herds of game, red hartebeests, and

striped zebra and wild swine, fled right and left before the advance of the line.

It was noon before we reached a wide, shallow valley, with beds of rushes here and there in the middle, and on either side high grass and dwarfed and scattered thorn-trees. Down this we beat for a couple of miles. Then, suddenly, a maned lion rose a quarter of a mile ahead of the line and galloped off through the high grass to the right; and all of us on horseback tore after him.

He was a magnificent beast, with a black and tawny mane; in his prime, teeth and claws perfect, with mighty thews and savage heart. He was lying near a hartebeest on which he had been feasting; his life had been one unbroken career of rapine and violence; and now the maned master of the wilderness, the terror that stalked by night, the grim lord of slaughter, was to meet his doom at the hands of the only foes who dared molest him.

It was a mile before we brought him to bay. Then the Dutch farmer, Moulton, who had not even a rifle, but who rode foremost, was almost on him; he halted and turned under a low thorn-tree, and we galloped past him to the opposite side, to hold him until the spearmen could come. It was a sore temptation to shoot him; but of course we could not break faith with our Nandi friends. We were only some sixty yards from him, and we watched him with our rifles ready, lest he should charge either us, or the first two or three spearmen, before their companions arrived.

One by one the spearmen came up, at a run, and gradually began to form a ring around him. Each, when he came near enough, crouched behind his shield, his spear in his right hand, his fierce, eager face peering over the shield rim. As man followed man, the lion rose to his feet. His mane bristled, his tail lashed, he held his head low, the upper lip now drooping over the jaws, now drawn up so as to show the gleam of the long fangs. He faced first one way and then another, and never ceased to utter his murderous grunting roars. It was a wild sight; the ring of spearmen, intent, silent, bent on blood, and in the centre the great man-killing beast, his thunderous wrath growing ever more dangerous.

At last the tense ring was complete, and the spearmen arose and closed

in. The lion looked quickly from side to side, saw where the line was thinnest, and charged at his topmost speed. The crowded moment began. With shields held steady, and quivering spears poised, the men in front braced themselves for the rush and the shock; and from either hand the warriors sprang forward to take their foe in flank.

Bounding ahead of his fellows, the leader reached throwing distance; the long spear flickered and plunged; as the lion felt the wound he half turned, and then flung himself on the man in front. The warrior threw his spear; it drove deep into the life, for entering at one shoulder it came out of the opposite flank, near the thigh, a yard of steel through the great body.

Rearing, the lion struck the man, bearing down the shield, his back arched; and for a moment he slaked his fury with fang and talon. But on the instant I saw another spear driven clear through his body from side to side; and as the lion turned again the bright spear blades darting toward him were flashes of white flame. The end had come. He seized another man, who stabbed him and wrenched loose. As he fell he gripped a spear-head in his jaws with such tremendous force that he bent it double. Then the warriors were round and over him, stabbing and shouting, wild with furious exultation.

From the moment when he charged until his death I doubt whether ten seconds had elapsed, perhaps less; but what a ten seconds! The first half-dozen spears had done the work. Three of the spear blades had gone clear through the body, the points projecting several inches; and these, and one or two others, including the one he had seized in his jaws, had been twisted out of shape in the terrible death struggle.

We at once attended to the two wounded men. Treating their wounds with antiseptic was painful, and so, while the operation was in progress, I told them, through Kirke, that I would give each a heifer. A Nandi prizes his cattle rather more than his wives; and each sufferer smiled broadly at the news, and forgot all about the pain of his wounds.

Then the warriors, raising their shields above their heads, and chanting the deep-toned victory song, marched with a slow, dancing step around the dead body of the lion; and this savage dance of triumph ended a scene of as fierce interest and excitement as I ever hope to see.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

Abridged from BALLADS AND SONNETS. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

NOTE. Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name is retained by her descendants, the Barlass family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm.

I, Catherine, am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the king and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

And the queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the king was loth to stir from her side
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who sold his sovereign Lord.

With reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

And now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armed men.]

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
 And like a king did he stand;
 But there was no armor in all the room,
 Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
 And thought to have it made fast;
 But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
 And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
 As the iron foot-step fell,—
 Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
 "Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
 And he crossed his brow and breast;
 And proudly in royal hardihood
 Even so with folded arms he stood,—
 The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
 "O Catherine, help!" she cried.
 And low at his feet we clasped his knees
 Together side by side.
 "Oh! even a king, for his people's sake,
 From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and marked
 The pang that my words could wring,
 And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
 I snatched and held to the King:—
 "Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
 Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
 The heavy heft did he take;

And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the opep floor,
Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripp'd
And toiled to smoothe it fair.

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said, "Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low."

And now again came the armed tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

O God! what more did I see,
Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

Ah me! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;—
Too late, too late, alas, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the mustering tread.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem-knell.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and sceptre in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

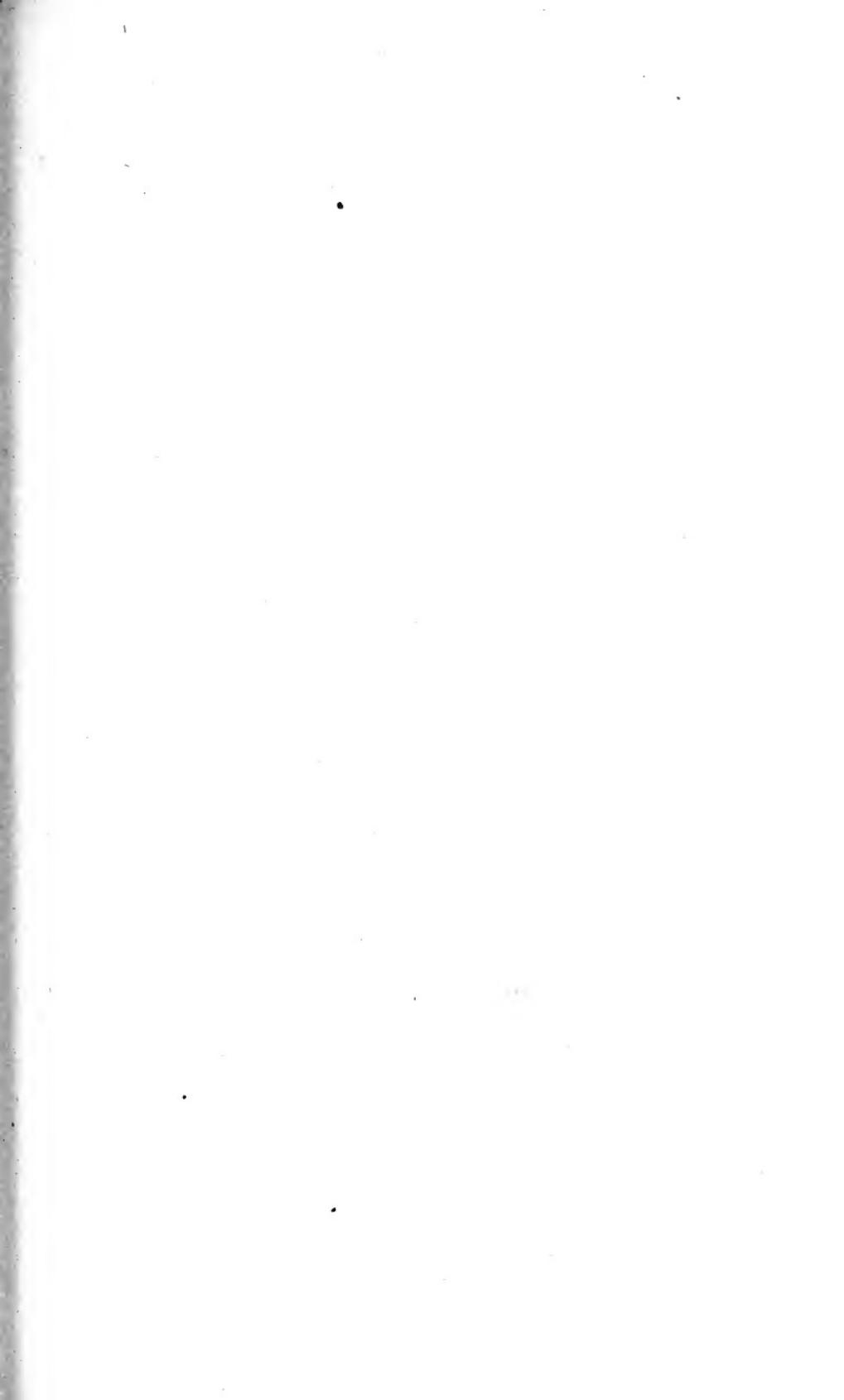
And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
And still was the death-pall spread;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire;
And nought she spake,—she had ceased to speak,—
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just reward,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said,—“My King, they are dead!”
And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile,—
“James, James, they suffered more!”

And “O James!” she said,—“My James!” she said,—
“Alas for the woful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King!”



DIRECTNESS IN DELIVERY

The old style declamatory method of speaking has passed away, as has, also, tearing of passions to tatters by ranting actors. Occasionally an over-zealous speaker mistakes vociferous delivery for eloquence, but the best speakers of to-day are simple, direct and colloquial in their utterances. In making your delivery direct, avoid robbing it of vitality. Keep the undercurrent of vitality, consider your audience as being near at hand, and appeal directly to them. Exemplify directness in the following selections.

AT ABBOTSFORD WITH SCOTT¹

From CRAYON MISCELLANY. BY WASHINGTON IRVING

I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell, the poet, and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion.

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post-chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with the letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a baronet) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

In a little while the "lord of the castle" himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likeness that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic: an old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at his button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound of most grave demeanor.

Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he. "Ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterward ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself, on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hout, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast." I

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was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table.

Scott proposed a ramble to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old stag-hound Maida, a noble animal, and a great favorite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational companions.

We had not walked far before we saw the two Miss Scotts advancing along the hillside to meet us. The morning's studies being over, they had set off to take a ramble on the hills, and gather heather-blossoms. As they came bounding lightly, like young fawns, and their dresses fluttering in the pure summer breeze, I was reminded of Scott's own description of his children in his introduction to one of the cantos of "Marmion."

As they approached, the dogs all sprang forward and gamboled around them. They played with them for a time, and then joined us with countenances full of health and glee. Sophia, the elder, was the more lively and joyous, having much of her father's varied spirit in conversation, and seeming to catch excitement from his words and looks. Ann was of quieter mood, rather silent, owing, in some measure, no doubt, to her being some years younger.

At the dinner Scott had laid by his half-rustic dress, and appeared clad in black. The girls, too, in completing their toilet, had twisted in their hair the sprigs of purple heather which they had gathered on the hillside, and looked all fresh and blooming from their breezy walk.

There was no guest at dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old stag-hound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye, while Finette, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs. Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled.

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing room, which served also for study and library. Against the wall on one side was a long writing table, with drawers; surmounted by a small cabinet of polished wood, with folding-drawers richly studded with brass ornaments, within which Scott kept his most valuable papers. Above the cabinet, in a kind of niche, was a complete corselet of glittering steel, with a closed helmet, and flanked by gauntlets and battle-axes.

Around were hung trophies and relics of various kinds; a simitar of Tipu Sahib; a Highland broadsword from Flodden field; a pair of Rippon spurs from Bannockburn, and above all, a gun which had belonged to Rob Roy, and bore the initials, R. M. C. an object of peculiar interest to me at the time, as it was understood Scott was actually engaged in printing a novel founded on the story of that famous outlaw.

On each side of the cabinet were bookcases, well stored with works of romantic fiction in various languages, many of them rare and antiquated. This, however, was merely his cottage library, the principal part of his books being at Edinburgh.

The evening passed away delightfully in this quaint-looking apartment. Scott had read several passages from the old romances of Arthur, with a fine, deep, sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated black-letter volume. It was a rich treat to hear such a work, read by such a person, and in such a place; and his appearance as he sat reading, in a large armed chair, with his favorite hound, Maida, at his feet and surrounded by books and relics, and border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture.

A MORNING IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE¹

Abridged from *A VOICE FROM THE CONGO*. By HERBERT WARD

Ibenza is the name of the village. It is situated in the heart of the great African forest, fifteen hundred miles from ocean shores. The population is small, for the native communities of this wild region are wanting in the elements of union.



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It is early morning—dark, damp and cold. A white mist hangs heavily over the ground, enveloping the huts and all the lower growths of foliage in ghostly mystery.

* * * * *

Men and women crawl forth from their tiny grass huts, yawning and stretching themselves after their night's deep slumber. The morning mists soon disappear and the village gradually becomes animated. Children, light-hearted and joyous, commence to gambol in every direction; some with their mimic bows and arrows shoot at the prowling pariah dogs.

* * * * *

The morning meal, consisting of a few ears of maize and half-smoked fish, is soon over. Then follows the departure of nearly all the women; they vanish into their forest plantations in quest of food and firewood. The men gradually assemble in front of the chief's hut to hear the public discussions of the day.

These palaver meetings are dear to all Central Africans. They take keen delight in oratory, which may in fact be said to constitute one of their important arts. They talk fluently and employ many metaphorical and flowery expressions. Possessing a natural gift of rude eloquence, it is greatly enhanced in effect by the soft inflections and the harmonious euphony of their language; they reason well and display great aptitude for debate.

The case before the court to-day relates to the death of a young slave girl. She was recently seized by a crocodile, while bathing in the river. About two hundred men and boys in semi-nakedness, seat themselves in a circle in front of their chief, a large-boned truculent-looking man, decorated with heavy iron anklets and bracelets, sitting cross-legged upon a leopard skin.

The former owner of the deceased slave steps forward; striking his spear blade downwards in the ground in front of him, he produces in his right hand a number of small pieces of split bamboo. Speaking fluently and with simple gesture he caps each point of his oration by selecting one of his small sticks and placing it upon the ground in front of him. In brief, his speech relates first to his early life, and in monotonous rotation, and with a careless indifference to relevancy, he enum-

erates all the most memorable and favorable events of his own life, down to the time when he purchased the deceased slave. He then relates the history of the unfortunate slave-girl's untimely end.

"Death is not a natural event," he continued, in the flowery idiom of his language. "Some person with an evil heart has been in communication with the crocodile that deprived me of my slave. An evil spirit, born of envy or malice, has entered the soul of some person in this village and has been communicated to the crocodile. It may even be that some revengeful man or woman has actually become transformed into the shape of a crocodile to do me harm. An evil spirit has been at work, and I call upon our Nganga, our wise and clever witch-doctor, to seek it."

His speech is ended, and upon the ground at his feet lies the row of small sticks which have served as memoranda.

No sooner has the first speech concluded than another orator commences, with a different line of argument; suggesting that the slave girl had offended the great Evil Spirit, and that the angry "Ndoki" had sent his emissary the crocodile to punish her.

Other men, with yet more strangely superstitious views, hasten to gain the attention of the company; the discussion grows heated, and voices are suddenly raised in anger. An imminent brawl is, however, diverted by the timely appearance of several women upon the scene. They carry large earthen-ware jars of fermented sugar-cane juice. The hubbub ceases; the natives forgetful of their differences crowd forward and drink the intoxicating liquid and their voices assume a more friendly tone. The sun is now at its zenith and the heat is intense.

Suddenly all eyes are directed towards a forest path. A jingle of iron bells, a stamping of feet, and from a cloud of dust there springs the grotesque figure of the Fetish Man. Wild-cat skins dangle from his waist. His eyelids are whitened with chalk. His body is smeared with the blood of a fresh-killed fowl. His feather head-dress flutters as he dances. His charms and metal ornaments clank and jingle as he bounds and springs hither and thither somewhat after the manner of a harlequin.

Wildly he dances, stamping his feet and wriggling his body as though his waist was a hinge; the company, squatting round him in a circle,

meanwhile chant a monotonous dirge-like song and clap their hands in unison. At length, bathed in perspiration, dusty and bedraggled, the Fetish Man with a gesture of his hand commands silence. With high prancing steps and swaying shoulders he passes slowly around the company directing searching looks into many faces. In a falsetto voice, still swaying his body, he states that he has come to seek an evil spirit, that he seeks the person who is guilty of having taken the form of a crocodile to kill a woman.

"It is a woman," says he with a fiendish grin, changing the tone of his voice from shrill falsetto to deep bass, "a woman, an old woman, who was envious of the good favor shown to the dead girl by her master."

Stooping low, he places his ear to the ground, and carries on an imaginary conversation. He pretends to consult a spirit in the earth. Then rising, he walks with measured prancing steps in the direction of a poor forlorn-looking woman. Pointing towards her, he makes a hideous grimace and in a sepulchral tone of voice he condemns her as being the guilty person. The wretched woman shrieks, springs to her feet, and turns to flee. Too late. A spear instantly glistens in the air, it strikes her in the back, and with a moan of pain she falls heavily to the ground. During the ensuing uproar her body is dragged away towards the river amid deafening yells and shouts. They then rejoice, these simple people, that an evil spirit has been appeased.

SEA ICE AND ICEBERGS¹

From THE FORMS OF WATER. By JOHN TYNDALL

Water becomes heavier and more difficult to freeze when salt is dissolved in it. Sea water is therefore heavier than fresh, and the Greenland Ocean requires to freeze it a temperature three and one half degrees lower than fresh water.

But even when the water is saturated with salt, the crystallizing force studiously rejects the salt, and devotes itself to the congelation of the water alone. Hence the ice of sea water, when melted, produces fresh water. The only saline particles existing in such ice are those entangled

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mechanically in its pores. They have no part or lot in the structure of the crystal.

This exclusiveness, if I may use the term, of the water molecules: this entire rejection of all foreign elements from the edifices which they build, is enforced to a surprising degree. Sulphuric acid has so strong an affinity for water that it is one of the most powerful agents known to the chemist for the removal of humidity from air. Still, as shown by Faraday, when a mixture of sulphuric acid and water is frozen, the crystal formed is perfectly sweet and free from acidity. The water alone has lent itself to the crystallizing force.

Every winter in the Arctic regions the sea freezes, roofing itself with ice of enormous thickness and vast extent. By the summer heat, and the tossing of the waves, this is broken up; the fragments are drifted by winds and borne by currents. They clash, they crush each other, they file themselves into heaps, thus constituting the chief danger encountered by mariners in the polar seas.

But among the drifting masses of flat sea ice, vaster masses sail, which spring from a totally different source. These are the icebergs of the Arctic seas. They rise sometimes to an elevation of hundreds of feet above the water, while the weight of ice submerged is about seven times that seen above.

The first observers of striking natural phenomena generally allow wonder and imagination more than their due place. But to exclude all error arising from this cause, I will refer to the journal of a cool and intrepid Arctic navigator, Sir Leopold McClintock. He describes an iceberg two hundred fifty feet high, which was aground in five hundred feet of water. This would make the entire height of the berg seven hundred fifty feet, not an unusual altitude for the greater icebergs.

From Baffin's Bay these mighty masses come sailing down through Davis' Straits into the broad Atlantic. A vast amount of heat is demanded for the simple liquefaction of ice; and the melting of icebergs is on this account so slow, that when large they sometimes maintain themselves till they have been drifted two thousand miles from their place of birth.

What is their origin? The Arctic glaciers. From the mountains in the interior the indurated snows slide into the valleys and fill them with

ice. The glaciers thus formed move like the Swiss ones, incessantly downward. But the Arctic glaciers reach the sea, enter it, often plowing up its bottom into submarine moraines. Undermined by the lapping of the waves, and unable to resist the strain imposed by their own weight, they break across, and discharge vast masses into the ocean. Some of these run aground on the adjacent shores, and often maintain themselves for years. Others escape southward, to be finally dissolved in the warm waters of the Atlantic.

STRUGGLING FOR AN EDUCATION¹

Abridged from *UP FROM SLAVERY*. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

One day, while I was at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little colored school in our town.

In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place on earth, and not even Heaven presented more attractions for me at that time than did the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, about which these men were talking. I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how I was going to reach it; I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton. This thought was with me day and night.

In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to get there. The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, sometimes pay-

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ing my fare by stage-coach or train from my scanty savings, in some way, after a number of days, I reached Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. At Richmond I spent several days helping unload pig iron from a vessel, thus earning a little to add to the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton.

I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story, brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. If the people who gave the money to provide that building could appreciate the influence the sight of it had upon me, as well as upon thousands of other youths, they would feel all the more encouraged to make such gifts.

It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and I resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or a tramp.

For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get the chance to show what was in me.

After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it." It occurred to me that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room.

When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass examination into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed.

STANDARDS OF SUCCESS¹

From THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By BRANDER MATTHEWS

In spite of much that may seem like evidence to the contrary, the American people as a whole are not now setting up false standards of success. It is not true that they are drugged with "the spirit of mercenary materialism." There is really little reason to believe that the average man here in the United States, however much he may wish to be better off than he is, weighs his fellow men by their balance in the bank.

In fact, the average man to-day is not without a pretty high opinion of those whose minds are not set on money-making; and he is in no danger of denouncing as a dire failure a career devoted to the loftier things of life. He may at times display too much curiosity about the

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methods and the amassed money of Mr. Midas or Mr. Croesus; but he does not reveal any too great esteem for their persons. He does not actually envy them, even though he may wish that he also had a little more of the material prosperity of which they have too much.

It may even be doubted whether he holds them to have been more successful than the men whom he admires as the leaders of public opinion and as the possessors of the things that money cannot buy. He may gossip about the latest entertainment or the latest benefaction of inordinately wealthy men, but he does not set them as high as he rates certain college presidents, certain artists, certain men of letters, certain inventors, whose power and success cannot be measured in money. He would not dispute Bacon's assertion that "no man's fortune can be an end worthy of the gift of being . . . and often the worthiest men abandon their fortunes willingly that they may have leisure for higher things."

All those who are old enough to remember the funeral of Peter Cooper and its outpouring of affectionate regard from all classes in the city he had made a better place to live in, will not need to be assured that the average American clings sturdily to the belief that public service, in office or out of it, is the true gauge of life. The most useful citizen is in fact the most successful; and it is those who have given loyal service to the community whom the community holds in highest regard.

Probably the average American, if he were forced to give thought to it, would admit willingly that the unknown settlement-workers, who put behind them all desire for gain and who give their lives gladly to unostentatious service, have achieved a fuller measure of success than the most of the men who have been conspicuous in amassing millions.

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

THE PREMIÈRE OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"¹

Abridged from THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE

When Goldsmith reached his chambers in Brick Court, he found awaiting him a letter from Colman, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, to let him know that Woodward and Mrs. Abington had resigned their parts in his comedy which had been in rehearsal for a week, and that he, Colman, felt they were right in doing so, as the failure of the piece was inevitable. He hoped that Dr. Goldsmith would be discreet enough to sanction its withdrawal while its withdrawal was still possible.

He read the letter—one of several from Colman prophesying disaster—without impatience, and threw it aside without a further thought that night. Next morning he hurried off to the theatre and found Colman in his most disagreeable mood.

"I have been a manager now for some years," said Colman, "and, speaking from the experience which I have gained, I say without hesitation that I never had a piece offered to me which promised so complete a disaster as this, sir. Why, 'tis like no other comedy that was ever wrote."

"That is a feature which I think the playgoers will not be so slow to appreciate," said Goldsmith. "Good Heavens! Mr. Colman, cannot you see that what the people want nowadays is a novelty? Pray let us not take so gloomy a view of the hereafter of our play."

"Of *your* play, sir, by your leave," intoned Colman contemptuously.

At rehearsals Colman provoked Goldsmith almost beyond endurance by his sneers, and actually encouraged the members of his own company in their frivolous complaints regarding their dialogue. But Goldsmith occupied himself making such changes in his play as were suggested to him in the course of the rehearsals. He persuaded Mr. John Quick to take the part of Tony Lumpkin resigned by Woodward, and Mrs. Bulkley that of Miss Hardcastle resigned by Mrs. Abington. At the end of a week Gentleman Smith who had been cast for young Marlow threw up his part, and it was handed over to Lee Lewes. The

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title of the comedy, too, Goldsmith changed from "The Mistakes of a Night" to "She Stoops to Conquer."

Fortunately Goldsmith had influential friends that recognized his genius, and believed in the success of his comedy.

"To prove how certain we are of the future of your piece," said Joshua Reynolds to him, "we ask you to join us at dinner on Monday previous to the first performance."

"Commonplace people would invite you to supper, sir," put in Dr. Johnson, "to celebrate the success of your play. Our esteem remains independent of the verdict of the public. On Monday night, sir, you will find a thousand people who will esteem it an honor to have you sup with them; but on Monday afternoon you will dine with us."

On that Monday George Steevens called for Goldsmith and accompanied him to the St. James coffee-house, where the dinner was to take place. There they found Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Edmund and Richard Burke, and Caleb Whiteford already assembled. Garrick could not join them.

The dinner was a dismal failure, so far as the guest of the party was concerned. Goldsmith was unable to swallow a morsel, so parched had his throat become from sheer nervousness. While there was still plenty of time even for walking to the theatre, Goldsmith left the room hastily, explaining elaborately that he had forgotten to brush his hat, and he meant to have the omission repaired without delay.

The party looked for his return until a waiter reported that Dr. Goldsmith had left some time ago, hurrying in the direction of Pall Mall.

"I suppose we may take it for granted that he has gone to the playhouse?" said Edmund Burke.

"It is not wise to take anything for granted so far as Goldsmith is concerned," said Steevens. "I think that the best course we can adopt is for some of us to go to the playhouse without delay. The play must be looked after; but for myself I mean to look after the author. If I know anything of him, the playhouse is just the place which he would most persistently avoid."

While the rest of the party set out for Covent Garden Theatre, Steevens hurried off in the opposite direction. He went on foot from

coffee house to coffee house—from Jack's, in Dean street, to the Old Bell, in Westminster—but he failed to discover his friend in one of them. An hour and a half he spent in this way.

All this time roars of laughter from every part of the playhouse were greeting the brilliant dialogue, the natural characterization, and the admirably contrived situations in the best comedy that a century of brilliant authors had witnessed. The scene comes before us with vividness. We see the enormous figure of Dr. Johnson leaning far out of the box nearest the stage, with a hand behind his ear, so as to lose no word spoken on the stage. Reynolds is in the opposite corner, his ear-trumpet resting on the ledge of the box.

What a play! What spectators! We listen to the one year by year with the same delight that it brought to those who heard it this night for the first time; and we look with delight at the faces of the notable spectators which the brush of the little man with the ear-trumpet in Johnson's box has made immortal.

And all this time Oliver Goldsmith was pacing, backward and forward, the broad walk in St. James Park. Steevens came upon him there after spending nearly two hours searching for him.

"Don't speak, man," cried Oliver, "you come to tell me that the comedy is a failure."

"Not I," said Steevens. "I have not been to the playhouse yet."

"Then I beg you to hasten there, and bring me news of the play—don't fear to tell me the worst."

"My dear friend," said Steevens, "I have no intention of going to the playhouse unless you are in my company. Have you no consideration for your art?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that some question may arise on the stage which you, and you only, can decide—are you willing to allow the future of your comedy to depend upon the decision of Colman?"

"It shall not—it shall not!" cried Goldsmith.

They hurried to Charing Cross, where a hackney coach was obtainable. When they got out of the coach Goldsmith hastened round to the stage door. He reached the back of the stage just as Quick in the part of Tony Lumpkin was pretending to his mother that Mr. Hard-

castle was a highwayman. The laughter that followed was not the laugh of playgoers who have endured four acts of dull play; it was the laugh of people who have been in good humor for over two hours, and Goldsmith knew it.

When the house was still cheering at the conclusion of the epilogue, Goldsmith, overcome with emotion, hurried into the green room. Mrs. Abington was the first person whom he met.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I cannot tell you the humiliation which I feel at having resigned my part in your comedy. I have been justly punished by hearing the words which I might have spoken, applauded so rapturously coming from another."

Members of the company and distinguished friends of the author now crowded about him. Dr. Johnson's voice filled the room.

"We perceived the reason of your extraordinary modesty, Dr. Goldsmith, before your play was many minutes on the stage. You dog, you took as your example the Italians who, on the eve of Lent, indulge in a carnival, celebrating their farewell to flesh by a feast. On the same analogy you had a glut of modesty previous to bidding modesty good-bye forever; for to-night's performance will surely make you a coxcomb."

"Oh, I hope not, sir," said Goldsmith.

"No, you don't hope it, sir," cried Johnson. "You are thinking at this moment how much better you are than your betters—I see it in your face, you rascal."

"And he has a right to think so," said Mrs. Abington. "Come, Dr. Goldsmith, speak up, say something insulting to your betters."

"Certainly, madam," replied Goldsmith, "Where are they?"

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

By ROBERT BROWNING

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place

Of that dry green old aqueduct
 Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
 The fire-flies from the roof above,
 Bright creeping through the moss they love;
 —How long it seems since Charles was lost!

Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
 The country in my very sight;
 And when that peril ceased at night,
 The sky broke out in red dismay
 With signal fires; well, there I lay
 Close covered o'er in my recess,
 Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
 Thinking on Metternich our friend,
 And Charles's miserable end,
 And much beside, two days; the third,
 Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
 The peasants from the village go
 To work among the maize.

You know,
 With us in Lombardy, they bring
 Provisions packed on mules, a string
 With little bells that cheer their task,
 And casks, and boughs on every cask
 To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
 These I let pass in jingling line,
 And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
 The peasants from the village, too;
 For at the very rear would troop
 Their wives and sisters in a group
 To help, I knew.

When these had passed,
 I threw my glove to strike the last,
 Taking the chance: she did not start,
 Much less cry out, but stooped apart,

One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when it was told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.

But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
“I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.

“Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebrae begin;

Walk to the third confessional,
 Between the pillar and the wall,
 And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
 Say it a second time, then cease;
 And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
 My letter where you placed your lip;
 Then come back happy we have done
 Our mother's service—I, the son,
 As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more she took her stand
 In the same place, with the same eyes:
 I was no surer of sunrise
 Than of her coming. We conferred
 Of her own prospects, and I heard
 She had a lover—stout and tall,
 She said—then let her eyelids fall,
 "He could do much"—as if some doubt
 Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
 "She could not speak for others, who
 Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
 And so she brought me drink and food.

After four days the scouts pursued
 Another path; at last arrived
 The help my Paduan friends contrived
 To furnish me: she brought the news.
 For the first time I could not choose
 But kiss her hand, and lay my own
 Upon her head—"This faith was shown
 To Italy, our mother; she
 Uses my hand and blesses thee."
 She followed down to the sea-shore:
 I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.

I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands. And next
—Nor much for that I am perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!

My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
“Freedom grows license,” some suspect
“Haste breeds delay,” and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sudden “All's for best,”
The land seems settling to its rest.

I think then, I should wish to stand
 This evening in that dear, lost land,
 Over the sea the thousand miles,
 And know if yet that woman smiles
 With the calm smile; some little farm
 She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
 If I sat on the door-side bench,
 And, while her spindle made a trench
 Fantastically in the dust,
 Inquired of all her fortunes—just
 Her children's ages and their names,
 And what may be the husband's aims
 For each of them. I'd talk this out,
 And sit there, for an hour about,
 Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
 Mine on her head, and go my way

So much for idle wishing—how
 It steals the time! To business now.

GETTING STARTED AS A LAWYER¹

From THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING. By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

The morning after his first day in New York, Peter Stirling called on his friend, the civil engineer, to consult him about an office. Mr. Converse shook his head when Peter outlined his plan.

"Do you know any New York people," he asked, "who will be likely to give you cases?"

"No," said Peter.

"Then it's absolutely foolish of you to begin that way," said Mr. Converse. "Get into a lawyer's office, and make friends first before you think of starting by yourself. You'll otherwise never get a client."

Peter shook his head. "I've thought it out," he added, as if that settled it.

Mr. Converse looked at him, and, really liking the fellow, was about

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to explain the real facts to him, when a caller came in. So he only said, "If that's so, go ahead. Locate on Broadway, anywhere between the Battery and Canal Street."

Anywhere between the Battery and Canal Street represented a fairly large range of territory, but Peter went at the matter directly, and for the next three days passed his time climbing stairs, and inspecting rooms and dark cells. At the end of that time he took a moderate-sized office, far back in a building near Worth Street. Another day saw it fitted with a desk, two chairs (for Peter as yet dreamed only of single clients) and a shelf containing the few law books that were the monuments of his Harvard law course, and his summer reading.

On the following Monday, when Peter faced his office door he felt a glow of satisfaction at seeing in very black letters on the very newly scrubbed glass the sign of:

PETER STIRLING
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

He had come to his office early, because he believed that early hours were one way of winning success. He was a little puzzled what to do with himself. He sat down at his desk and thrummed it for a minute. Then he rose, and spread his books more along the shelf, so as to leave little spaces between them, thinking that he could make them look more imposing thereby.

After that he took down a book—somebody "On Torts"—and dug into it. In the Harvard course, he had had two hours a week of this book, but Peter worked over it for nearly three hours. Then he took paper, and in a very neat hand, made an abstract of what he had read. Then he compared his abstract with the book. Returning the book to the shelf, very much pleased with the accuracy of his memory, he looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven. Peter sat down at his desk. "Would all the days go like this?" he asked himself. He could not read law for more than four hours a day and get anything from it. What was to be done with the rest of the time?

He went down the two flights of stairs to the street. Even that had the deserted look of summer. He turned and went back to his room.

Sitting down once more at his desk, and opening somebody "On Torts" again, he took up his pen and began to copy the pages literally. He wrote steadily for a time, then with pauses. Finally, the hand ceased to follow the lines, and became straggly. Then he ceased to write. He laid his head down on the blotter, and the erect, firm figure relaxed.

There is no more terrible ordeal of courage than passive waiting. Most of us can be brave with something to do, but to be brave for months, for years, with nothing to be done and without hope of the future! So it was in Peter's case. It was waiting—waiting—for what?

Days passed. When Peter finished somebody "On Torts," he went through the other law books of his collection. Those done, he began to buy others, and studied them with great thoroughness and persistence. In one of his many walks, he stumbled upon the Apprentices' Library. Going in, he inquired about its privileges, and became a regular borrower of books. Peter had always been a reader, but now he gave three or four hours a day to books, aside from his law study. Although he was slow, the number of volumes he not merely read, but really mastered was marvellous.

Books which he liked, without much regard to their popular reputation, he at once bought; for his simple life left him the ability to indulge himself in most respects within moderation. Before the year was out, he was a recognized quantity in certain book-stores, and was privileged to browse at will both among old and new books without interference or suggestion from the "stock" clerks. "There isn't any good trying to sell him anything," remarked one. "He makes up his mind for himself."

In his long tramps about the city, to vary the monotony, he would sometimes stop and chat with people—with a policeman, a fruit-vender, a longshore-man or a truckster. It mattered little who it was. Then he often entered manufactories and "yards" and asked if he could go through them, studying the methods, and talking to the overseer or workers about the trade.

When the courts opened, Peter kept track of the calendars, and whenever a case or argument promised to be interesting, or to call out the great lights of the profession, he attended and listened to them. He

tried to write out the arguments used, from notes, and finally this practice induced him to give two evenings a week during the winter mastering shorthand. It was really only a mental discipline, for any case of importance was obtainable in print almost as soon as argued.

Such was the first year of Peter's New York life. He studied, he read, he walked, and most of all he waited. "How much longer will I have to wait? How long will my patience hold out?" These were the questions he asked himself, when for a moment he allowed himself to lose courage. One day his attention was called to the death of several children in his ward caused, the doctor said, by drinking bad milk. Peter realized at once that the National Milk Company from whose wagon the milk was bought, should be prosecuted. The same day he freshened his mind upon certain municipal laws, and began to collect evidence for the trial. He had found his first case.

WHERE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS ARE GATHERED¹

From WANDERINGS AMONG SOUTH SEA SAVAGES. By H. WILFRED WALKER

I had just returned down the river with Richardson from Tangkulap. Tangkulap is a journey of several days up the Kinbatangan River in British North Borneo. Richardson was the magistrate of the district, and his rule extended over practically the whole of this river, Tangkulap being his headquarters.

Richardson and I determined to visit the wonderful Gomanton birds' nest caves, from which great quantities of edible birds' nests are taken annually. Very few Europeans had ever visited them, though they are considered among the wonders of the world. We left Batu Puteh in Richardson's canoe early one morning, and reached Bilit that evening. The next morning we were off before sunrise. After leaving the village, we walked about an hour and a half until we came to a small river, the Menungal. "Gobangs" (canoes) were speedily launched, we both getting into the leading one. We were followed by three others, in one of which was an influential Hadji.

Toward evening the river got exceedingly narrow, and fallen trees

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obstructed our way, so that we had sometimes to lie flat on our backs to pass under them, and at other times we had to get out while our canoe was hauled over the mud at the side. Just before we reached our destination for the night, the Hadji and all his men proceeded to wash their faces in the river. This they did to ensure success in their nest-collecting.

We stayed the night in one of two half-thatched huts. It poured all night, and when we started off on foot the next morning we found the track in the forest a regular quagmire. After about three hours' hard tramping, I caught sight of a high mass of white limestone gleaming through the trees. It made a pretty picture in the early morning, the white rock peeping out of luxuriant creepers and foliage. It rises very abruptly from the surrounding forest, and at a distance looked quite inaccessible to a climber. We waded through a stream of clear water, washing the horrible forest mud from us, and soon found ourselves in a most picturesque village at the base of the rock.

After some breakfast we started off to see the near lower cave, which was one of the smaller ones. We followed a very pretty ferny track by the side of a rocky stream for a short distance. The sky overhead was thick with swallows, in fact one could almost say the air was black with them. These, of course, were the birds that make the nests. The mouth of the cave partly prepared me for what I was to see. I had expected a small entrance, but here it was, I should say, sixty feet in height and of great width, the entrance being partly overhung with a curtain of luxuriant creepers. The smell of guano had been strong before, but here it was overpowering.

Extending inside the cave for about one hundred yards was a small village of native huts used chiefly by the guards or watchers of these caves. Compared with the vastness of the interior of the cave—I believe about four hundred and eighty feet in height—one could almost imagine that he was looking at a small model of a village. The vastness of the interior of this cave impressed me beyond words. One could actually see the very roof overhead, as there were two or three openings near the top (reminding one of windows high up in a cathedral) through which broad shafts of light forced their way, making some old hanging rattan ladders high up appear like silvery spider webs.

As for the birds themselves, this was one of their nesting seasons, and

the cave was full of myriads of them. The twittering they made resembled the whispering of a multitude. The majority of them kept near the roof, and as they flew to and fro through the shafts of light they presented a most curious effect and looked like swarms of gnats; lower down they resembled silvery butterflies. Where the light shone on the rocky walls and roofs one could distinguish masses upon masses of little silver black specks. These were their nests, as this was a black-nest cave. Somewhere below in the bowels of the earth rumbled an underground river with a noise like distant thunder. This cavernous roar far below and the twittering whisper of the swallows overhead, combined to add much to the mysteriousness of these wonderful caves.

Spread out on the ground in the cave and also drying outside, raised from the ground on stakes, was coil after coil of rattan ropes and ladders used for collecting the nests. These have to be new each season, and are first carefully tested. The ladders are made of well twisted strands of rattan with steps of strong, hard wood, generally "bilian."

In the afternoon we started off in search of the upper caves. We came to the entrance of a long chain of caves, through which we passed, going down a very steep grade, where our guides had to carry lights. After a climb down some steep rocks in semi-darkness, we found ourselves in the largest cave of all, supposed to be about five hundred and sixty feet in height. This cave greatly resembled the smaller one I have already described, except that it was of much grander dimensions.

On the way back, when passing through some very low caves, the Hadji got some of his men to knock down with long poles a few of the white nests from the wall of the cave for me, and in another cave they got some black nests. The difference between these white and black nests is this: they are made by two different kinds of swallows. A very small bird makes the white nest, but the bird that builds the black nest is twice as large. The white nest looks something like pure white gelatine, is very clear, and has no feathers in it. The black nest is plentifully covered with feathers, and is, in consequence, not worth nearly as much. The nests are made from the saliva of the birds. Both are very plain colored birds; an ordinary swallow is brilliant in comparison.

The next day we watched the natives collecting the nests. The chief method is by descending rattan ladders, which are let down through a

hole in the top of the cave. It made one quite giddy even to watch the men descending these frail, swaying ladders with over five hundred feet of space below them. The man on the nearest ladder had a long rattan rope attached to his ladder with a kind of wooden anchor at the end of it. With a wonderful throw he succeeded in getting the anchor to stick in the soft guano on the edge of the slanting ledge where we were. Several men waiting there seized it, hauled it up until they could catch hold of the end of the ladder, which they dragged higher and higher up the steep, slanting rocks. This in time brought the flexible ladder, at least the part where the man was, level with the roof, and he lying on his back on the thin ladder, pulled the nests off the rocky roof, putting them into a large rattan basket fastened about his body.

These birds' nest caves are found all over Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, and also in Java and other parts of the Malay archipelago, but these are by far the largest. The revenue from these caves alone brings the government a very large sum. By far the greatest number of the nests is sent to China, where birds' nest soup is an expensive luxury. The natives of Borneo do not eat them. For myself, I found the soup rather tasteless.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST SPEECH

From THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JOHN BROWN. By JAMES REDPATH

I have, may it please the court, a few words to say.

In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clear thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection: and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and

which I admit has been fairly proved—(for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case)—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

The Court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the Law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me that all things “whatsoever I would that men should do unto me I should do even so to them.” It teaches me further, to “remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.” I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons.

I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit: so let it be done.

Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear that it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never

had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done.

CONSECRATION TO COUNTRY

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was last to desert, but that I never deserted her.

I know that the great volcano [The Slave Issue] at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing.

I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it I never will. The possibility that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we believe to be just. It shall not deter me.

If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly, alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors.

Here, without contemplating consequences, before Heaven, and in the face of the world, *I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause*, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love; and who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take?

Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed.

But, if after all, we shall fail, be it so, we still have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause approved of our judgment, and adorned of our hearts in disaster, in chains, in death, we never faltered in defending.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE¹

By HENRY VAN DYKE

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one, God knows! For never ship
But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
These waters greater grown than any since
We left the shore of England. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And floes to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
I name it! and that flying sail is mine!
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship Discoverie!

The sullen dogs

Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
Their food and bit the hand that nurtured them,
Have stolen her! You ingrate Henry Greene,
I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
I paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
And brought you here to make a man of you.
You, Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
Toothless and tremulous, how many times
Have I employed you as a mate of mine
To give you bread! And you, Abacuck Prickett,
You sailor-clerk, you salted puritan,
You knew the plot and silently agreed,
Salving your conscience with a pious lie.
Yes, all of you,—hounds, rebels, thieves! Bring back
My ship!

Too late—I rave—they cannot hear
My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
Would be their answer. For their minds have caught

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The fatal firmness of the fool's resolve,
That looks like courage but is only fear.
They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown,—
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet on the Channel cliffs,
While passing sailors point to them and say,
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men,
Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained,
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?

Look—there she goes—her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share with us the shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-bound ship,—
Too good an English sailor to desert
These crippled comrades,—try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
That April day in Ethelburga's church,
Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
To take the sacrament, with all our company,
Before the Hopewell left St. Catherine's docks
On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
Until we found the water-path that leads
From Europe into Asia.

I believe

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
And all the English seamen who have dared
In little ships to plow uncharted waves—
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
Raleigh and Gilbert—all the other names—
Are written in the chivalry of God
As men who served His purpose. I would claim
A place among that knighthood of the sea:
And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
For mark me well. The honor of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and along the path we find
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!
I know not why, but something in my heart
Has always whispered, “Westward seek your aim.”
Four times they sent me east, but still my prow
Turned west again, and felt among the floes
Of rattling ice along the Gröneland coast,
And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and sandy bays
Where Gosnold sailed,—like one who feels his way
With outstretched hand across a darkened room,—
I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.
I have not found it yet—but I have found
Things worth the finding!

Son, have you forgot

Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship Half-Moon—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak—

Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the waves:
And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood
That seemed to come from far away—perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
We followed that wide waterway, by palisades
Of naked rock where giants might have held
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
Upstream, to find—what I already knew—
We sailed upon a river, not a strait!

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale

The many-colored mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
Where now the wild grape loops the tangled wood;
And cattle feeding where the red deer roam;
And wild bees gathered into busy hives
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine,—
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
All this I see, and when it comes to pass
I prophesy a city on the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth,—
The gateway city of a golden world,—
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a busy host of men,
While to her open door, across the bay,
The ships of all the nations flock like doves!
My name will be remembered there, for men
Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
My great adventure, pole-star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
The channel opens to the Orient,—
I know it,—and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through!
And why not ours—to-morrow—who can tell?

We hold by hope as long as life endures:
 These are the longest days of all the year,
 The world is round, and God is everywhere,
 And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
 So point her up, John King, nor'west by north!
 We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
 Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
 And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

SIDNEY CARTON'S SACRIFICE¹

From THE ONLY WAY, a dramatic version by FREEMAN WILLS of Charles Dickens' novel, "A Tale of Two Cities"

SCENE. A cell in the conciergerie, Charles Darnay seated at a table asleep. Enter John Barsad followed by Sidney Carton.

BARSAD: Come in. Lose no time. It's a touch and go job this.

CARTON: Be near at hand, that you may enter the instant I call. I am prepared with a powerful drug. When you enter you will find him unconscious. See that assistance is ready to convey him to the coach.

(Exit BARSAD)

DARNAY: Carton!

CARTON: Of all the people on earth you least expected to see me?

DARNAY: I can scarcely believe it is really you. You are not a prisoner?

CARTON: No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the jailors here, and in virtue of that I stand before you. I come with a request from her—your promised wife, dear Darnay.

DARNAY: A request.

CARTON: It is more than that. It is an entreaty—a prayer. You have not time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means. Do what I tell you and you will know all. Off with your coat, put on this of mine.

DARNAY: Carton, there is no escaping from this place. We should only die together. It is madness.

CARTON: It would be madness if I asked you to escape, but do I?

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DARNAY: My dear brave friend, it is all no good. It has been tried a hundred times, and it has always failed.

CARTON: Not *my* way, Darnay, I promise you.

DARNAY: Once again I say—

CARTON: Yes, but why do you? Your love dear Darnay, for her sake. Come let me take this ribbon from your hair; now shake it out like this of mine. Good—your hand—is it steady enough to write?

DARNAY: It was when you came in.

CARTON: Steady it again and write what I dictate—. See, pen—ink—paper—are you ready?

DARNAY: To whom shall I address it?

CARTON: That will come last of all. Now. (*Dictates*) *I know you remember the words that passed between us. It is not in your nature to forget them.* Have you got that?

DARNAY: I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?

CARTON: No.

DARNAY: What is in your hand?

CARTON: You shall know directly—write on—I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so now is no subject for regret or grief. (CARTON has held his saturated handkerchief near DARNAY's nostrils)

DARNAY: What vapor is that?

CARTON: Vapor?

DARNAY: Something that crosses me.

CARTON: I am conscious of nothing—'Regret or grief.' Have you got that?

DARNAY: Regret or—I hardly know what I am writing—Carton there is a vapor.

CARTON: Come quickly, another little effort—*You have given me more than I can tell. Some pure thoughts, a few healing tears, perhaps a light to shine in the darkness that is so near.* (DARNAY struggles as the drug takes effect, CARTON assisting him to lie upon the floor before he is entirely overcome.) Barsad! Come in!

BARSAD (*reëntering*): All right.

CARTON: All right. Get assistance and take me to the coach.

BARSAD: You?

CARTON: Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. Take him to the court-yard near Dr. Manette's lodgings, place him in the carriage you will find waiting there, show him to Mr. Lorry, tell him to remember my words of this morning, and his promise of this morning, and drive away. (*Exit BARSAD.* CARTON adds the last words to the note DARNEY has been writing) 'A light to shine in the darkness that is so near.' Some day she will read this and remember—(CARTON places the letter in DARNEY'S coat. BARSAD enters with two jailors.)

JAILOR: So afflicted for his friend? Oh, this is not true. Come, come, one, two, three, now. (*DARNAY is carried out.*)

BARSAD. The time is short Evrèmonde. To-morrow at dawn.

CARTON: I know it well. Be careful of my friend, I entreat you. (*Exit BARSAD*)

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE¹

From THE NORTH POLE. By ROBERT E. PEARY

The last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6. I had now made the five marches planned, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon, of the Columbia meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as 89° 57'.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P. M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it

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would clear before long, two of the Esquimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey, I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of these circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been traveling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march, we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling in precisely the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the arctic winter night, we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with polaris (the north star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was swinging around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our position as being four or five miles from the Pole, towards Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a

light sledge, I traveled directly towards the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon, Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations, in three different directions at four different times. All were under satisfactory conditions, except for the first single altitude on the sixth. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11° Fahrenheit to minus 30° Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more traveling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my "farthest norths:" Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude 87° 6' in the ice of the polar sea. By the time it actually reached the Pole, therefore, it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

It was considered appropriate to raise the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in which I was initiated a member while an undergraduate student at Bowdoin College, the "World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace," with its red, white, and blue in a field of white, the Navy League flag and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Esquimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the

approval of the most democratic. The Esquimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and a copy of my records.

AS MEN SHOULD¹

By LEONARD B. KENDALL

In a little Connecticut town there is a factory. On the surface everything about this factory is quite commonplace. It contains simply a body of men engaged in making hoists. They work carefully and well, with due consideration as to the details, for these men happen to have ideals—which occasionally makes a difference.

Down at the end of the long iron construction shed of the Southwest Manufacturing Company in Africa the great trip-hammer was making the night hideous with its clamor. In the lurid glow from the white-hot metal that soon was to be the crane shaft in an up-country opal mine stood four men stripped to the waist. The sweat glistened on them as they moved, and their shadows, monstrous in the flickering light, leaped and danced fantastically behind them on the wall.

Periodically, on the half-hour, a lantern waved twice in a semicircle, and of a sudden the din ceased. The heavy silence of the South African night at once crowded in, and seemed tenfold more solid by comparison. The workers then sat down on packing-cases to rest, and took turns swabbing themselves with a wet sponge, for the big thermometer on the wall registered something over one hundred degrees. In the far distance, at intervals, a desert jackal howled dismally, while the never-ending rain pattered softly on the tin roof.

Rain, rain, nothing but rain. A million tiny drops, each one in time becoming part of the dark streamlet that flowed steadily around the corner of the construction shed, carrying with it its toll of sediment. And

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still it rained. Soon the clanging anvils took up their note again, in minor key to the shuddering thunder of the mighty trip-hammer, while the forges roared and whispered among themselves under the force of the air blast. But always in the pauses it was the subdued tinkle of running water that made itself felt.

A tiny rivulet began tentatively feeling its way over the hard-packed earth of the floor towards where, in the corner, stood the base of the derrick that had been swinging full cases up in tiers to await shipment. Farther it reached, and still farther, till it encircled one of the supports. Then, as if its missions were accomplished, it ran off quickly elsewhere. The half-clad figures that hurried by in the dimness, which seemed only emphasized by the hanging lanterns, heeded it not, for what is a little water when rush work is toward in the German Southwest?

By degrees the trickle grew larger. It dug with growing strength at the soil by the base of the derrick, which, little by little, it gathered up and carried away. In the course of time one corner sagged slightly, and the rigid guy-wire opposite, as it felt the pull of thirty tons of steel, began murmuring to itself like a live thing under the strain.

With the crashing shock of the fall was mingled a sound which was never born of splintering wood nor flying metal, and, as if at a given signal, silence fell along the length of the whole shop. A few sharp orders rang out, and the great overhead crane came trundling down the line. When it stopped, it failed to reach the spot by almost ten feet.

The noise of the crowbar as a man pried ineffectually at the fallen mass was, for a while, the only sound. Underneath something moved suggestively, and a man's leg protruded.

"He's not caught yet, but this water's underminin' and she's sinkin' down on him," declared the one with the crowbar. "Somebody get a hoist!"

"There ain't a one that can be used," replied a man. Whereupon the old shop foreman got to his feet from where he was examining the wreck, and spoke: "There's a Holton Biplex in the shed—get it," he said. And four men drove hastily out into the night, while the rest stood impotently by, watching while the fallen mass sunk imperceptibly lower. The little rivulet was doing its work well.

From out of the dark the four returned, dripping water as they ran.

Between them swung the chain that was to pull a man back from the brink of eternity. One of them clambered up the tiers of boxes to arrange the hook on a steel girder above.

A six-foot native sledgerman elbowed his way to the fore.

"Dat hoist eet be for twentee tons an' dees be t'irtee," he declared stolidly, pointing a grimy forefinger; "she slip—an' eef she fall again—" He looked suggestively at the protruding foot, which moved feebly.

"For twenty-five years I've seen the Holton Biplex working in the shops," replied the old foreman, peering over his spectacles. "String her up—she won't slip." So the load was adjusted and three men put on the lift-chain.

At the word they hauled evenly and well, and only the sharp click as each link passed over the sprocket bespoke the tremendous strain, but still—it did *not* slip!

Off in the dim background some deserted forges were sighing to themselves. Now and again the flames leaped up, casting into high relief the group of silent men about the wreck. A breath of tragedy was in the air, yet they gazed stolidly. The half-naked great bodies, with their bulging muscles, bulked large in the half-light.

Slowly, very slowly, the big mass was lifting. Link by link the slender chain supporting it moved upward into the darkness overhead. The iron hook was bending gradually, but no break appeared.

They raised it two feet more and got him free, before the hook straightened out and the collapse came. A life was saved, because out beyond the night, ten thousand miles away, in a little Connecticut town, a body of men happened to have had ideals, had done their work carefully and well, with due attention to details—as men should.

AMERICAN INTEGRITY¹

From ADDRESSES AND PAPERS. By CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

The typical American does not seek idleness but work. He wants to justify himself by proved capacity in useful effort. Under different conditions he still has the spirit of those who faced the wilderness,

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advanced the outposts of civilization, and settled a continent of matchless resources, where has been laid the basis for a wider diffusion of prosperity among a greater population than the world has ever known.

To whatever department of activity we turn, after making all necessary allowances for ignorance, shiftlessness and vice, we still find throughout the country, dominant and persuasive, the note of energy and resistless ambition. The vitality of the people has not been sapped by prosperity. The increase of comfort has not impaired their virility. We are still a hardy people, equal to our task, and pressing forward vigorous and determined in every direction to enlarge the record of achievement.

It is easy, looking at phases of our life in an absolute way, for one who is pessimistically inclined to gather statistics which superficially considered are discouraging. Congestion in our great cities, the widened opportunities for the play of selfishness, and the increase of temptations following in the wake of prosperity, give rise to an appalling number and variety of private and public wrongs whose thousands of victims voice an undying appeal to humanity and patriotism.

But one would form a very inaccurate judgment of our moral condition by considering these wrongs alone. They must be considered in their relation to other phases of our life. We must not fail to take note of the increasing intensity of the desire to find remedies and the earnestness with which all forms of evil and oppression are attacked.

Considering the tremendous increase in the opportunities for wrongdoing, the seductive and refined temptations, and the materialistic appeals that are incident to our present mode of life, and the material comforts which invention and commerce have made possible, I believe that the manner in which the ethical development of the people has kept pace with their progress in other directions may fairly be called extraordinary.

In saying this, I am not at all unmindful of how far short we come of an ideal state of society. On the contrary, existing evils are the more noticeable, because they stand out in strong contrast to the desires and aspirations of the people. We have had disclosures of shocking infidelity to trust and to public obligation, but more important than the evil disclosed was the attitude of the people toward it. Individual short-

comings are many, but the moral judgment of the community is keen and severe.

To-day the American people are more alive to the importance of impartial and honorable administration than ever before. They do not simply discuss it; they demand it. While in many communities administration is controlled in the selfish interest of a few to the detriment of the people, that which is more characteristic of our present political life is the determination that selfish abuse of governmental machinery shall stop.

Let there be no vague fears about the outcome. I place full confidence in the sobriety and integrity of motive of the American people. I have profound belief in their ability to cure existing evils without disturbing their prosperity. I am convinced that we shall have more and more intelligent and unselfish representation of the people's interests: that political leadership will be tested more and more by the soundness of its counsel and the disinterestedness of its ambition.

I believe that with an increasing proportion of true representation, with increasing discriminating public discussion, with the patient application of sound judgment to the consideration of public measures, and with the inflexible determination to end abuses and to purify the administration of government of self interest, we shall realize a greater prosperity and a wider diffusion of the blessing of free government than we have hitherto been able to enjoy.

CLIMBING TO A STEEPLE-TOP¹

From CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING. By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

It came to my knowledge that Robert Merrill, otherwise known as Steeple "Bob," had agreed to "do" that famous Brooklyn Church of the Pilgrims, with its queer, crooked spire and big brass ball, a landmark on Columbia Heights.

"It's one of those easy jobs that is the hardest," said Merrill. "Come over and see us use the stirrups. If you like, you can go up on the swing yourself!"

I expressed my thanks as I would do to a lion-tamer offering me the

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hospitality of his cages. Then I reflected, with a kind of shame, that I had drawn back from daring only once what they dare every day, what they *must* dare for their living. And I reasoned myself into a feeling that it was my duty to go up that steeple on the swing, as Merrill had proposed. In this mind I went to the church the next day.

I found all hands on the "bell-deck" spreading out packets of patent gilding for the ball which awaited its new dress, all sticky from a fresh coat of sizing.

As to my going up on the swing there was no difficulty. Lawlor would go first, and be there to keep me in good heart, for they say it is not well for a novice to be at a steeple-top alone. Merrill would see to the lashings, and Walter would give a hand at the hauling-line. There we were at the top of the tower, and at the base of the steeple, Lawlor, red-faced and red shirted, preparing to ascend; Merrill, pale, as he always is, but powerful, standing at the ropes; and I, in shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, watching Walter make a little harness for my kodak.

After a time Lawlor, having reached the top, called down something, and Merrill answered. It was my turn now. I climbed out through a small window and stood on the ledge, while "Steeple Bob" dropped the swing noose over my head and proceeded to lash me fast to seat and ropes.

"That's in case a suicidal impulse should get hold of you!" he said smiling, but meaning it. "Now, keep this rope between your legs and work your hands up along it as we lift you. It's anchored to St. Peter."

Then he explained how I was to press my toes against the steeple side, so as to keep my knees from barking on the shingles.

"And don't look down at all," he told me. "Just watch your ropes and take it easy. Are you ready?"

At this moment Walter said something in a low tone, and Merrill asked me to lend him my knife. I handed it out, and he stuck it in his pocket. "You don't need this now," said he, and a moment later the pulley ropes tightened and my small swing-board lifted under me. I was rising.

"Shove off there with your toes!" he cried. "Take short steps. Put your legs wider apart. Wider yet. You don't have to pull on the rope. Just slide your hands along. Now you're going!"

I saw nothing but the steeple side in front of me, and the life-line hanging down like a bell-rope between my spread legs, and the pulley block creaking by my head, and the toes of my shoes as I pressed them against the shingles step by step. I smiled to think of the odd appearance I must present from below. And then for the first time I let my eyes turn into the depths, and caught a glimpse of men on housetops watching me. I saw Merrill's upturned face down where the ropes ended. And I saw little horses wriggling along on the street.

There were three places where the steeple narrowed into slenderer lengths, and at each one was a sort of cornice to be scrambled over (and loose nails to be avoided), and then more careful steering with legs and toes to keep on one particular face of the steeple and not swing off and come bumping back, a disconcerting possibility. "Hello!" called Lawlor presently, from above. "You're doing fine. Come right along." And before I knew it the swing had stopped. I was at the top, or as near it as the tackle could take me.

The remaining fifteen feet or so must be made with stirrups. And there was Lawlor standing in them up by the ball. There was not a stick of staging to support him (he had scorned the bother of hauling up boards for so simple a job), and he was working with both hands free, each leg standing on its stirrup, and several hitches of life-line holding him to the shaft top by his waist. This steeple-lassoing exploit was one of the things I certainly would not attempt—would not and could not.

Strangely enough, as I hung there at rest I felt the danger more than coming up. It seemed most perilous to rest my weight on the swing-board, and I found myself holding my legs drawn up, with muscles tense, as if that could make me lighter. Gradually I realized the foolishness of this, and relaxed into greater comfort, but not entirely. Even veteran steeple-climbers waste much strength in needless clutching; cannot free their bodies from this instinctive fear.

I stayed up long enough to take three photographs (some minutes passed before I could unlash my kodak), and here I had further proof of subconscious fright, for I made such blunders with shutter and focus length as would put the youngest amateur to shame. Two pictures out of the three were failures, and the third but an indifferent success.

There is one thing to be said in extenuation, that a steeple is never still, but always rocking and trembling. When Lawlor changed his stirrup hitches or moved from side to side the old beams would groan under us, and the whole structure rock. "She'd rock more," said Lawlor, "if she was better built. A good steeple always rocks."

There wasn't much more to do up there, and presently we exchanged jirks on the line for the descent. And Lawlor cried: "Lower away! Hang on, now!" And I did over again my humble part of leg-spreading and toe-steering, with the result that presently I was down on the "bell-deck" again, receiving congratulations.

"Here's your knife," said Merrill, after he had unlashed me.

"What did you take it for?" I asked.

"Oh, men sometimes get a mania to cut the ropes when they go up the first time. And that isn't good for their health. I was pretty sure you'd keep your head, but I wasn't taking any chances."

After this came thanks and warm hand-grips all around, and then I left these daring men to their duties, and went down the lower ladders. I am sure I never appreciated the simple privilege of standing on a sidewalk as I did, a few minutes later, when I left the Church of the Pilgrims.

EXTRACT FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS¹

By WOODROW WILSON

This is the high enterprise of the new day: to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearthfire of every man's conscience and vision of the right. It is inconceivable that we should do this as partisans; it is inconceivable we should do it in ignorance of the facts as they are or in blind haste. We shall restore, not destroy. We shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon; and step by step we shall make it what it should be, in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek counsel and knowledge, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of

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excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto.

And yet it will be no cool process of mere science. The nation has been deeply stirred, stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil. The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action.

This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Ade, George. 1866– . Author and playwright. “The County Chairman” and “The College Widow” are among his best known plays.

Alcott, Louisa M. 1832–1888. Most popular works are “Little Women,” “Little Men,” “An Old-Fashioned Girl” and “Jo’s Boys.”

Aytoun, William Edmondstoune. 1813–1865. A Scottish lawyer and poet and a grandson of Sir Robert Aytoun. Editor of Blackwood’s Magazine and Professor of Literature at University of Edinburgh.

Balzac, Honoré de. 1799–1850. The greatest of French novelists, and the chief of the realistic school among French writers. His early inclination to write was strongly opposed by his family, but he persisted and published his first novel of merit in 1829.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. 1806–1861. Wife of Robert Browning, and ranked among the most gifted of female poets. Her “Sonnets from the Portuguese” are considered her best poems.

Browning, Robert. 1812–1889. Browning and Tennyson are the two foremost poets of the Victorian era. Browning is the great poet of the human soul, and gives us a message of faith and hope. He spent most of his life in Italy, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Bryant, William Cullen. 1794–1878. Called “the landscape poet of New England scenery,” and the “Wordsworth of America.” He was editor in chief of the New York Evening Post for fifty years.

Burton, Richard. 1859- . Editor, author, lecturer, and professor of English Literature at the University of Minnesota. His works are chiefly essays and poems.

Cable, George W. 1844- . Served in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., 1863-5; reported for New Orleans Picayune, 1865-79; since that date has devoted himself to literature. His delineation of Creole characters in his novels has made him well known.

Daudet, Alphonse. 1840-1897. French humorist, poet, and novelist. He began writing when he was in his teens. Settled in Paris in 1857 and began contributing to papers and periodicals. His first novel appeared in 1874.

Davenport, Homer. 1867-1912. Cartoonist for the New York Journal and the New York Evening Mail. His work caused the attempt to pass the anti-cartoon bill in New York in 1897. In 1906 he was granted permission by the Sultan of Turkey to export twenty-seven Arabian horses to America.

Dickens, Charles. 1812-1870. The poverty and hardships of his early life enabled him to make the English poor live in his writings. His sixteen novels did more than all the English statesmen of his time to better the conditions of the lower classes. His books still rank among the best sellers.

Doyle, A. Conan. 1859- . English physician and novelist. His list of publications is a very long one. "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" is the work by which he is most widely known. He was knighted in 1902.

Eastman, C. Alexander. 1858- . Acting as government physician at various agencies for Indians, has made him familiar with Indian life and equipped him well to write of Indian customs, manners, and romance.

Ford, Paul Leicester. 1865-1902. American author. Among his works are "The True George Washington," "The Many-

sided Franklin" and "Janice Meredith." "The Honorable Peter Sterling" is his best work.

Franklin, Benjamin. 1706-1790. American philosopher and statesman. Published Poor Richard's Almanac for twenty-five years. Although he began his career in poverty, yet he became one of the greatest men of his time, and was recognized at home and abroad for his services to his fellowmen and to his country.

Garrison, Theodosia. Born Newark, N. J. Author of "Joy o' Life" and "The Earth Cry." Contributor of poems and stories to magazines.

Gordon, Charles William. 1860- . Pseudonym, Ralph Connor. Clergyman and author. Missionary in Rocky Mountain districts of Canada, for which work he secured large sums from British churches. Minister of St. Stephen's, Winnepeg, since 1894.

Hale, Edward Everett. 1822-1909. Clergyman and author. Pastor of South Congregational Church, Boston, for more than fifty years and chaplain of the United States Senate. "The Man Without a Country" is his best short story.

Hewlett, Maurice. 1861- . English novelist. His first novel appeared in 1895. A fresh novel from his pen has been published nearly every year since that date.

Hillis, Newell Dwight. 1858- . Clergyman, author, and lecturer. He is successor to Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. 1809-1894. Physician, poet, essayist, novelist, humorist, and philosopher. Probably the most versatile of all American writers. His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," alone, is enough to make him famous.

Howell, Clark. 1863- . Editor and statesman. Editor of "The Atlanta Constitution," ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, Georgia Legislature.

Hughes, Charles Evans. 1862- . Jurist and statesman. Ex-governor of the State of New York, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Irving, Washington. 1783-1859. Essayist, novelist, historian. With matchless literary style, he gives us delightful description as in "Rural Life in England," genial humor as in the "Christmas Sketches," and tender pathos as in "The Pride of the Village."

Kendall, Leonard B. 1891- . Contributor to periodicals.

Lanier, Sidney. 1842-1881. Musician, poet, and critic. Occupied the chair of English Literature at Johns Hopkins University. Since his death his poetry has been accorded a much higher place in literature than was given it while he lived.

Lincoln, Abraham. 1809-1865. Sixteenth president of the United States, and savior of the Union. His remarkable speech of consecration to the cause of his country was made when he was but thirty-one years old.

Livermore, Mary A. 1821-1905. American reformer and lecturer. She is best known by her work in sanitary reforms for the benefit of soldiers during the Civil War.

Mansfield, Richard. 1857-1907. A German-American actor and playwright. He was successful in several Shakespearian rôles, but is best remembered for his acting in "Beau Brummel" and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Markham, Edwin. 1852- . Poet, writer, and lecturer. Born Oregon City, Oregon. His poem, "The Man with the Hoe," so well known, appeared in 1899.

Matthews, Brander. 1852- . Poet, essayist, critic, and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University. He has a large acquaintance with literary people both in England and America, and has published a variety of works.

Mitchell, S. Weir. 1829— . Neurologist and novelist. His early writings, beginning about 1860, were upon medical subjects, but since 1880 he has directed his efforts mostly to fiction.

Moffett, Cleveland. 1863— . Editor and author. Associated with the New York Recorder and the New York Herald. His "Careers of Danger and Daring" was published in 1901.

Moore, F. Frankfort. 1855— . Irish novelist and dramatist. He published verses as early as 1875. Besides his many novels he has written several successful plays.

Noyes, Alfred. 1880— . English poet. He has contributed poems to both English and American periodicals, and has already been widely recognized as a poet of worth.

Peary, Robert E. 1856— . Arctic explorer. He started on his eighth Arctic expedition, July, 1908. He reached the North Pole, April 6, 1909. He was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and given the thanks of Congress by special act March 3, 1911.

Proctor, Bryan Waller. 1787–1874. Pseudonym, Barry Cornwall. English poet. Byron and Sir Robert Peel were his schoolmates, and later in life he counted Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle among his friends. He was at his best in lyric poetry.

Reade, Charles. 1814–1884. English novelist and playwright. Reade studied the great art of fiction closely for fifteen years before he ventured to write a word of it. "Peg Woffington" was first written in the form of a play, and then turned into a novel. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is his masterpiece, and is pronounced truer than history.

Redpath, James. 1833–1891. Scottish-American editor, lecturer, and historian. He was associated with the New York Tribune, the North American Review, and for several years published his own paper, "Redpath's Weekly."

Riis, Jacob A. 1849— . Danish-American journalist and philanthropist. Besides his work as police reporter to the New York Sun, he has been active in the small parks and playground movement, and in tenement house and school reform.

Riley, James Whitcomb. 1853— . A lyric poet. Much of his verse is in the Middle Western or Hoosier dialect, and he is known as "the Hoosier poet." He has pictured children and home life so well that his name is a household word.

Roberts, Charles C. D. 1860— . Canadian author, editor, and poet. Published a volume of poems in 1903, "Hunters of the Silences" in 1904, "The Watchers of the Trails" in 1907, and "The House in the Water" in 1908.

Roosevelt, Theodore. 1858— . Ex-governor of New York State, Lieutenant Colonel in the Spanish-American War, the twenty-sixth president of the United States, advocate of reforms municipal and national, on the staff of the Outlook.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. 1828–1882. Painter and poet. He translated poems of the early Italian poets, and brought out a volume of his own poetry. "The Blessed Damozel" is one of his best.

Shakespeare, William. 1564–1616. Shakespeare is admitted to be the greatest literary genius of all time. The thirty-seven dramas he wrote are his lasting memorial. To know his works well and to appreciate them is a liberal education.

Sims, George R. 1847— . English verse writer, dramatist, and journalist. He is the author of "The Life Boat," "The Old Actor's Story," "In the Harbor," "The Ticket o'Leave," "Billy's Rose," and many other popular recitations.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. 1850–1894. Scottish essayist, romancer, and poet. Educated at Edinburgh University. He was called to the Scottish bar, but never practiced. The last five years of his life were spent at Samoa. He is one of the most popular of modern writers.

Taft, William Howard. 1857- . Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, the twenty-seventh President of the United States. Eminent for his knowledge of international affairs and his success as a diplomat.

Tyndall, John. 1820-1893. British physicist. Occupied the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, London; explored with Huxley the glaciers of Switzerland in 1856, thus beginning a study to which he gave much attention.

Van Dyke, Henry. 1852- . Clergyman, author, and educator. Professor of English Literature at Princeton University, 1900-1913. Minister to Holland, 1913- . His works include sermons, essays, poems and stories. He has written of his fishing excursions in "Little Rivers."

Walker, H. Wilfred. Traveler and fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Ward, Herbert. African traveler, sculptor, and Knight of the Legion of Honor. Among his publications are "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals" and "My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard."

Washington, Booker T. 1859- . Educator. Organizer and head of Tuskegee Institute 1881. He has done more toward the practical education of negroes than any other educator.

Waterhouse, Alfred James. 1855- . Newspaper man and author. Now the associate editor of the San Francisco Star.

Watterson, Henry. 1840- . Journalist and orator. Editor of the Courier Journal, Louisville, Kentucky, and member of the forty-fourth congress.

White, Stewart Edward. 1873- . Fiction writer. His experience as member of the American Forestry Association is reflected in all that he has written. The forests and mountains take on new attractions as he portrays them.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. 1807-1892. The Quaker poet who as a boy received his first inspiration to write by hearing some of Burns' poems read aloud. He is revered for his simple living, the ennobling verses he wrote, and his devotion to the cause of freedom.

Williams, Jesse Lynch. 1871- . A Princeton alumnus, still residing at Princeton, who has written many good stories of his Alma Mater.

Wills, Freeman. English clergyman and dramatist. Vicar of St. Agatha, Finsbury, London, since 1871.

Wilson, Woodrow. 1856- . Born Staunton, Va. President Princeton University 1902-1910, Governor of New Jersey 1911-1913, twenty-eighth president of the United States. Author of various political and historical works.

Zamacoïs, Miguel. Man of letters, dramatic author, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. "The Jesters" was first played at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, in 1907.

Zangwill, Israel. 1864- . Hebrew poet and playwright. Among his best known works are "Children of the Ghetto," and "Merely Mary Ann."

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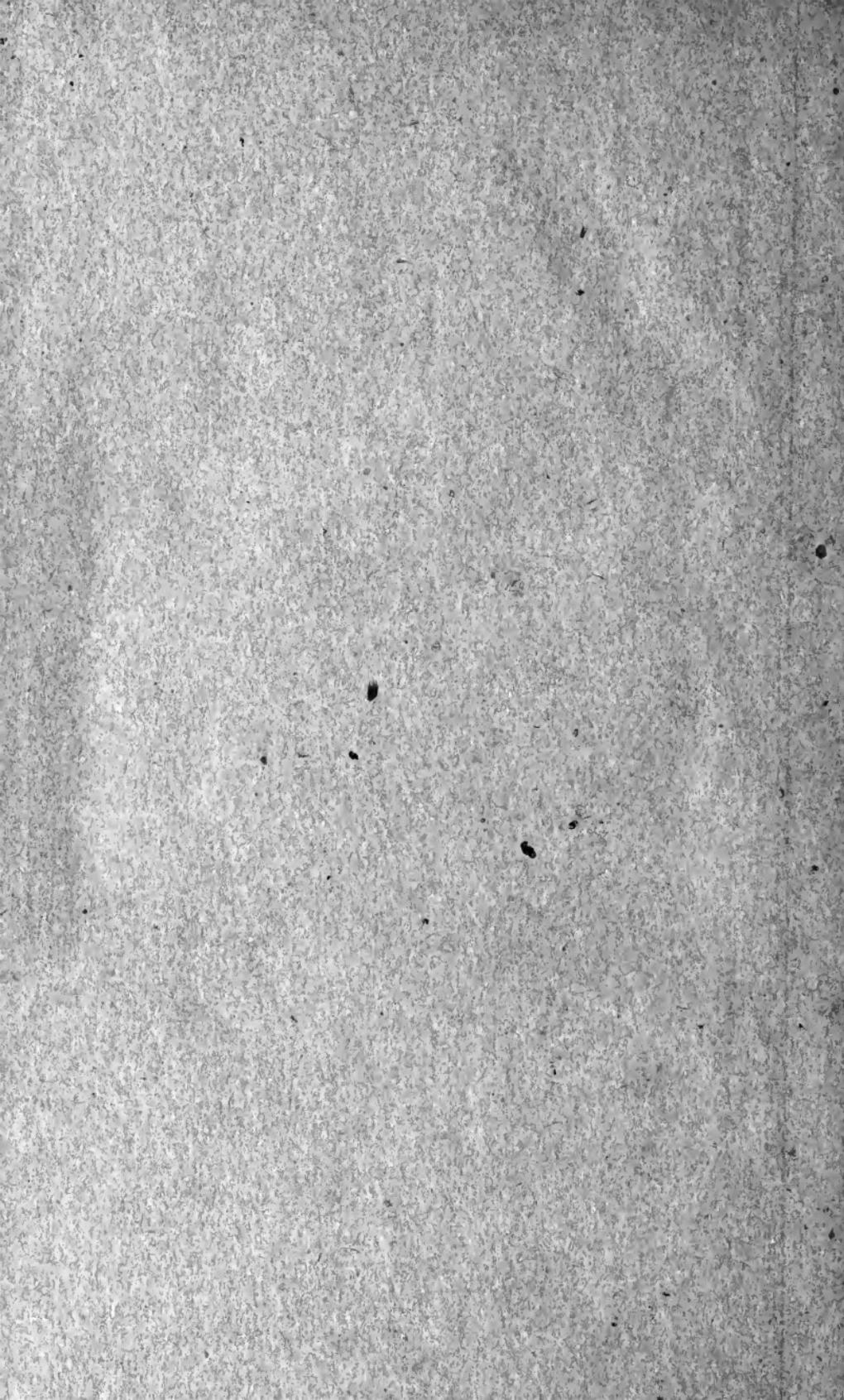
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